THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Number 24

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Beginning **The House of Darkness**—By C. E. Scoggins

THE SAME PEN TWO WAYS....AS A POCKET MODEL....CONVERTED FOR DESK

This Christmas, Parker offers

A Gift Pen

HAVING TWICE THE VALUE

at no extra cost — and *Guaranteed for Life*

Actually—the new Parker convertible Duofold is twice as useful as the usual fountain pen. For those to whom you give this streamlined beauty can change it back and forth at will from a Pocket model to a Desk Set Pen. You are virtually giving them two pens in one.

Saves the Price of a Second Pen

Later on, as many as wish can get a Parker Desk Base and have a complete Desk Pen Set. With the Base, we include at no extra cost an attachable taper to convert the Pocket Pen you have given. A special desk pen is not required.

So in choosing Christmas Pens, insist on the Parker.

For these days everyone wants, in addition to a Pocket Pen, a handsome Parker Desk Pen Set that saves pen-dipping and ends desk-disorder. And Parker Pen owners are the only ones who can have this without buying a special pen.

Request Pocket Cap with Desk Set Pens Also

Likewise, to everyone to whom you give a complete Parker Desk Set, you really give a Pocket Pen—for we include a pocket cap with clip to change the Desk Pen into a Pocket model. This pocket cap, now free, was $1 extra.

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But be sure to look for this famous imprint on the Pen—"Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD." This means it holds 17.4% more ink than average, writes with Pressureless Touch, and is ***Guaranteed for Life!***

Ask for the Parker, too, in selecting Pencils to match. For Parker Pencils also are convertible, $2.50 to $5.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis. Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco; Toronto, Canada; London, England; Berlin, Germany.

Parker Duofold

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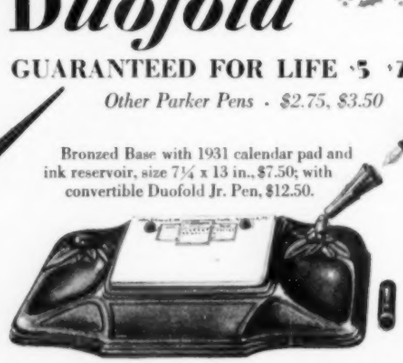
Onyx Base, $5; with Duofold Jr. Pen, $10.



Bronzed Base with 1931 calendar pad and ink reservoir, size 7¼ x 13 in., $7.50; with convertible Duofold Jr. Pen, $12.50.

Antique bronze finished Base in *Moderne* design, $2.50; with convertible Duofold Jr. Pen, $7.50.

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WESTCLOX... beautiful, practical Christmas gifts... for friends, relatives, business associates, young and old. Any choice you make will prove a remembrance that will express, *day after day,* through trustworthy *service*, the sincerity that prompted the giving. And the wide range of prices enables you to keep within the limits of your Christmas budget.

There is the La Salle Series... a distinctive new vogue in clocks. Stalwart Big Ben, the world's best known alarm clock, and his little brother, Baby Ben... in nickel or colors. The New Auto Clock for *any* car. Pocket Ben and Country Club... dependable and good looking pocket watches for both men and boys. Every one a *gift of time* that will live long in appreciation.

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Baby Ben $3.50

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Pocket Ben
$1.50

Country Club
$2.50

Allow us to present – this famous complexion-authority

CONSULTING HOURS
9-11 A. M.
OR
5-6 P. M.

YOU might criticize her small soft button of a nose or the slight double curve of her chin. But you'd fetch forth a fluttering sigh in homage to her petal-smooth skin. For she is a living authority on the subject of beautiful complexions . . . every single inch of her, from her crown to her frivolous heels, is the pink of perfection—and very kissable!

What is her secret? Well, she goes in wholeheartedly for a very simple beauty program. She sleeps as soundly as a little bunny; she firmly demands plenty of water and milk; and every single day her entire complexion delights in a gentle Ivory bath.

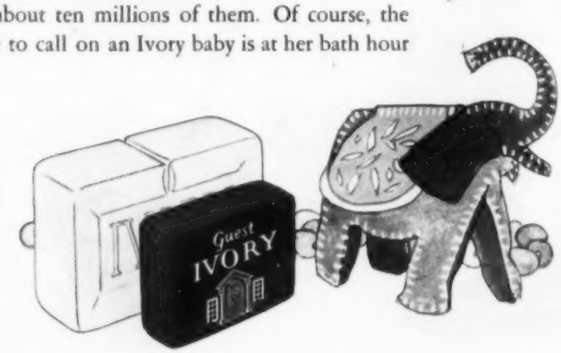
For her doctor told her nurse, and her nurse told her mother that Ivory Soap-and-water cleansing is the very best beauty treatment for a very sensitive skin!

If you should ask your doctor, he'd say that this very same Ivory cleansing is perfect for a grown-up complexion, too. For Ivory's clear bubbly foam *really cleans* the pores . . . gives your skin its rightful chance to be clear and fine and smooth. It washes away every bit of clogging cream and powder and rouge. And then, how refreshed and wide-awake your complexion feels!

So won't you try this Ivory beauty treatment whenever your complexion feels a bit listless and tired? And by all means, give your face this thorough, gentle Ivory cleansing faithfully every night so that your sleep may become a real beauty-sleep!

And do drop in for a consultation soon with an Ivory baby. You surely must know at least *one,* for there are about ten millions of them. Of course, the nicest time to call on an Ivory baby is at her bath hour when she is displaying her whole complexion! Most Ivory babies take their tubs in the morning, but some prefer them toward evening. And then you'll see the *proof* that Ivory is a perfect friend of truly sensitive complexions! PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free—a little book on charm. "What kind of care for different skins? For hair, hands, figures? The 'why' of wrinkles." Send a post card for "On the Art of Being Charming" to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VS-120, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS

He Seemed to be Embarrassed to be Clutching a Strange Woman. He Said Gravely, "I'm Sorry!" and Released Her

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE great golden man was very, very drunk. His hair, bright in the cone of smoky light that poured on the poker table, was all awry; his eyes, vividly blue in that bronzed, yellow-bearded face, focused with difficulty; his broad forehead, bleached by contrast with the golden burn on cheek and nose, drew into heavy creases when he had to think. But his deep voice articulated well enough, and his big, gold-brown fingers managed cards and chips with the mechanical accuracy of habit. He could play poker without thinking.

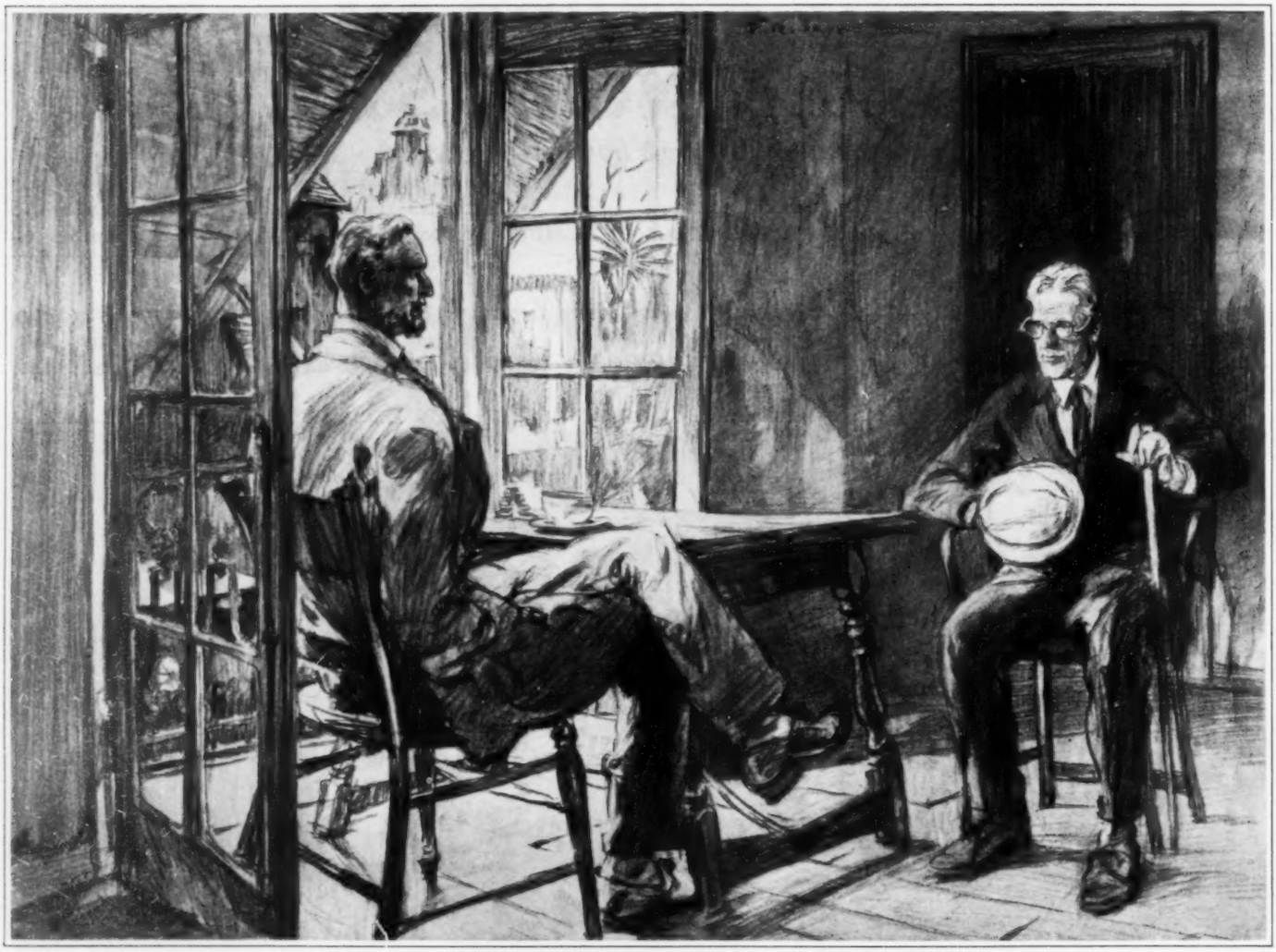
Nobody knew him. Presumably he had a guest card, or he wouldn't be here, but nobody knew whose guest he was. It was Dawson who had asked him to play poker. Dawson was just in from the Ortega hills, and Dawson was no dancing man; he was disgusted to find a dance in progress. Freshly barbered—with bay rum and powder and perfume and everything—but still in hobnailed boots and flannel shirt. Dawson had plowed impatiently across the dancing floor, making for the card room. But the club had fallen on evil days. The poker table was deserted; nothing was going on but contract bridge. Bridge!

Prowling disconsolate through the bar, Dawson found only four men willing to play poker. He even asked Alfredo Gomez, though he seriously doubted that Alfredo knew more than the rudiments of poker. So he approached the yellow-bearded man who sat alone at a table in a corner. Drinking alone; but Dawson wasn't shocked; he knew what it was to drink alone, six months of every year.

He offered, "Getting up a poker game. Like to sit in a while?"

He saw the big man's eyes come slowly back from some far distance, saw a slow comprehension waken there, as if the stranger caught a belated echo of the question.

"Thanks. Like to."



"Please Understand Me, Mr. Kane; I Have No Wish to Pry Into Your Personal Affairs"

That casual, deep voice made Dawson somehow sure that he had found a poker player. Drunk or sober, Dawson didn't care. Dawson himself intended to be drunk by midnight. A white man had a right to get drunk here, where there were no peons to see the boss be human. That, to Dawson's mind, was what American Clubs were for.

"My name's Dawson."

"Kane," said the big man, getting up steadily enough. He didn't offer to shake hands, by which sign Dawson guessed him to be English; Englishmen often were embarrassed by the Latin custom of shaking hands on all occasions.

But he wasn't English. He was quite at home in the American vernacular. He spoke, when it was his turn to speak, in the familiar argot of this most American of games:

"By me. . . . I'll string along. . . . One card, please; mostly spades. . . . Welcome, little stranger! Up a dollar. . . . Didn't you hear me say I filled? Up five. . . . Call. . . . What, only three ladies? You relieve me, sir. A small straight here."

It was Alfredo Gomez whose three queens were beaten. But Alfredo broke into excited protest: "No, no, sair! You haf nossing! *La escalerilla* iss no good! *Verdad*, Meester Dawson? *Escalerilla no vale!*"

The big man's mind came back from its far distance. His eyes focused, his broad forehead rumpled and relaxed; his hand drew back from the disputed chips.

"That's right. I forgot to ask if we were playing straights."

"You don't have to ask," snapped Dawson. "Of course we're playing straights. This is the American Club, and we play American rules, and Gomez ought to know it. Take the pot."

"No, no!" cried Alfredo. "I haf play' pokaire many times, and nevaire, nevaire ze *escalerilla* iss to count!"

"Well, it counts here. Your money, Mr. Kane."

"Oh, that's all right. He didn't understand."

"That's his trouble, not yours."

"Oh," said the big man, his blue eyes already drifting far away again, "we'll split the pot and call it square."

Without attention, accurately, his gold-brown fingers sorted and stacked the chips, halved them and tossed a share to the relieved Alfredo; and the game went on.

Sylvester Maring, playing contract bridge at the next table, found himself watching that great yellow-bearded man. In his heart of hearts, Dr. Sylvester Maring had wished all his life to be big, bearded, vital; he was none of these. He was a small man, nervous and uncertain in his movements, and his daughter firmly refused to let him wear a beard. All his vitality was in his brain. A man like that, Sylvester Maring thought, didn't need brains; his nerve reflexes were enough. Even that bit of generosity was reflex, the by-product of a strength too great to care for trifles.

Too strong to yield to alcohol. Again and again, while the smoke thickened in the card room, and men drifted in and out, and the soft, thudding marimba music drifted from the ballroom, the big man beckoned to the waiter, tapped his glass and murmured, "*Otro.* Another." But his voice didn't thicken and his fingers didn't fumble. Only his periods of inattention lengthened; only some inner center of his mind withdrew. Sylvester Maring thought his eyes were listening—listening to the marimba music.

Soft, thudding, barbaric in its quality, even in rendering the latest, cheapest jazz fresh from the States. Deep, mellow notes, made by the thump of padded mallets on wooden bars, not like the xylophone of commerce, but with deep wooden chambers where the sound reverberated—wood from the Guatemalan jungle, seasoned through centuries; a sound that carried, vibrant, even through thick walls. Sylvester Maring knew the *tunkul* of the ancient Mayas, how its sound could carry through the jungle. Drum of the gods. . . . But this was only a marimba, played by five pimply halfbreeds. This was jazz—strange, hectic music from the jungle, filtered through Tin Pan Alley. Cheap music, and cheap people dancing—people who were content to live in the brief present moment, unaware of the long past, heedless of the long future; content if they found gold enough, or shipped mahogany enough, or sold machinery enough, and didn't find spare time too heavy on their hands. Time had no reach, no depth of mystery for them. It was just office hours and empty space to fill with noise and idle movement.

Sylvester Maring thought his fellow countrymen were pretty childish. Well, they returned the compliment; they thought he was impractical—digging up ruins that could never make a cent for anybody.

"By the way, Doc," said his partner, shuffling cards, "I see by the papers where Lindbergh's been flyin' over your jungles."

"Yes," said the little man, not bothering to deny ownership of Guatemala and Campeche and Quintana Roo.

"Think it'll amount to anything?"

"How do you mean?" hedged Maring. He had been baited before this, and it had taught him not to waste enthusiasm.

"Did he find anything important?"

"He saw three cities whose existence we had only guessed."

"How?" said the man on his left. "How could you guess what might be in that jungle where no white man's ever been—no native either, far as we know?"

They were not baiting him. Lindbergh was practical, a modern of the moderns; anything Lindbergh did was a live subject. But the form their interest took, to Maring's mind, was childish. They wanted to know what fabulous treasure might be found in those lost cities. Maya gold!

"I hear," said his partner, "this guy Thompson took a million dollars' worth of gold and jewelry out of the Sacred Well at—what's its name?—that place in Yucatan—Chichen-Itza."

Maring patiently explained. The value of that find was more than gold; no man might spend it. It belonged to all the ages—to the slow lengthening of recorded time.

"Even if archæologists were not responsible," he said, "we couldn't get away with it. The government puts inspectors on the job as soon as excavation starts. There's a strict law against taking archæological finds out of the country—and quite rightly."

"G'wan," scoffed the man on his right. "Show me the spigotty inspector you can't buy—cheap too! You find the gold, Doc, and I'll get away with it."

"Be calm," said Maring, smiling. "There's not likely to be treasure in those ruins in Quintana Roo."

Afterward, thinking back, he remembered that the big man at the poker table turned to look at him when he said that; but at the time he was intent on his explanation.

"The Maya civilization had its first period of greatness in Honduras and Guatemala, from the time of Christ to about 450 A.D. Then it disappears for a century and a half; the only date we have for the New Empire, centering about Chichen-Itza in Yucatan, is 600 A.D. We have their own record of those dates; but in that missing ——"

"G'wan!" scoffed the man on his right. "You trying to tell us they dated from Christ—before they ever heard of Him?"

"They dated," said Sylvester Maring, and his eyes began to glow, "from some unknown event, three thousand seven hundred and seventy-three years before Christ! It may have been legendary; may have been some arbitrary point in time; but the fact remains that the earliest ruins we have found, in Guatemala and Honduras, show a civilization already high. They must have lived a long time somewhere before that. Where?" cried the little man, his eyes glowing. "Where?"

"Search me," said the scoffer. . . . "Who dealt this mess, anyway? Whose bid is it?"

"They had arts and sciences. They had a highly developed writing, kin to no other that we know, which any student now would give his soul to read. They had a knowledge of astronomy just fifteen hundred years ahead of any in the ——"

"How do you know if you can't read their writing?"

"We can read their calendar. That's mathematical—a marvel of mathematics, based on the combinations of thirteen and twenty, so intricate and accurate that it can identify any day within a range of a quarter of a million years!"

The scoffer was not impressed. He knew Mayas; he employed two or three hundred of them—stupid, docile little men, hardly more intellectual than animals.

"G'wan," he grinned. "If they were so smart once, what makes 'em so dumb now?"

"If we knew that," said Maring soberly, "we might know how to save ourselves when our time comes."

His partner hazarded, "The Spaniards ruined 'em, didn't they, Doc? Kind of broke their spirit?"

"They were ruined before that. Their last great city was almost deserted when the Spaniards came—peopled by campers, prowlers, to whom its grandeur was no more than shelter from the rain. We don't know why. We don't know why their older cities died, in Guatemala and Honduras, driving them north to Yucatan. The secret may be found in the region Lindbergh has flown over—where they lived in that lost century and a half. We think their civilization nearly perished then, before they came to their last glory in Yucatan. . . . That is my theory. That's why he didn't see many ruins of any consequence. They didn't build much there."

"You're wrong, professor," said the man named Kane.

They saw him twisted in his chair at the poker table, staring with bright, unfocused eyes; there was a strange excitement on him.

"Eh?" said Sylvester Maring.

"You're all wrong. Tha' jung-le along the edge of Quintana Roo is jus' lousy with Maya ruins. Big ones."

"Eh?" cried Sylvester Maring. "What do you know about it? Have you been there?"

Slowly, then, the big man seemed to realize that he had spoken. His broad forehead rumpled with the effort of concentration; his eyes focused and deliberately went blank, as if some inner center of his mind

(Continued on Page 78)

"Magic," said Lois, "They Must Think It Is." "Why Not?" said Kane

The Long and the Short of It

Greed is a Bad Counselor

By
Edwin Lefèvre

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

BECAUSE I am an inveterate optimist, one word in my morning paper sent me to Wall Street. The word was "normal," and it was used in connection with "short selling" by the president of the New York Stock Exchange. That institution, the paper added, had decided to take steps to put an end to the machinations of the wicked bears. It was bad enough for anybody to make money selling stocks short, but when conscienceless speculative cliques resorted to all manner of lies to frighten timid investors out of their holdings, it was time they were sent to jail. Wall Street's philanthropy rises in proportion as stocks fall.

I hoped, on my way to the financial district, that I might uncover something new in the wicked bear business, some novel form of abnormal short selling, an improved method for making money by making the public believe that because conditions were bad, they must become worse. This article was written before the New York Stock Exchange took disciplinary steps against guilty members. To judge by the newspapers, somebody had unexpectedly discovered that people could sell stocks they didn't own! Every day I read how the market had broken because the bears had raided it. Never a word about the well-established fact that in a bear market stocks react only to bear news, just as in a bull market the public pays no attention to anything but bull news. Since people have always found it easier to believe what they like than what they hate, the market was running true to form. But you never would have suspected it from the newspaper reports. I found what, in my pessimistic moments, I feared I would find—namely, that the eternal verities possess the charm of novelty for each generation. This being the first bear market that the 1930 crop of speculators had ever seen, what was old stuff to veterans was thrilling news to the youngsters. The function of all bear traders is always to make weak markets weaker and not to turn bull markets into bear. They help declines, but they do not cause them. Nowhere does history repeat itself more persistently than in Wall Street. Manipulative devices change, old labels are replaced by new ones, and blue substituted for red, and methods of merchandising securities and insecurities vary with the times. But the game itself never changes. The reason is that it can't. Stock speculation today is fundamentally the same as it was yesterday and as it will be tomorrow. The true New Era will dawn in the stock market when stock speculation ceases entirely.

Baiting the Bears

THE distinction should be drawn clearly between legitimate and illegitimate speculation, not between short selling and manipulation for the fall when the downward movement slows up.

The triumphant bulls of 1929 who jeered at the old fogies on the sidelines were inquiring of the same O. F.'s in 1930 why they should not be bearish on a stock which, after selling at 200, could be bought for 50. The bitter experience of the great crash apparently taught the public that, just as there was no top to prices in a bull market, there is no bottom in a bear market. The Stock Exchange authorities did not officially condemn the vociferous optimism of the operators for the rise throughout the Coolidge bull market, but they condemned the audible pessimism of operators for the fall, because among the bears were found unscrupulous gamblers, just as you find crooked promoters during booms. You may be a bull in a bull market, but not a bear in a bear market. Predictions of the passing of dividends are crimes when it turns out that the directors merely reduce the rate and the stock drops. But bull tipsters may

This Being the First Bear Market

predict extra dividends, which the directors do not declare. In defense you can say that bull manipulation is essentially constructive. It builds up, whether the material be hot air or steel. It swells up assets, paper or actual. On the other hand, bear manipulation is necessarily destructive. It pulls down houses, whether of concrete or of cards. Even a bookkeeping shrinkage can be very painful to a speculator. The Exchange does not officially condemn short selling, but it is fighting the use of lies and false alarms to depress prices. That is as it ought to be, and should have begun fifty years ago.

The first man I saw was an old friend who, after forty years in Wall Street, has become the head of one of the principal wire houses in the country. After politely inquiring into the state of his health and that of his loved ones, including his partners, I asked him:

"How much of a short interest is there in this office, and what do you think of the bear party?"

"You ought to know that we don't encourage short selling ——"

"What?" I interrupted, not at all offensively.

"Not at the present level of prices," he explained patiently. "As a matter of fact, you know that we refused the accounts of two of your friends who are heavy traders on the bear side. But I don't mind expressing my conviction that the worst bears hereabouts today are the same people who were the wildest bulls just before the 1929 crash."

The Theory of an Optimist

"LET me tell you a story: About a year and a half ago I made a trip to a Midwestern city where I used to live. I ran across a man by the name of George Miller, whose father had been an old and valued friend. George inherited a small business from him, built it up and sold out for $800,000 to a combine. Having nothing else to do, he naturally began to speculate. This was in 1928. He ran up his stake to better than $3,500,000. I had not seen George since his father's death, but I knew a quarter of a million was the most he ever thought he would be worth.

"I listened to the story of his success. I knew it by heart from listening to some customers. I said to him: 'George, this has been the greatest bull market in the history of the world. You know, as everybody knows, that it must end sometime, but you don't know what only old-timers know—which is, that nobody is going to tell you when the turn comes. The bell is out of commission. No need to listen for the kindly signal.

"'You're not a customer of ours, and what I am telling you is prompted by my friendship for your father and for you. Why don't you sell half your line? Turn $2,000,000 of your paper profits into actual cash. That's a great deal more than you ever thought you'd have. There will still be enough left to show you a big profit if the advance continues. I myself would take profits on my entire line, but I don't expect you to do that.'

"He looked at me quizzically. Then he told me, very earnestly:

"'I know you mean well, but I also know that you have not grasped the fact that this is not 1890. There's no money to be made living in the past. You see, Jim, you don't realize that we have become a creditor nation instead of a debtor nation. We are so rich that this bull market merely means the recognition that we have become a capitalistic country. We no longer have to go abroad for money. In the old countries there has been so much capital for generations that all that investors there could hope to get was about 3 per cent for their money. The same thing now confronts us. We have to invest our surplus capital, and there are not enough stocks to go around. We won't be able to put out our surplus fund at the old high rates. A man will be lucky to get 3 per cent. You think I don't study earnings? It isn't that at all. This is a new era and the old yardsticks are useless as measures. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but the trouble is you are too old for the game as it must be played today. You've got plenty of money. Why don't you retire and grow chickens?'

"'I hope you're right,' I told him; 'but I'll stick to my mid-Victorian brokerage business.'

"A few days ago I ran across George here in New York. He is trading in another office. He told me that he was short of the market. He turned bearish some time ago. You could see he was proud of his new uniform.

"'George,' I asked him, 'the last time I saw you, you were worth between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000 on paper. There has been a slight shrinkage since then. As I don't suppose you took your profits before the crash, would you mind telling me how much you saved?'

(Continued on Page 134)

Financial Reporters Blamed the Breaks on the Bears

That the 1930 Crop of Speculators Had Ever Seen, What Was Old Stuff to Veterans Was Thrilling News to the Youngsters

THE PROJECT

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

RED spiders were simply terrible on the chrysanthemums—the precious late ones, dark red for Christmas. Marcia had put Mahalabell to spraying them with sulphur and tobacco. But the washer on the sprayer was worn out, and Mahalabell, tightly thonged round her supple waist by her blue apron strings, was puffing furiously from futile effort. Her heart—what was left of it—was in the kitchen, where the cranberries were probably boiling over and the orange peel and sweet potatoes in the oven needed turning. Such wanton waste of hard-earned provisions irked Mahalabell beyond endurance.

"Miss Marcia, thar ain't no sense whatsomever my triflin' with this hyar broke-down flummox. Whar's the sense sellin' flowers to buy 'visions if you's gwine burn up the 'visions fas' as yuh can tote 'em home?"

"I've burned up so many 'visions this week that a few more won't matter. But go 'long with you, Mahalabell; you're more bother than the spiders." Marcia's voice, with its week-old note of dejection, came from the forest of potted poinsettias, where she was apportioning a careful half cupful of bone meal to each green wooden bucket. Finishing, she zigzagged across the plot of staked chrysanthemums and took the sprayer from Mahalabell. "Pry D. F. away from those pups, Mahalabell, and set a bomb under him. Mrs. Eaton wants the roses before ten o'clock. They're for her luncheon party for Miss Drummond."

"Is Miss Drummond her—Mister Billy's new girl?"

"She's her. Now, no more explosions, Mahalabell. We can thank the Lord we've sold ten dollars' worth of roses. D. F.'s to take them to the club. Don't stand there suffering for me. I'm sunk enough without any more pity tied to me. Will you go for D. F. or must I?"

"Oh, I'll ga, Miss Marcia—I'll go—an' I'll wallop the slow poke if it's the las' thing I do. But I hopes the 'bacco dust on them roses gives 'em all hay fever till their noses runs from Chris'mas to New Year's."

Departing through the wire-patched, galvanized gate into the affectionate embraces of a half dozen white cats and a yawning hound, Mahalabell lifted her voice in husky song—a song dedicated to a certain Mexican sailor who had passed briefly but permanently through her girlhood:

"Go to church, go to church, go to church,
If I never, never see yuh any more;
Live the life, live the life, live the life;
I will meet yuh on Canaan's shore."

Mahalabell had long ago solved life's greatest lesson—to forget the bitter and remember the beauty. For this, was her amber offspring named "D. F." The initials stood, in simple dignity, for a "Deer Frend" of Mahalabell's.

"Of Course, Eavesdropping Isn't Very Honorable, But I Have to Do It Almost Constantly"

"He was true with me," Mahalabell had said, showing Marcia the note she had found under her pillow on a very early morning after a sweet spring night when she was not yet quite sixteen. "He was a true man. He did'n' keep me lookin' fo' him. An' the way he played hymns on his fiddle jes' tore yo' heart out by the roots." The note said:

Deer frend: Good-by. I won't be back this way I gess. Best wishes from a deer frend.

Mahalabell was a great soul, majestic with elemental truth. Lusty yells arising from the empty fertiiizer shed where D. F. malingered with the weaning pups bespoke the walloping she was bestowing on the bronze boy whom she loved better than her life.

Marcia Severn put her fingers in her ears and shouted for her to stop it. The yells lulled instantly. Mahalabell could always depend on this unfailing interruption of necessary wallopings. Thus was discipline upheld and D. F. none the wiser. Now, lean and lithe, the tall boy loped off to get the truck, and Mahalabell went singing to the house.

Work was late, but Marcia Severn stood still a moment longer, loving the morning, trying to forget how unhappy she was. Her garden was proudly dressed for Christmas—Florida Christmas. The Turk's-cap hedge bordering the busy three acres was scarlet with a million drooping bells. The boughs of the ilex trees and Brazilian peppers bent low with their red berries. And the Crimson Lake bougainvillea vine, that queen of glory in any garden's beauty, swayed its clusters of rare red beauty from the tops of the two small lath houses.

Even the redbirds seemed to have brightened their plumage. Male and belligerent, and brighter than the blossoms, they chased one another from shrub to tree top with their sharp clear cries. And up in the tall, gaunt pines, where the moss trailed gently after the breeze, the mockingbirds were in a frenzy, distracted to the very depths of their unconquerable souls by the wailing of the weaning pups.

On her way to the lath house to pack the day's orders, Marcia took the sprayer apart and dropped the old washer in her pocket. She must cut a new one. There were a thousand things she must do. Above all, she must stop thinking about Billy Eaton—Billy, and the girl named Gwendolyn Drummond.

Packing the roses in wet gray moss, Marcia pricked her finger. The tiny pain and its drop of blood did a surprising thing. It brought her to tears. Once started, they flowed like a freshet, with a current of little sobs. They were such a relief they were almost a pleasure.

She heard Adam Winthrop's steps on the shell path. Adam didn't matter. She could talk to Adam about it. Adam liked Billy. But Ye Scribe was murderous and only tore her heart deeper when Billy was mentioned.

"Hello," said Adam; "how are the early worms this morning?"

"F-fl-flourishing." She found an earthy handkerchief in her crowded smock pocket. "That's a swell sweater, Adam. Come in and let me weep on it."

"Why, Marcia, I didn't know you could cry."

"Of course I can. Haven't I always been efficient at anything I tried? Go right ahead, pity me all you want to. I'm learning to like it. Ye Scribe and Jennifer haven't done anything else all week. And Mahalabell couldn't get more genuine pleasure out of a funeral than she's had mourning over me."

Adam put his arm about the slim, sob-shaken shoulders. Adam was a tall man, slightly stooped; he had the sort of figure usually topped by a long head and melancholy face. But Adam's head was round; his face was round; and he wore round, rather-thick-lensed glasses over his round gray eyes. On the top of his head was a shining sunburned circle, round as a dollar.

"Here," he said, proffering a fresh, folded handkerchief, "try this. You're getting all muddy. As a matter of fact, Marcia, I'm not pitying you at all. My pity is all with young Eaton—for losing you."

"Don't be funny, Adam. Billy hasn't lost me. He couldn't. It's taken him more than a year to shake me. I've known since last Christmas he was weakening, but I just couldn't face it. At Easter, I was surer still. And I didn't give him a chance to tell me. He hasn't wanted to do it this way, Adam. He intended to come down and have it out with me, but his mother made all the arrangements to have Miss Drummond come for the holidays, before she told Billy. Then there wasn't anything for him to do but to write me at the last minute. He asked me to telephone him if I wanted to see him."

"And have you?"

"No. I'm afraid to. I'm afraid I'd fall on his neck and beg for mercy."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't. I can assure you of that. Absolutely."

"A lot you know about it, Adam. You make me sick with your advice to the lovelorn. You know what I wish? I wish you'd sometime been hopelessly in love, sick with it—aching—foolish—mad! That's what I wish. Then you'd realize how funny you are."

"I've been all those things," he said. "Because I look like an owl isn't proof that I've always felt like one."

She pulled herself up on the workbench, facing him. "I'd never thought of it, but you do look like an owl—the nicest owl that ever hooted. Adam, was—was it a woman who made you into an owl?"

"It might have been. Hadn't you ever thought of that before, either?"

Mahalabell's voice rolled into the garden before she could answer: "Miss Marcia! Is Miss Jennifer down there with you-all? Yo' father says she bin gone mos' an hour."

"Oh, Lord, Adam; that child's up to something. She's been brooding all week."

At the house, Ye Scribe, resignedly annoyed, paced the balcony with his eyeshade askew and asserted by his watch that Jennifer had left her lessons an hour before, on the pretext of doing an errand for Marcia.

Marcia, in her brown smock, bareheaded, ran for the beach. Adam ran toward the bay. Ye Scribe went back to the seventeenth act of his play.

Rex Patterson had come over from Miami with no liquor and a new divorce to spend Christmas sobering up on the place he had inherited on Siesta Key.

Siesta Key is a curving, narrow island lying in the iridescent shore waters of the Gulf of Mexico, off the west coast of Florida. Wild papayas grow in its thickets, and Spanish bayonet and massive-trunked cabbage palmettos. Blue herons and white cranes wade its inlets, and whippoorwills sing through the winter nights. The Patterson and Severn places adjoin, extending the entire width of the key, with piers and boathouses on the east in the quiet waters of Sarasota Bay, and on the west the sparkling sand and sunsets of the Gulf. The two hundred yards of Patterson beach is denied to the public by a forbidding fence which walks many feet into the water.

Rex Patterson despised tourists and women and cats and children. It was therefore an entirely disagreeable awakening to be brought into consciousness by an abominable cat nosing his face, and to open his eyes upon a cross-legged female child who stared at him with the roundest, blackest-lashed blue eyes he had ever seen. She was freckled, and the end of her patrician little nose was peeling, and one tooth was not there. Her sunburned golden hair was cut in short waves, her throat was a slim, pulsing pillar of sheer beauty, and she was as untroubled by self-consciousness as the purring cat. She wore one garment—a boy's faded blue overall. Rex Patterson's handsome face sleepily glowered into bulldog inhospitality. He sent the white cat spinning across the sand.

"I've had no experience with inebriates," said Jennifer. "Are you drunk or sober?"

"Go-od Lord! I thought I was sober! But I guess I'm drunk." Mr. Patterson sat up and dusted the sand out of his red hair. "Who—that is, what are you?"

"'Who' is correct—applying to persons, not things. I'm Jennifer Severn—Marcia Severn's sister. You're Mr. Rex Patterson, aren't you?"

"I was when I went to sleep. But if I am, you couldn't be here. Unless you fly. Or do you use wire cutters?"

"I dug under the fence with a spade. Submarine—that's Mahalabell's dog—started a hole there last week. But I could have come in the canoe to your boathouse and I wouldn't have been liable to arrest. Your riparian rights don't protect you at all from people who approach by water. It's very absurd, Ye Scribe says. You're—you're thinking I'm queer, aren't you?"

"One of us is, that's certain."

"It's I. It's because I've never been allowed to associate with children. Ye Scribe gives me my lessons, and though he's erratic, he doesn't bring on my nervous attacks. I'm so accustomed to him—he's my father, you see—that he doesn't affect me. Sometimes, right in the middle of arithmetic hour, he'll think of a beautiful rime and then we stop lessons and do poetry. I'm supposed to be having lessons now. But I asked Ye Scribe to let me off so I might do something for Marcia's Christmas surprise. That's the reason I'm here."

"Oh!" Mr. Patterson continued to rumple his red hair. "Please repeat your reason for being here. I don't seem to be clear about it."

Jennifer nodded. "Are you just confused, Mr. Patterson, or are you under the influence of liquor?"

"Say, sand sprite, what makes you think I'm the town drunk? And what the devil did you say your name is? Where did you come from?"

"My name is Jennifer Severn. We live on this next place. And I don't think you're a town drunk, Mr. Patterson, I know you're the scion of a very fine family."

"Oh, that's something. How did you hear that?"

"I listened to Ye Scribe and Adam talking about you. I was behind Ye Scribe's desk. Of course, eavesdropping isn't very honorable, but I have to do it almost constantly, or my life would be intolerably dull. It's the only dishonorable thing I do, and when I'm a little older I won't have to. Are you getting clearer in your mind now, Mr. Patterson?"

"Very much," said Mr. Patterson, thoroughly charmed. He tied his beach robe closer over his red bathing suit and hugged his updrawn knees. "In fact, Jennifer, I can't see how I've endured my existence before you came into it. Now, as I understand it, you're soliciting a Christmas present for someone named Marcia, your sister, I believe, and no doubt equally charming."

"Oh, no; no, not a present. It's a—a—a project I have in mind."

"Oh! Well, perhaps I'd best tell you, Jennifer, that the only reason I've come here to Siesta Key is to be absolutely alone and undisturbed. With the possible exception of yourself, I don't want to see, hear or think of any female in the world."

"I understood that, from some of the things Adam said to my father. But I've learned, through channels I cannot honorably reveal, that you won't be able to last two days here without women. I learned it from someone who knows you better than you know yourself. That's why I came. I want to tell you about a very nice girl. By conducting yourself as the soul of honor you can spend an enjoyable week and save someone from a lifetime of unhappiness."

"My God. My God," murmured Mr. Patterson, with a quick: "Do pardon me, Jennifer. I—I forgot myself."

"That's quite all right. I'm quite accustomed to profanity. Ye Scribe is a very profane man. He doesn't mind my swearing. Or Marcia. But one day when D. F. swore under his window, he made

The Annual Christmas Eve Costume Ball at the Country Club Was a Very Gay Affair

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THE MOON CRATERS OF

The Hubbard Party Looks Into the Crater of Veniaminoff

CRATERS! Volcanoes! For twenty years I've been plumbing their depths in two hemispheres, hoping I might come across one comparable in form, if not quite in size, to those vast craters we see on the moon. This summer—1930—my hope was not only realized, it was surpassed. In Alaska I saw two, the most stupendous explosive vents so far discovered on our earth. They relegate Katmai, hitherto holding that record, to third place. They are, each one, unique. Both are active. Down inside the 3000-foot walls of the larger I pitched my tent and, with my party, lived there for two amazing weeks."

Father Bernard R. Hubbard, S. J., young exploring Glacier Priest, and head of the department of geology at Santa Clara University, California, was telling me of his latest discoveries on the Alaska Peninsula, a region of Plutonic activity which for mystery, fascination and weird beauty has no equal in the world.

The majestic arc of it begins near the head of Cook Inlet, with Mt. Spurr, 11,100 feet high. From this peak an unbroken line of lofty white volcanoes sweeps westward for 500 miles along the finger of the mainland that ends at Isanotski Strait. From here, as the great Aleutian chain, it continues its westward march across a 1200-mile stretch of the North Pacific—a titanic parade of islands, smoking, muttering, quiescent, reaching nearly to Asia.

Into a Weird World

ADVENTURING in this remote part of Alaska is not unlike invading the domains of Jupiter, Pluto and Neptune. Here, to the accompaniment of underworld thunders, islands sink overnight. Islands shoot up from the bottom of the sea, shedding fiery streams of lava that set the waves to steaming. Gas bubbles, large as the dome on St. Peter's, form on lonely, offshore spaces, shimmer and burst in the pale northern sun. Tidal waves spring into being without warning. Fog rolls on the wind to veil the glow of spouting craters. Mountains are blown into the heavens with a fury that pulverizes them and scatters their dust across the world. Rivers run blood red with oxide of iron. Torrents roar from glaciers melting on erupting peaks. Live steam hisses through newly opened fissures in the ice. In this fantastic region the earth, heaving in Gargantuan labor, blew off the top of Mt. Katmai and brought forth the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes. These are some of the phenomena that have taken place within the last thirty years.

The Aleut inhabitants, knowing no quieter land, take such occurrences as a matter of course. The white trappers and traders bet among themselves as to which of the many volcanoes will blow off next.

The peninsula is a geological paradise—Father Hubbard resumed his story—to which I return year after year, lured by the expectation of finding more than I expected, and I'm never disappointed. When I saw the Valley of the Smokes and Katmai's crater last year, I was convinced Alaska had nothing further in the way of surprises to offer. But on my return from that trip I learned of the Moon Craters, which lie 150 miles to the westward. My informant was R. H. Sargent, topographic engineer in charge of the U. S. Geological Survey party that discovered them in 1922. It took practice even to pronounce their names: An-i-ak'chak, and Ve-ni-am-i'noff—the last *i* like *e*.

A Maw to Swallow Cities

THESE unheralded mountains are two of the greatest natural curiosities in America. They rise, eighty miles apart, in the middle of that narrow digit of land that divides the Pacific Ocean from Bering Sea. As the peninsula is only fifty miles wide here, they are visible from both bodies of water in clear weather.

Describing them, Sargent said: "Both are dead craters, so far as we learned from our brief view of them. But the largest peninsular river flowing into the Pacific rises inside Aniakchak and breaks through a rift in its towering wall. And," he added, "the crater ring incloses thirty square miles. You might tuck Katmai into one end and hardly know it was there." Katmai—a hole big enough to contain all the buildings of fifteen cities the size of New York! Naturally Aniakchak was the first objective of our party.

Since the gigantic crater stood only thirty miles inland, we were prepared for scenes of bleak, wild grandeur that June day a cannery tender landed us on the beach at the mouth of the crater-born river. We saw, instead, a country that had the dreamy quality of a scene done in pastels.

The sun shone from a clear azure sky on a land without a tree. The flat, gray-green foreground hazed into blue as it sloped up toward the foothills of a gentle, snow-capped range. Distances seemed powdered with dust of lilac. Only the eye of a geologist could have seen that the entire coastal sweep was deeply covered with cinders and ash and pumice. The surface was plushed with low vegetation—wide-spaced meadows of yellow-green grass, areas of stunted alder greening into leaves and catkins, tundras shaded with springtime ocher and maroon. The Aniakchak River, sluicing its bed through this plane of volcanic ejecta, serpentined toward us like a ribbon of silver satin.

Lost: One Volcano

BUT where was the mighty volcano? I searched the distant range in vain. Then I remembered: The mountain is only 4200 feet high, and its blasted rim is so wide it is not distinguishable as a crater. For this reason its existence remained a secret, even from natives living within sight of it, until Sargent, checking locations on his topographic map, discovered, to his amazement, that a nest of mapped peaks assumed the form of a circle.

Surprise Lake Inside the Crater of Aniakchak

We began our journey toward the crater by loading our outfit, 90 per cent of which was photographic supplies, into our fifteen-foot open boat, and climbed aboard. I had with me my usual quartet of Santa Clara athletes—Roderick (Red) Chisholm, his younger brother, Kenneth, James Barron and Charles Bartlet. Each one topped my own six feet

HUBBARD PHOTOS

Veniaminoff—the Only Crater Glacier in the World—Twenty Miles in Circumference

ALASKA—By Barrett Willoughby

of height by two or three inches. Our weights totaled 1020 pounds. So there wasn't room to take a good breath after we'd stowed ourselves away in the boat and set the outboard motor to chugging.

With a sense of things about to happen we swung out into the swift, wide channel and began our ascent of the Aniakchak. The river was crooked and gray with ashes. As we left the coast the water grew swifter and narrower. In the gray swirl, silver salmon glinted as they forged up toward their spawning grounds. Overhead, gulls and eagles soared in the sun. Presently we were bucking rapids, struggling on a crest of whitecaps between canyon walls of ash, pumice and honeycombed lava. These strange, pallid gorges were more than 100 feet deep, and shut out every sign of vegetable and animal life. Low in their walls were tunnels through which subterranean streams poured into the river.

Bering's Dying Vision

ON EVERY side were evidences of that great earth convulsion which had blown something like nineteen cubic miles out of the top of Mt. Aniakchak. Katmai's five and a half cubic miles of ejecta seems but a handful in comparison. Without much further study, one can only hazard a guess as to the date of that explosion. Erosional indications place it somewhere about the middle of the eighteenth century. Could it have been the mighty rumblings and fog-dimmed flames of Aniakchak that the dying commander, Vitus Bering, recorded in his log as he sailed his doomed, scurvy-cursed ship back toward Kamchatka, after his discovery of Alaska in 1741?

The Purple Obsidian Cliff of Aniakchak

We pitched our tent that night on the bank of the river and drew out our boat. This was the limit of navigation. The remainder of the journey must be accomplished on foot. As we had no time to relay, each of us, during that four-day trek, carried a pack of more than 100 pounds. But everything was in our favor. We were in perfect physical condition. The weather was beautiful; something unusual in this region, notorious for gales and fogs. The tundras, which ordinarily would have been bogs of black muck dotted with devilish, rotating root balls that throw a man waist-deep, were here packed solid in ash. There wasn't a mosquito in the country. The pure air intoxicated like wine, and we went along singing and whooping.

We were in an Eden inhabited by birds, nesting water fowl and the tamest wild animals I've ever seen. There was a constant whir of wings. As we tramped through meadows of wild flowers we had to keep a sharp lookout lest we tread on the nests of ptarmigan and grouse. Brave little mother birds were continually fluttering ahead of us, dragging a wing to decoy us from their eggs. Ducks and geese along the edges of the swamps eyed us with comical wariness from nests with little roofs made by the grass meeting over their heads. Foxes trotted toward us, their fine, bushy tails floating behind them. Marmots whistled everywhere. And each time we sat down to rest squirrels boldly investigated our packs.

The Glacier Priest Peering Into a New Alaskan World of Wonder

A Well-Named Creek

WHEN we neared the foothills we encountered bigger game—herds of caribou, their horns still in velvet, Kodiak brown bears. On Sargent's map of this section is a creek called Plenty Bear. The name was inspired by the fact that his party, while surveying it, saw fifty-seven of these huge beasts. We sighted only thirteen, and felt surfeited.

A Kodiak bear looks as big as an elephant as he ambles, with clumsy grace, through vegetation that comes only to his stomach. Remembering certain grizzly-maimed natives we had seen on the coast, we maintained a respectful distance. We never forgot we were in a country where there wasn't a tree a man could climb. I do not kill except for food, but the night before we reached the crater a big bull bear charged our tent and I was forced to shoot him.

For three days we trudged under our heavy packs, wading that serpentining river, plunging into gullies, crawling on through gulches that grew rougher and higher as we neared the mountain range. And still we saw nothing that looked like a crater.

On the fourth afternoon we debouched into a broad, prairielike valley desolate of all vegetation except short yellow grass. It stretched ahead of us, studded with volcanic bombs—masses of conglomerate lava ten and twelve feet high, that had been shot from the crater's molten heart in its great eruption. Late sunlight, shafting down intermittently between swift-rolling clouds, lent the masses an uncanny aspect of life. At the end of the valley, not far from us, a grim mountain range rose, barring our course. Its slopes were nearly perpendicular, and gullied with snow. Its pinnacles were settings holding aloft stark blue glaciers from which waterfalls leaped out into space and fell in wind-torn splendor, hundreds of feet. Back of it, tarnished silver clouds rolled and billowed and thrust thin fingers of mist between the highest peaks. Midway, the range was cleft from summit to base by a V more than 2000 feet deep—an opening to something unknown, forbidden.

The Cold Welcome of Aniakchak

AS I GAZED a shout of surprise burst from me. That was no mountain range ahead. That rift was The Gates, where the crater wall had been split asunder by an earthquake. We were looking at Aniakchak itself! Hardly able to credit our eyes, we ran forward, forgetful of our heavy packs, until we could see the river pouring out between The Gates. Then, almost simultaneously, clouds massed low, darkness fell, and screaming from that cloven crater came a volley of wind that nearly knocked us over.

We rushed to the only refuge the bleak valley afforded—a volcanic bomb—and in the lee of it worked madly to erect our tent. We tied one end of the tent to the bomb, piled rocks about the canvas walls, and crawled inside to escape a barrage of gravel and pumice flying on an increasing wind. There was no rain, but Aniakchak seemed determined to blow us away from it on an eighty-mile-an-hour gale, frigid with the breath of the hundred glaciers it had raked on its way from Bering Sea.

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Aniakchak Crater—Six and Three-Quarters Miles Wide, Twenty-One Miles in Circumference and Thirty Square Miles in Area

BUT I'D LIKE TO GO A-ROLLIN'

By Arthur T. Munyan

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WALKING down Madison Avenue at the children's hour with Sheila was a distraction in itself, but today the windows of the Messrs. Abernethy & Fish cast an inescapable lure for Courtney Forsyth, and he paused with an apologetic, "Just a minute, do you mind?"

He stood and gazed at two long objects in the foreground, fascinated by their dynamic lines. Sheila also, after an interrogative upward glance at him, gave them her grave and faintly ironic interest.

"Skis," she announced after this deliberation.

He continued to stare for another minute. Then he sighed. "Yes. You know, just looking at the things somehow—somehow ——"

"—— moves one strangely," she drawled. "Shall we go in?"

"Oh, no. No-o. No, I don't think—oh, no, really!"

"N-no?"

"Well, if you're sure you won't mind, just for a minute ——"

"Mind? But of course not. I adore Abernethy & Fish."

She smiled with her air of lazy urbanity. Sheila was one of those people who belong—as the phrase is—to themselves. Her moods might be bewildering—ironic, tender, pensive, by turns. She could touch the secret spring of her own enthusiasm at will, sparkle with a vivacity inciting to others. But her own poise never left her; it was in the slow intonations of her voice, in the almost languid ease of her movements.

He Said, "I Thought—— And Then I Didn't Know—— And Then I Thought——"

A man opened the door and bowed. This always happened to Sheila. Someone—no doubt Mr. Abernethy—hurried up. "Miss Harding, good afternoon! Something——"

Courtney, on the point of saying he wanted nothing, said nothing. "Skis," Sheila spoke up. "Mr. Forsyth ——"

"Skis. Skis, sir?" Mr. Abernethy asked. "Skis," he relayed to Mr. Fish, who said, "Skis. Skis, sir? Skis this way."

"Isn't it lovely," murmured Sheila, "the way they seem to understand?"

They passed through aisles glamorous with playthings that stirred the blood. In the vistas of Courtney's mind a tarpon leaped in the sunlight over a cobalt bay, polo ponies lifted black clods of turf with their furious small hoofs, surf broke in three livid lines on a beach like a new moon, and a man in a peaked cap came stemming down an alp with a spindrift of snow at his ski points.

"Now here," said Mr. Fish, "is the ski used by some of the greatest winter sportsmen."

"Including the Scandinavian?" Sheila wanted to know.

"Oh, yes, indeed! Oh, certainly, Miss Harding. Now, Mr.—er—if you'll just select—I mean, the length that's correct."

How long should a ski be? Sheila's lips curved sweetly, but her dark eyes were dancing with light mockery. Courtney shot a sidelong glance at her. There was an empirical rule about this. He raised his arms straight above his head and indicated a long pair, the points of which just reached his finger tips. Mr. Fish appeared to find his behavior orthodox; Sheila was impressed if not dithered.

"Well," she remarked, "you never told me you were a ski jumper."

"You never asked me if I was one." He went on gravely inspecting the straight grain of the wood, the side irons and lever buckle; passed his hands over the smooth running surfaces. Immersed in thought, he failed to hear a question until it was repeated by Sheila:

"Do you wish them sent, Court? Or shall you wear them? Perhaps, if we're going on to tea ——"

"Oh." The skis were his. He pushed forward a card to Mr. Fish. "To this address, if you will." His casualness as he turned again to Sheila hid an inward elation.

Outdoors they turned north to the Ritz, where Miss Harding absently accepted the homages of a doorman and a head waiter. She dreamily gave Court tea as he could stand it, with lemon and one sugar, remembering.

She nibbled one of the thin sandwiches and asked: "When are you going to try them?"

"The sandwiches?"

"The skis."

"Oh, the skis."

"I know," she said. "I've bought flame-colored evening frocks that way. You're wondering what on earth you're doing with them."

Court denied it. "When I took them I thought, 'Now maybe I'll find a chance to use them.'"

"Go on," she caught him up. "I want to hear this." Her eyes glowed with an interest not feigned, compelled him by some inchoate ardor behind their gaze. Bending a little closer to him, she became vivid in the slight movement. She was waiting.

"Well," he brought out awkwardly, "I'm twenty-six and I've missed a lot already. I never saw a jaguar. I'd like to fly, but I suppose I never will except as pay load. I've never done a hundred miles an hour in a speedboat."

"When did you ever do any ski jumping? Really."

"At college. We had a club called the—I forget what. Anyhow, we jumped."

"Verra long jumps?"

"Oh, verra long jumps. Ye-es. Thirty-forty feet."

"Darling, do you know what a Norwegian does?"

"Yes, I know all the answers. Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind. His untutored mind——"

"Sap! I'm talking distance jumps. Two hundred feet!"

"Not on the hill we had. No Norwegian or any other guy. Oh, the landing slope wasn't so bad," he recalled.

"But the approach?"

"No. Not too good. It was a hill like Murray Hill is a hill."

Sheila murmured, "A hill like Murray Hill is a —— Lord, what a command of English. I can just see it."

"I think it was a putting green or something," he explained ruefully, "underneath the snow."

As they talked she had been watching him with an indulgent, faint smile on her lips. Now she was suddenly irradiated by one of those sparkling moods of hers which always kindled his own, even before he knew why. Before he could fathom it now, she was imperturbable again, and grave. A curious tenderness lingered in her eyes.

When she left him that afternoon, it was with her casual "See you soon." He told her he always went every place she went if he could wangle it; hadn't she noticed? She smiled and said, "Keep on being like that, then."

A day or so later she called him on the telephone. "Court, I'm having a party—sort of a house party. Will you come? You'll have to; you said you always —— Oh, up in the Berkshires."

"Do those belong to you? Of course I'll come. Tell me, is there any snow up there?"

"Yes, a foot and a half. Wear your rubbers."

"I was thinking about my skis."

"Bring them. Bring anything"—blithely—"bring anybody."

In one of those expansive moments people have, he brought, or at least invited, Anita Selby. He had run into her, by less than a coincidence, in front of Abernethy & Fish. A habitué of the place now, he was always just going in there for a pair of sticks or just coming out with something like that.

"Hello," he greeted her. "All alone? Where's Brooks? Isn't the fiancé usually just over the left shoulder?"

"Courtney," she cried, gave him her hand, smiling up at him joyously. She was blond, with the silky hair, the dreaming-eyes-of-wonder look of a child, and a kind of offhand fervor.

"Oh, haven't you heard? But you wouldn't have bothered. Anyway, I'm an abandoned woman. Or do I mean a deserted one? He's gone off to Canada to shoot a lot of miserable moose or something, and I think it's too utterly selfish of him. I mean, don't you think it's terrible to go shooting all those poor little wild things? Because everybody simply wonders what's happened, my dear, when I show up simply everywhere all alone."

"Out of town—h'm!"

"Yes. And I mean, it isn't as if moose fur was smart or something. Do you believe it is? Because it makes everybody simply wonder what I've done, my dear. I mean, don't you think a girl ought to be seen having tea with a man sometimes? Of course, his friends have been perfectly sweet, but they always do it in such a terribly for-Yale sort of way, don't you think?"

"I know," he said. "It isn't that you mind his going away or anything ——"

"No-o. I believe you have to let people do just as they want, don't you? Because, I mean, they always do anyway. And even if they're your fiancé, it's almost the same, I suppose, don't you? And he was in a state where he simply had to shoot a few moose or things."

"Men are like that," he told her over tea at the Ritz. "I'm like that about skiing. I'm going up to Sheila Harding's place in the Berkshires this weekend."

"Oh, really? I do think Sheila's the sweetest thing, don't you? I mean, she has such a funny little way about her—serious, you know—and you never quite know what she means. I mean, don't you adore her? I went to school with her. I adore being places when Sheila's there."

"Then why don't you toddle up to this do she's having?"

"My dear, I'm not invited. I can't simply crash ——"

"But she wants a crowd. She told me to bring ——"

"To bring me, you mean?"

"You know what I mean. She left it to me to ask anybody I saw who would like to go."

"Are you sure? I'd simply love to go. I am so bored! And I don't think it's fair for Brooks to have everything, do you? Court, will you let her know, or something?"

"Now why," he asked himself afterward, "did I do that?"

In a way, he knew. There was a certain wistfulness about her. Her prattle half amused him, and there was some appeal in the cadences of her voice and in the pure blue of her eyes. In a vague way he felt responsible for her. And she was lonely and out of it at the moment.

Presently he dropped her from his mind. On Thursday he caught the earliest train he could. On the way up he mused pleasantly on Sheila and read in snatches in a book about how they did it at St. Moritz. When he arrived, Sheila was there to meet him on the depot platform.

She was wearing trousers tucked into woolen socks, a tam and a wind-breaker, and a bright scarf round her throat.

She always surprised him; he never quite remembered how vivid she was. She flashed him a smile as the porter handed down his luggage.

"You did bring them, didn't you?"

"How's this country for hills?" he wanted to know at once.

"It's all hills. We've got a toboggan slide that's a hill all the way to the bottom, and all the way back."

"What I mean, that's a hill!"

It was exciting to be with Sheila again. Her glance and her smile, the touch of her shoulder in the roadster, gave him a glow of happiness.

"Court," diffidently, "I have a surprise for you."

"A hill!"

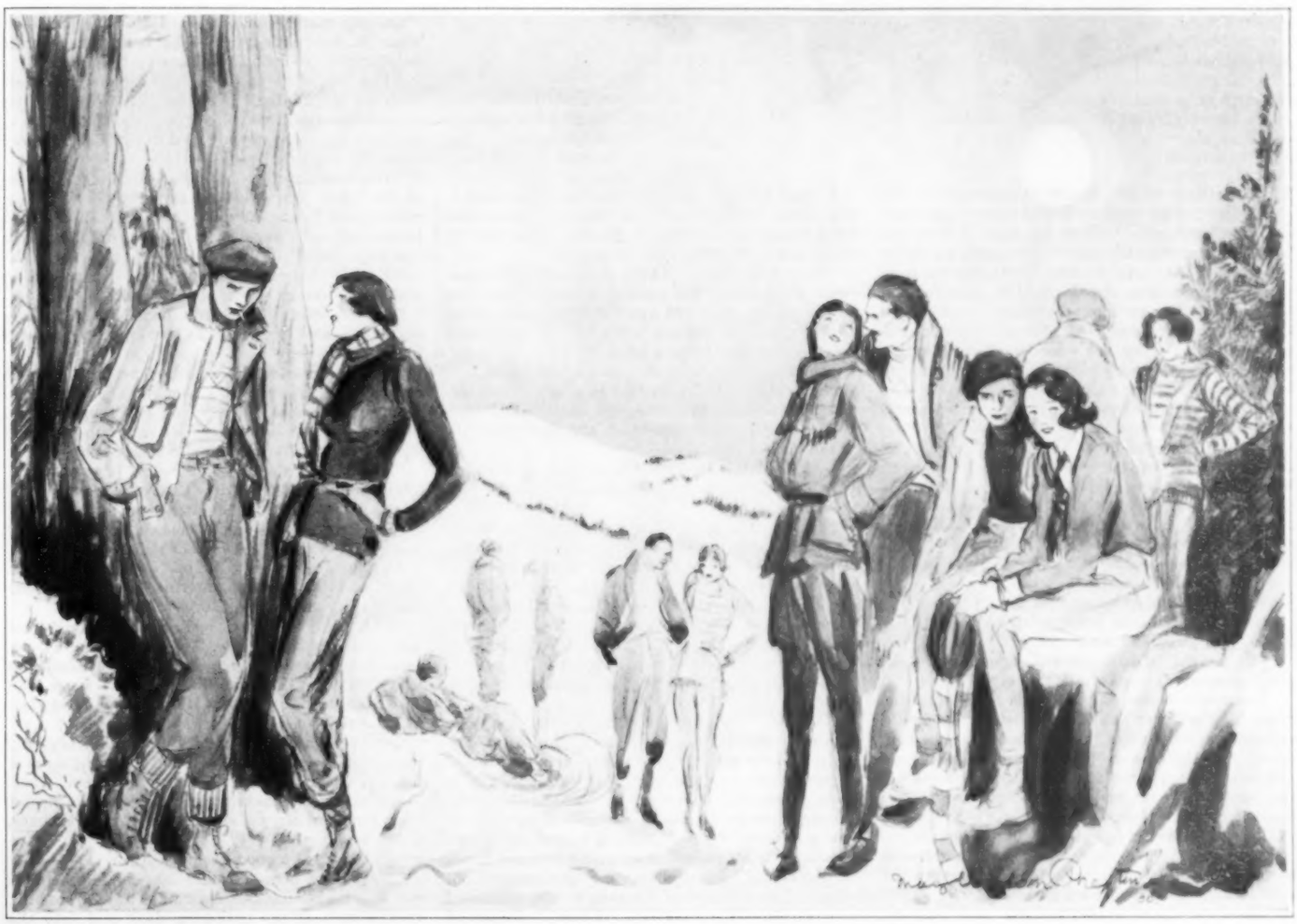
"Something like that," she nodded.

Then he remembered. "Oh, Lord! I have one for you. Anita Selby. Or would you call her just average expectancy?"

"Anita Selby?"

"I asked her. Sheila, for heaven's sake, is it all right?"

(Continued on Page 109)



"I Realize," She Said, "That You're So Happy in This New Attachment for Anita That Nothing Else Seems Very Important to You"

PATTERN

By BROOKE HANLON

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. CROWTHER

"Of Course Not," He Said Hastily. "Those Plates are Old. They're Historical, You Know, Miss Bouymaster"

THERE were two means of approach to the hollow which held the Kissel place—one a narrow clay road banked by small cedars and tangled grapevines; the other a worn path which cut directly into the dip in the hills, skirted the ice pond at the bottom, and ended at Mrs. Kissel's neat fenced-in kitchen garden. Frowning, Ruth passed the inviting, softer-carpeted short cut by and proceeded to walk down the wagon road, picking her way carefully from ridge to ridge, slipping, balancing herself again, shifting a napkin-covered mixing bowl from one arm to another. This traveler was scornful alike of the rich tapestries held up by the hills about her and of the softer green-and-brown carpeting of the hollow. It was late September; maple and oak were red, beech was golden, spruce was black, the pond was silver, but Ruth did not see or care. She stopped once, halfway in her descent, and her eye roved over the Kissel acreage. "Backwoods, like he said, even," she murmured. She stumbled on, her frown deepening. It was her birthday and she'd been invited to take supper with the Kissels.

She crossed the trim house yard, knocked lightly at the back door, and let herself in.

"Och, Ruth," Mrs. Kissel said, something special in her greeting. "You brought something?"

"Some pot cheese only." Ruth set her burden down indifferently. The Kissel kitchen was bright and warm, and twilight pressed already at the windows. Spatter-ware dishes were on the cupboard shelves, shining pans were on the stove. Pies cooled on the window sill and bright door-yard flowers stood erect and stiff on the table. Ruth looked about and her expression of discontent did not lighten.

Mrs. Kissel opened the oven door and a delicious commingling of odors burst forth. "Duck, with the snits filling," she enlightened her guest.

"Right good it smells," Ruth said politely. "Couldn't I help?"

She helped. She spooned red-beet pickle and chowchow, green-tomato relish and pickled onions, piccalilli, apple butter, quince honey and jellied pigs'-feet into side dishes of miscellaneous shapes and hues. Already the table was groaning under a weight of cold viands, and there was duck to follow, with two or three vegetables and pie, but Ruth evinced no surprise at the display. Covers were laid for only three, but this was a birthday supper.

"Where anyhow is Christian?" she inquired at length.

"He kicks the wheel today." Mrs. Kissel's cheeks rounded like two Smith cider apples as she laughed. "Any minute he will be in on us."

At that moment the door was flung open and he was there. "Och, Ruth!" If there had been something special in the mother's greeting, what was this in the son's? Surprise, joy, tenderness.

"Well, Christian." Ruth's eyes were still shadowed. They rested but a moment on his worn blue working shirt, then fled away without ever raising themselves to the radiant face above it, to the blue eyes covering and holding hers.

"Hurry oncet, Christian," his mother urged.

They sat at table, Christian in a new and somewhat stiff-looking blue suit, his hair slicked back from a neat part, a clean flush showing under the smooth tan of his cheeks.

"Duck even," he rejoiced, but his eyes didn't leave Ruth. "She is getting some age onto her," he teased.

"Twenty-two years," Ruth said, and didn't laugh. She was looking at Christian's suit, its fit at the shoulders, the set of its lapels. Her mouth was pursed a little. From time to time she shook her shoulders slightly, burst into random talk. At other times a heavy sort of silence held her. Christian gradually became quiet too. When the pie was cut, his eyes were resting, puzzled, upon her.

"You are some tired maybe," he hazarded anxiously.

"Och, no." She moved her shoulders again. Again she made random talk. She was glad of an opportunity to help with the dishes, and refused to meet his eyes until every shining dish and pan was in place. There was no avoiding him then, however; he caught her by the hand and drew her through the door and down the path toward an awkward, high building of whitewashed stone and weathered wood.

"Something I got to show you." He laughed, not noticing her grimace of distaste in the shadowed interior of the Kissel pottery. "There!" He placed something heavy and round and flat in her hands.

"What is it, then?" she asked disinterestedly.

"What it is? Hold it up to the window oncet," he urged in excitement. "It—it is such an old birthday plate I have copied off for you, Ruth. Look!" His hands closed over hers on the edge of the dish. "Doves," he said softly, "are on it for love. Tulips for luck still. A pomegranate tree for peace and plenty always. This here verse I have cut into the slip around the edge." He turned the disk slowly, reading: "*Mein Hertz sei dir ergeben, so lange werde mein Leben.* My heart is yours so long as my life lasts even," he translated exultantly. "Why, whatever ——"

She had struggled free. She had caught her hands from under his on the gift plate and stumbled away. She faced him from the window, her color high.

"I don't want it!" Words burst from her. "I don't want any such old thing, not now or not ever! Such a fool you make out of me in front of the others always. Och, always! Old plates that belong nowheres but in the kitchen cupboard you give over to me and call it a birthday present. Plates"—sobs choked her—"with that dumb Dutch on them even." Tears were on her cheeks. She avoided his arms.

"Ruth," he said helplessly. "Ruth, listen oncet."

"A white-gold wrist watch with blue stones in its bracelet Herman Hartsock give over to Verna on her birthday." Her voice was stifled with anger and woe. "A carved walnut chest with cedar lining William Brininger give over to Sarah Shultz. Such a ——"

"Ruth," he pleaded. "Listen oncet, Ruth. It—it ain't that I tried to save on you."

"It ain't that you tried to save," she agreed dully, "but only that it wouldn't come into your head ever what to buy. It's that"—she spread her hands helplessly—"you will never come up-to-date any."

"Don't it mean anything that I have copied off such an old museum plate for you, Ruth?" His smooth forehead was knotted. "A plate that I couldn't buy, that nobody could buy? Two hunert years old nearly and ——"

"It means only"—she twisted a sodden handkerchief—"that you want to live out of yesterday always, and I want to live out of today. It means, it looks like"—she avoided his eyes—"we got to live our ways apart."

"Ruth!" He caught her shoulders. He tried to make her meet his eyes.

"I tried before to tell you, and I could not. It ain't any—any use for us to be any more engaged together. We ——"

The color drained down in his cheeks. "Tonight even I planned that you should name the time, Ruth," he choked. "You—you don't know what words you are speaking out. With your pop gone, you will not want to live longer with them steps ——"

"That"—her voice was muffled—"it was I had to tell you and could not. How I have sold my share of the farm to the steps out and—and go next week even to Philadelphia to learn such a business course. That—that's all." Her hands twisted.

A stillness held the workshop. The wheel was still. Christian Kissel himself was still. The waiting rows of grayish dishes were still.

"Why ain't the past good, Ruth?" There was pain in Christian's voice. "For my father it was good, for my grandfather and great-grandfather it was good too. Christian Kissels all of them, and potters and cider makers. Here on this farm they lived, shut from the wind away, and ——"

She laughed suddenly. "Shut from everything away!" she cried. "Potters! Who hears any more of potters? Cider makers! Who hears of them? Och! If you would sell real estate in Lancaster like Ernest Brennaman, or cars in Lebanon like Henry Huebner. If you would ——"

"Ruth! I got a good business, Ruth. I ——"

"No good it does to talk." She made a helpless gesture with her hands. She walked away from him, up the path in the gathering dusk and into the house. They sat down at opposite sides of Mrs.

Kissel's neat front room. He stared miserably at her and she stared as miserably straight ahead. Mrs. Kissel had slipped away. They could hear her happy crooning in an upper room.

"Like this it is, Ruth," Christian said heavily, after a long time: "It is like my pattern is put on me and—and fired. It is burned in onto me and won't change ever. I—I got to stay on here and work in my shop. Dumb you call it, but it is everything that I know. You could maybe break my pattern, but you couldn't change it ever. I thought"—his mouth twisted as though his pattern was indeed being broken—"that you would stay along."

"I go up to Philadelphia to take such a business course." Ruth held her voice steady. "Next week I go. Och"—her voice escaped its bonds—"I want to live modern! I can't stand it any more how we live funny and dress dumb. I ——"

A knock interrupted her. Christian got up slowly and opened the door. He stared for a moment at the visitor on the steps. "Och, Schlegel," he said at last dazedly. "Come in once!"

"I will come in not only once, but several times yet," the newcomer said smartly. He stepped in, a smooth armor of assurance about him, and sat down. His eyes passed brightly from Christian to Ruth. "Well, Ruth"—he slanted a humorous dark eyebrow at her—"you are paying calls, I see."

"Even," Ruth murmured painfully. Color rushed to her cheeks.

"Well, now"—Leslie Schlegel pulled his chair up to Mrs. Kissel's small round center table and drummed on it with his well-manicured nails—"some business I got to talk over with you, Kissel," he said importantly. "I understand"—he drew a small notebook from his pocket and leafed it rapidly—"you make red-ware crocks. Is that right?"

"Even," Christian said. He was looking at Ruth.

"And pitchers in different sizes? Such jugs, pie dishes, bowls, and so on?"

"Them too," Christian agreed.

Leslie went down his list with a businesslike-looking fountain pen. "Slip ware?" he suggested.

"When I got the time. And spatter. What anyhow ——"

"Now, look here." Leslie snapped his small book shut. "Why not give me the dare to sell off some of this stuff for you, Kissel? It gives some demand for such junk by city shops, I find. Och"—he waved largely—"just a side line to me it would be. As a favor to you, or whatever, I ——"

"I got all the orders I can fill," Christian said. His eyes didn't leave Ruth.

"Now, look here." Leslie's dark eyebrows slid up. "That ain't the way to do business. You ain't listening even. Let me ——"

"Do what you want!" Painful words burst from Christian. "Only don't now bother me."

"Good." Leslie's eyebrows slid down again. "Have you got such a price list by you?"

"Och!" Christian ran his fingers through his hair. "This here ain't no time to talk out such business matters, Leslie," he began.

"All right, all right," Schlegel soothed. He got complacently to his feet. "I'll drive tomorrow around," he said. He made a graceful salute with his hat.

His car started. It chugged up the clay road and was gone. In the quiet they could hear Mrs. Kissel's gentle crooning again.

"That there"—Christian spoke with difficulty—"that there is what you meant, Ruth? We live dumb and we dress dumb, you said, and thought maybe of that Leslie Schlegel with his Smart-Aleck clothes and ways. Ain't it?"

"I thought of no such one in particular," Ruth said, confused.

"You see him sometimes, maybe?"

"Och." She twisted her hands. "He comes in to see the boys only. Them steps. Not to see me, ever."

"From Philadelphia he comes and puts on such airs you would think —— Look here." Christian came suddenly close to Ruth. He caught her arm roughly. "Philadelphia, even! That is why maybe you go to Philadelphia. Leslie Schlegel works out of there. He it is where has put such ideas into your head."

Mrs. Kissel

"Och." Ruth caught her lip with her teeth. "To go nowheres because of any man I plan," she cried, "but only to get somehow from this—this backwoods place away! He has been good to me only, and —— Och, can you not see?"

He saw, evidently. There was such misery in his eyes that Ruth couldn't sit still any longer. "I—I got to go now." She got up, avoiding his eyes.

"I will drive you over," he said quietly.

Mrs. Kissel came down and pressed a kind, spice-flavored kiss upon Ruth. "Soon you will come to stay," she whispered knowingly.

"You—you make fun," Ruth said awkwardly. She drove up the rutty clay road beside Christian and looked straight ahead of her. The fall fragrance of the countryside pressed in on them: the motor of Christian's old car made so much noise that talk would have been impossible, even if there had been anything to say. There was nothing to say.

"Good-by, Christian." Ruth gave him her hand, but still did not look into his eyes. "Don't think that I will forget ever how kind you have been to me."

"There ain't in my head tonight any such smart words to tell you what—what luck and happiness I wish for you always." He pressed her hand and dropped it. He plunged down the Bouymaster steps and his car set up such a roaring and pounding as to drown the strangled sound that came up in his throat.

"Och, say! That was some picture now, wasn't it?" Leslie Schlegel stepped jauntily across a sidewalk in Philadelphia and held open the door of his car with a courtly bow. "Step in, fair lady," he said, "and we will hie us away to such a soda emporium." He hopped in behind the wheel and slammed his own door smartly to. He looked expectantly at his companion.

She was looking back at the lights of the theater. There was a puzzled something in her eyes and the corners of her mouth drooped a little.

Leslie looked a little sulky. "What is anyhow the matter?" he asked fretfully.

Were the lights really so much dimmer than they had been seven short months before, Ruth wondered? Were the pictures so much less interesting that often she forgot to watch and to listen, but sat silent, slipped far down in her seat, wrapped in thoughts of things far away, of things that had never appeared on any screen? Quiet things ——

(Continued on Page 61)

"Och, Always! Old Plates That Belong Nowheres But in the Kitchen Cupboard You Give Over to Me and Call it a Birthday Present"

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

By Charles F. Kettering

Vice President of General Motors in Charge of Research

As Told to Lewis F. Carr

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

THOUGH the present industrial depression has worked great hardship on many people, there are at least two good things about it. The first is that it's a very handy topic of conversation; and the second is that it is making us think. Everybody is talking about it; and if we talk about it long enough and think about it deeply enough, we may be able to do something constructive concerning it, as might even be possible with that other general topic of conversation, namely, the weather.

There are many factors favoring these possibilities. Confronted with present conditions, people are thinking and searching their minds as never before; they have turned away from the mirage of false values; they have rid themselves of the fever of speculation. The tendency is toward solid thinking on a basis of realities. Out of such a situation, it seems to me, we may very reasonably hope for progress.

An Accelerator, But No Brakes

THERE is nothing especially new about our present economic plight. We have been in similar depressions before, notably in 1903, 1907, 1914 and 1921. What pulled us out? A variety of things; among them the great development of the automobile industry. Employing but a few men in the early stages of its manufacture, the automobile stimulated the country-life movement, with its great construction program, the building of good roads, the tire and oil industries, the British rubber-producing industry, and scores of others, giving employment to many times the number of men that were employed directly in the making of automobiles. When the automotive industry achieved great advances in efficiency, the radio and other newly developed products absorbed many of the men thus released.

As one who is employed in industrial research, I see certain similar developments ahead which will not be stopped by present conditions. The thing that is worrying me is not how and when we are going to get out of our present trouble, but whether we are going to have the sense to develop something which will tend to keep us from running off the track again.

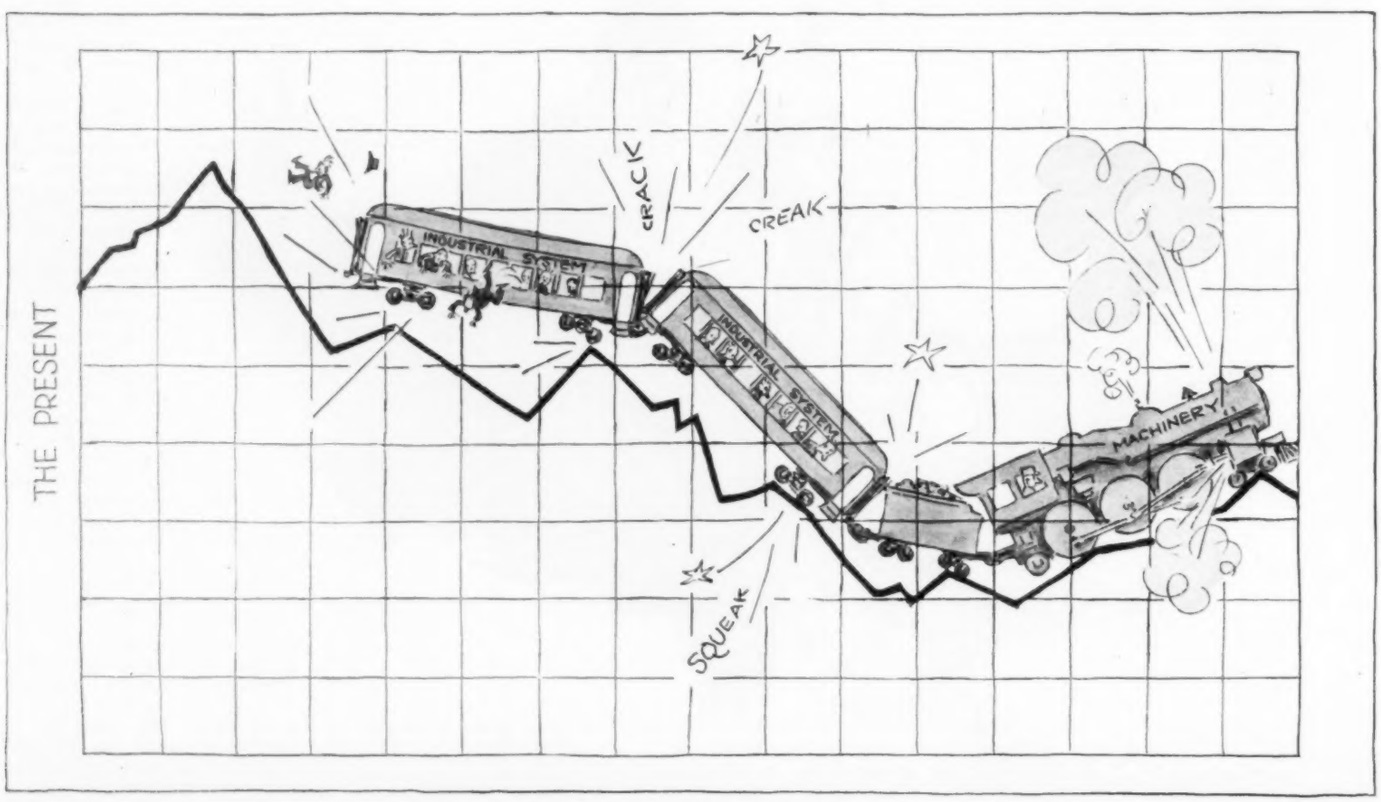
For the course of economic progress seems like phenomena of the physical world in its fluctuations and oscillations. As such, the only answer is that we should have a dynamically controlled motion, as an engine has a governor. In our engineering and scientific work we know of no way of regulating a thing to constant exactness, no method of holding a thing on a perfectly definite course. The reason for that is, that in order to hold a thing on such a course, you would have to have no force whatever acting on it on either side. And you cannot do that. The only way you can regulate is to restrain the swings on one side and reduce them on the other, and try to produce, out of the average of these continuing oscillations, a fairly straight line or a fairly even motion. The trouble with us has been that when we began to speed up economically, we had nothing which operated to reduce that speed; rather, enthusiasm tended to increase it, with the result that we had an accelerating increment which allowed no alternative but a final break and temporary shut-down.

This general character of the physical world is evident everywhere. Even the astronomical bodies do not describe a perfect circle, but always swing beyond it on one side and inside of it on the other. The electric-light current by which we read or write may seem constant, but actually is made to seem so only by a regulating, stabilizing mechanism which holds the variations in check. That the same characteristic pertains to economic things is evidenced by these alternating periods of prosperity and depression.

The Fallacy of Formulas for Humans

IN THE physical realm regulation is comparatively simple, because everything functions according to definite laws which are more or less known. But when we try to regulate the course of human progress, we are dealing with an ever-changing entity; and nobody knows what it is, or where it is, or very much of anything about it. At any rate, it seems to be an ever-changing thing, and, as such, can be regulated only by ever-changing means of regulation. Human affairs cannot be solved and settled once and forever by blackboard formulas; they can only be constantly attended to. We can all think of examples of businesses that prospered under the guiding hand of a man who knew what things should be attended to and how to attend to them; when the guiding hand was removed, the business very often went to ruin.

Now, the good thing about the present situation is that it is making us think deeply and seriously about



IF WE TALK ABOUT IT ENOUGH ——

this general situation and the nature of it. It is causing us to hope that some day we may be able to develop some means for the decreasing of these tremendous fluctuations of the economic graph. Though we are in a most regrettable downward swing now, it must be admitted that the fact is largely our own fault. Starting about 1923, we swung upward on a wave of enthusiasm about production, which was accentuated by our memories of wartime experiences; but we neglected to realize that production, in order to be of real benefit, had to find consumption. Since the turn of the century, America has been building a great producing plant without giving sufficient attention to the question of who would buy the products of the plant when those employed in the building of it should cease building and be left without employment and purchasing power. No one can sell unless somebody buys, and, ordinarily, men cannot buy unless they are employed. You cannot put things on the expense side of the American public unless there is a corresponding capacity to pay on the income side.

There happens to be a fairly good parallel to the south of us—namely, in the Panama Canal Zone. It took an average force of nearly 40,000 men ten years to build the Panama Canal. Today there are only about 14,000 Government employes there, including the constabulary. Thus, when the canal was finished, two-thirds of the men on the job were without their usual employment and purchasing power. They had to face unemployment or go somewhere else and dig another canal, or engage in other work. Our situation is like that. It takes from five to twenty years to develop the plans for a big job. And now that America has finished several jobs, she naturally finds herself in a lull because she has no very definite plans for things for the future.

In Bad Times Prepare for Good Times

A REAL advance is registered, perhaps, in the fact that we are beginning to realize that consumption must balance production and that it is really possible for us to do something about it. Construction programs are being urged now, and it is probable that in the future they will be more closely timed to supply needed employment in slack times and thus restore purchasing power. The practice follows the tested business adage: "In bad times prepare for good times." We cannot be prosperous today without preparing to be prosperous tomorrow.

Undoubtedly another cause of the present depression lies in the abuses that have crept into installment selling. The system itself has been proved by long-time tests to be sound, highly valuable and entitled to an important place in our economic system. Long ago, the makers of cash registers, sewing machines and other products adopted it and built businesses on it. But like everything else, it can be abused. The other day a family appealed to a relief organization, saying that it was in real distress. Investigation disclosed that the husband was employed at $140 a month, but that the family had contracted to pay out $150 a month in installment payments. Another family bought a stove for $135—on installments without cash payments—on the day that it appealed for help. It is not to be wondered at that companies which are willing to sell under such conditions—that is, without making investigation into credit ratings, and so on—should run into difficulty with their collections, or that people so overburdened with installments should fall behind their normal rate in their purchasing of necessities, with consequent damage to the more basic industries. And, perhaps, it is needless to point out that if things are sold under such conditions that only half the accounts can be collected, the selling price must be more than double the more natural price. But when properly conducted by responsible people selling a worthy and valuable product, installment selling has no such undesirable results.

Further, the stock-market boom had the effect of pulling money out of productive enterprises and of unsettling our usual course of business. I know of one city where a great quantity of ordinarily available capital was put in a pool and sent to New York, with the result that the man who wanted to borrow for legitimate purposes there was not accommodated. The little fellow on the outskirts who wanted to improve that odd corner of his didn't do it; the bigger fellow downtown didn't go ahead with his plans, and the other fellow didn't experiment with that crazy idea of his that might have been valuable if developed. Those who were lucky didn't spend as high a percentage of their income as formerly, and those who weren't, fell off the edge and didn't get back up again.

The Mental Hazard of Unemployment

BUT to some people there seems to be something more serious in the present situation. That is the fact of unemployment, which is creating, it seems to me, a real mental hazard both here and abroad. We have been hearing of England's unemployed; now Germany says she has 2,000,000 out of work, while our own figures continue to oscillate from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000, a depressing and intolerable condition with which we must reckon. Almost every day somebody brings out a new fact or figure about unemployment more distressing than former ones. In the past we have noted a certain reappearing tendency toward unemployment; we have been doing more work with less men per unit produced all the time; we have been releasing men constantly, in almost every line from manufacturing to merchandising, farming and railroading, and we haven't done very much about it. In our age-old way, we have counted on the natural play of economic forces to reabsorb these men into the industrial system. Many have been absorbed—in the life-insurance business, in filling stations, in aviation and other new businesses. But not fast enough, it seems, to take up the slack.

When I say "we," I mean it generally of course—we Americans. And now the

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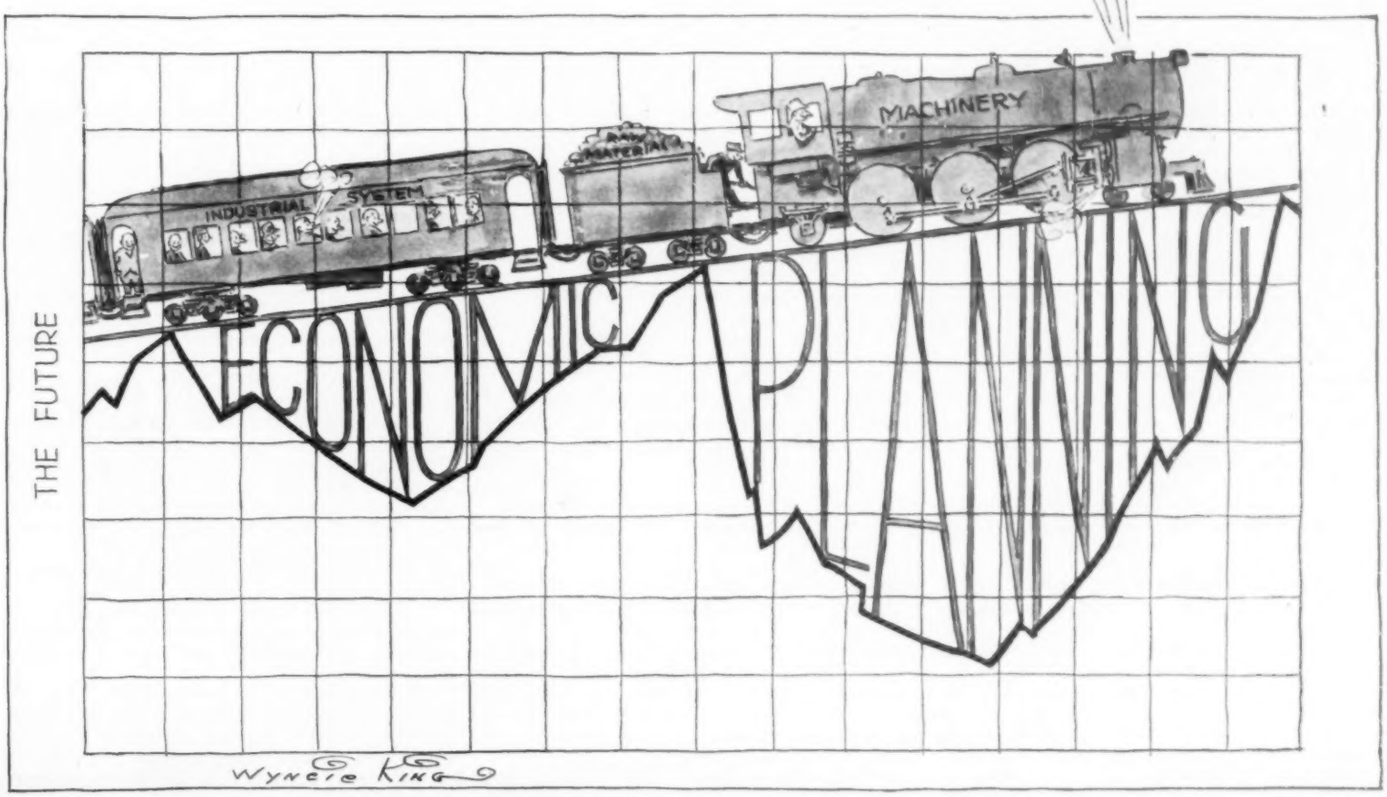

—— WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING CONSTRUCTIVE CONCERNING IT

DRAW BRIDGE

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY CORINNE BOYD DILLON

"Who's the Wren?" Asks Digit, as I Breaks Off My Spiel to Nod to a Damsel Dozening Around the Deck. "A Jane Feeding With Me," I Replies. "The Name's Williams, I Believe—Alice Williams"

WE'RE two days out and I'm at least two meals down when I spots Digit Donovan. He's sunk in a deck chair on the sun side of the S. S. Plutonic with The Life of Susan B. Anthony in his lap, but beyond flicking an eyelid in my direction, he doesn't give me a tumble.

"Am I mistaken," says I, "or are you ——"

"You're not mistaken," scowls Donovan, "but can't a gentleman paddle his own catboat in this ocean without ——"

"Behave yourself," I cuts in. "Do I look like a bench warrant?"

"It's not that," declares Digit, "but I'm traveling under wraps and I've no desire to have my moniker mouthed all over this sampan."

"Be of good cheer," says I. "Secrets are so safe with me they're legal investments for savings banks."

"But you've gone honest, haven't you?" comes back Donovan.

"Yeh," I returns, "but not so honest that I'm climbing over hot stoves to save Dumb Davids from their destiny. Take your suckers out for an airing and see if I care."

"Lay off that sucker stuff," growls Digit. "I'm just a tourist this trip. . . . Quite a woman this Sarah Q. Anthony."

"Must be," says I, glancing down at the volume, "when you can enjoy reading about her, upside down and with the pages uncut. . . . You off the cards complete?"

"Through and went," asserts Donovan. "You couldn't get me to play casino for burned matches."

"How come?" I inquires.

"How come," demands Digit, "that you quit selling stock in copper groves and coffee mines? You don't think for a minute you're the only guy who can write himself a ticket on the S and N, do you?"

"No," I returns, "but I shouldn't imagine the Straight and Narrow'd have your kind of accommodations. It's none of my never-mind," I goes on, "but you weren't around when they rooked that Missouri granger for twenty grand at the Rockabilt, were you?"

"Not me," declares Donovan hastily. "If you'll drop into my stateroom I'll show you a scrapbook full of alibis—all different. As a matter of fact, I was at a Parent-Teachers' meeting in East Secaucus that night."

"Of course," says I. "I remember seeing you. Weren't you the feller with the black shoelaces and a sock on each foot who was sitting in a chair? What's the name, please?"

"Joseph P. Hoskins, of Peru, Indiana," replies Digit, "and don't you forget it, either."

"I won't," I promises. "What business you in—mortician's supplies and underground novelties?"

"I hadn't thought of that," he answers, "but make it hay, grain and mill feed."

"O. K.," says I, "but lay off that deep-sea stuff with me. Making a getaway, aren't you?"

"Not exactly," comes back Donovan, "but I figured it a good idea to make myself ex-New York for the nonce. It's getting so you can hardly amble around the burg without being mistaken for a missing magistrate. Besides, I miss Paris—the sun setting behind the Arc de Triomphe, the ——"

"It's the same sun that sets behind Dannemora," I points out, with delicacy, "but it does look better from the freedom of Fouquet's. Well, you can get yourself an eyeful now. You must've shaken down that Show Me for a year or two of sunsets. What was it—stud?"

"Kick off those congress gaiters," says Digit, "and get in tune with the times. In our set we haven't regarded stud as a dividend payer since ——"

"What's the recreation now," I cuts in—"backgammon?"

"Contract," returns Donovan. "Play it?"

"Yeh," I tells him, "but only with such cards as are dealt me in the usual rotation. You mean to tell me that Ozark razorback was dunce enough to sit in a set game with you and your stooge?"

"He did not," says Digit. "What makes you think the game wasn't on the up and up?"

"Just because Piqua, Ohio, has eighty miles of paved highway," I answers. "I can't imagine you changing much since the night I saw you discard a straight flush you hadn't ordered, to pull in the full house you'd previously arranged for with the deck. You never were a lad to let the cards tell you anything; you were always telling them."

"In bridge," remarks Donovan, "you have a partner."

"So I've heard it bruited about," says I, "and it wouldn't surprise me any to learn that you had two of 'em at the Rockabilt. Am I doing you a grave injustice or could I?"

"You could and are," declares Digit. "The silo stuffer just had a lot of tough breaks, and tough breaks at a dollar a point add up to plenty of piasters in the course of a week. Once, when we were all vulnerable, he even had the Mississippi heart hand dealt to him."

"What's that?" I inquires.

"Oh," says Donovan, "you've surely heard of that one—ace, king, queen of diamonds; ace, king, queen of clubs; ace, king, queen, jack of spades; and king, jack, nine of hearts."

"Just where," I wants to know, "is the tough luck in that picture gallery of gimmes?"

"The tough luck," explains Digit, "was not in that mitt, but in the other mitts. It just happened that I was to the left of it with the ace, queen, ten five times in hearts and blanks in clubs and spades. My partner, it developed, had all the rest of the hearts and no diamonds."

"Ruff stuff," says I, "either way you spell it. What'd you set the apple knocker?"

"What do you mean—set?" growls Donovan. "There wasn't any setting. I bid my hand for a grand slam in hearts and made it, doubled and redoubled—a matter of some thirty-two hundred points."

"That," I observes, "is a lot of dollars, even if you say it fast. Would it be a fair guess that you dealt the hand?"

"I don't remember now," comes back Digit, "but it's possible. If my memory serves me right, I dealt every fourth hand that night."

"Yeh," says I, "and cut and washed the cards on two more occasions. In other words, three out of every four deals were not without your benign influence, not to mention three out of the four players. Your flock of Fridays with you on the boat?"

"No! I'm alone and at ease. Don't you believe anything I tell you?"

"On the contrary," I assures him. "I believe you were in East Secaucus on the night the rube was rooked at the Rockabilt, and I believe you're a hay-and-grain man from Peru, Indiana. Feller, I once saw you swear on the Bible and I've been an atheist ever since. I wouldn't ——"

"Who's the wren?" asks Digit, as I breaks off my spiel to nod to a damsel dozening around the deck.

"A jane feeding with me," I replies. "The name's Williams, I believe—Alice Williams."

"Best looker I've seen on this barge," remarks Donovan. "When did she get on?"

"We picked her up on the Grand Banks," says I. "She's not so negative, but I thought you were all for the blondes built like wineglasses."

"I used to be," admits Digit, "but now that I'm on the Straight and Narrow I want everything to conform, even the women. What is she—maid, married or melted?"

"Search me," I shrugs, "but she likes her caviar without onions and her roast ox rare, if that'll do you any good. I've never talked to her except at the table. Ours is what you could really call a passing acquaintance. Want to meet her?"

"After all," says Donovan, "why not? I can't kill a whole trip with you and this here Selma J. Anthony."

"O. K., kid," I returns. "I'll deal her to you on her next round of roodles."

In a few minutes she heaves in sight again. She's a gal in the twilight twenties with a slinky swing to her and wise eyes that've seen a lot of things since they looked at the pictures on the nursery walls. Lifting Digit from his deck chair I plants myself in her way.

"Miss Williams," says I, "may I introduce a friend of mine, Joe Hoskins, of Peru, Indiana?"

"Sure," she comes back pleasantly. "Where else is he from, besides Peru and Indiana?"

"Peru," explains Donovan, "is a city in Indiana. It's on the Wabash River seventy-five miles from Indianapolis, and on Federal highways 24 and 31. Several railways serve it, including the C. and O. and the Nickel Plate. Would you be surprised to learn that Peru is the county seat of Miami County?"

"Not surprised," says she, "but rather pleased."

"Peru," goes on Digit, "has a population of about fifteen thousand and is the home of three large circuses. In the winter there are more wild animals in Peru than in any other city of the world."

"Explaining," I chimes in, "the Peruvian bark."

"You a circus man?" inquires the dame of Donovan.

"Not exactly," says Digit, "but I have my moments."

"I think," remarks Miss Williams, giving the good-looking gamboleer the up and down, "I'm going to like knowing you."

"If you don't," declares Digit, "you'll never forgive yourself. What you doing the next four days?"

"Probably," says she, with a grimace, "what I did all day yesterday—play bridge."

"The game's not good enough to deserve you," decides Donovan. "Pass it up and I'll read the Life of Stella P. Anthony to you."

"I'd love that," returns Miss Williams, "but I can't let loose of the tiger's tail. It'll take me the rest of the trip to get back what I've already dropped."

"Bridge is like that," I offers. "You're in it five minutes for pleasure and the rest of the night to get even."

"Playing with friends?" asks Digit, naturally suspicious of all high-seas card games.

"No," says Miss Williams. "Just some of the packet's first-class passengers."

"Bad medicine," grunts Donovan. "Don't you believe in signs?"

"Some signs," she answers, "but not the one about games with strangers. I can take care of myself in any kind of a scramble."

"All right, Miss Williams," shrugs Digit, "but cut the cards. What are you shooting for—pennies?"

"Dimes," says Miss Williams. "You boys want to cut in?"

"Not this Nordic," comes back Donovan.

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For a Moment He Stares Straight at Alice, Who's Smiling Inscrutably. Then He Leaps to His Feet

TWO FOR ONE

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MESSRS. Yodel Harris and Rancid Johnson encountered the elegant Mr. Florian Slappey standing on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

Mr. Slappey adjusted the artificial gardenia which he wore in the lapel of a camel's-hair coat, twirled his Malacca cane jauntily, and condescended to converse.

"How," he inquired, "is the musicianing business?"

"Swell!" answered the colorado-maduro Mr. Johnson with unmistakable enthusiasm.

"Gorgeous!" replied the ebon-hued Yodel even more vehemently.

"Makin' much money?"

"Tha's the one thing we ain't doin' nothin' else but."

Mr. Slappey delicately touched the crease of his white-flannel trousers. "Congratulations," he proffered. "I hope business keeps on continuin' to be good."

"Man, tha's the most thing it's gwine do! The white folks sort of like us."

They started southward and Mr. Slappey gazed after them benignly. They were thoroughly insignificant: Mr. Johnson, small and skinny and excessively apologetic; Mr. Harris, several shades darker, two degrees thinner and infinitely more retiring.

They carried with them their means of livelihood. Mr. Johnson possessed one harmonica which had cost four bits. Mr. Harris toted under one arm a very excellent banjo which had been bought two years previously, at a bargain price, from Semore Mashby.

For all their innate modesty, Messrs. Johnson and Harris were known from Acipco to Red Mountain and from Woodlawn to West End as the best itinerant street musicians in Birmingham. Rancid could do things with a mouth organ which the inventor of that instrument never suspected, and Yodel became an altered gentleman the minute the fingers of his left hand closed about the frets of his beloved banjo.

The sun was dropping majestically toward the west when the two musicians reached the corner of First Avenue and Twentieth Street. At that street intersection towered four impressive office buildings which were already commencing to disgorge a horde of business men and women. Picking their spot, Yodel unlimbered a camp stool and seated himself upon it. Rancid sounded a couple of tentative toots on his harmonica, and then they awaited the psychological moment.

A dozen men grouped on the corner. Yodel nodded to his friend, tinkled a preliminary chord, and they were off. Jazz of a wild and free nature, jazz which tickled the toes, vibrated the vertebræ and twitched the limbs, commenced to emanate from their immediate vicinity. The white folks looked up interestedly, listened for a moment, and moved closer. All were smiling; some few were whistling.

The two little Negroes really could play. They played the latest of jazz tunes—interpreting them somewhat liberally—and swung occasionally into an old-fashioned melody which seemed to take on fresh youth and life with this unaccustomed tempo. At precisely the right moment, Yodel removed his rusty derby, placed it provocatively on the sidewalk beside him, and immediately a shower of nickels, dimes and quarters pelted therein.

"You is Jealous
'Cause You is Friends With Johnny Spade, Tha's All. Mistuh Blossom Could Lick Mistuh Spade"

Rancid observed that a traffic policeman was eying them without any particular friendliness, and they moved on. They rambled across the Twenty-first Street viaduct in the general direction of Birmingham's exceedingly beautiful Southside residential section, and it was then that Rancid asked a most important question:

"How much?"

"Dollar eighty."

"Hot ziggity dam! We sho is doin' good with our musiekin'."

"Right you is. I was figgerin' this mawnin', an' us seem to be ave'gin' most forty dollars a week."

They smiled at each other and believed that the world was their oyster, therein betraying a blithe ignorance of what the immediate future held in store.

They moved into a neighborhood of fine, handsome houses, settled themselves, and commenced to play. Four or five motor cars pulled up at the curb to enjoy the concert. Several citizens drifted down from their verandas that they might miss no single weird harmony. This looked like the commencement of a most prosperous evening tour.

And it was at that particular moment that trouble entered the quiet, inoffensive lives of Messrs. Rancid Johnson and Yodel Harris.

Samuel Lime was a large and evil-visaged person. He was six feet tall and proportionately broad, and his tattered shirt disclosed a wealth of bulgy muscle.

Without a word of warning Samuel Lime intruded. He appeared from nowhere, a broad and ingratiating grin on his thick lips. His muscular but loose-jointed body slouched and his enormous feet scraped the pavement tantalizingly. He swayed more and more violently, and his feet picked up the tempo of the tune which was at the moment being concocted by Rancid and Yodel. Several of the watching white folks smiled delightedly, and that appeared to be all the encouragement Samuel required. He really began to step. And his worst enemy could not honestly claim that he was other than a superb dancer. He did amazing things with his feet. His tapping was exquisitely rhythmic, and there was grace in every movement of his tremendous body.

The musicians, thoroughly bewildered, were yet artistically appreciative of the man's skill. True, they resented his intrusion, but since the audience liked it, and Mr. Lime chose to perform, they considered it none of their business.

Then came catastrophe!

With an unerring appreciation of the proper moment, Samuel Lime ceased dancing in the very middle of a number. The musicians, perforce, continued, since they had no reason for stopping. But as they saw what the big man was doing, their music lost some of its enthusiasm.

Bowing and smiling and scraping his right foot in good plantation style, the big man circulated through the crowd, passing the thing which did duty for him as a hat. The white folks, well pleased with the performance, gave liberally. Samuel jingled the money in his capacious pockets; the number ended and the white folks drifted back to their homes.

Yodel and Rancid were left alone with Mr. Lime. Somewhat timidly, the former held out his hand.

"Le's have it, big boy."

Samuel seemed surprised. "Have which?"

"Our money."

"I ain't got no money of yourn."

"Aw, say; didn't us just see you colleck heaps of money fum them folks which was listenin' to us play?"

"Oh, that?" Samuel was the quintessence of innocence. "Tha's my money. They give it to me fo' dancin'."

"Nossuh! They give that to us fo' playin' chunes."

"Foolishment you talk! If you-all crave some money, go ask fo' it like I did."

"But they ain't gwine pay no mo'. They thought they was givin' it to us."

Mr. Lime suddenly looked less friendly. "Is you excusin' me of stealin' somethin'?"

"Nossuh! Co'se we ain't. But just the same, you has got our money."

Samuel jerked his head commandingly in the general direction of a near-by alley. "Le's go in heah an' talk this thing over. It seems to me like you-all don't understan'."

They followed him, and the moment they reached the darkest spot of the alley, decided unanimously that they had made a tactical blunder. In the gloom which enveloped the deserted thoroughfare, Mr. Lime looked three times as large and ten times as dangerous as he had in view of the white folks' porches.

"Now," he growled, "le's heah some mo' 'bout me stealin' yo' money."

The two little Negroes gazed up at the man who towered over them. They were acutely aware of the fact that he could, without the slightest exertion, pulverize them both.

"Fo' sev'al months," explained Rancid apologetically, "I an' Yodel has been musicianin' th'oo the streets, an' collectin' money fum the white folks fo' same. So we figgered that what was just give was ourn."

"But it ain't."

"Why not?"

"They give it to me, didn't they?"

"Yeh."

"An' did they say it was fo' you?"

"No-o-o."

"Then how come it wan't meant fo' me? How is you gwine prove that?"

There was a certain logic in this, and the two little musicians were in no mood for prolonged argument. Therefore, as politely as possible—and as generously—Yodel moved toward the street.

"You is welcome to all that money, big feller. We reckon you is right, after all."

Rancid and Yodel walked out of the alley and down the street with such dignity as they could muster. They were blue and depressed at the thought of the sizable collection which had found its way into the pockets of another man. They discussed Mr. Lime in no uncertain terms, and then accelerated their pace as though to place as much distance as possible between themselves and their informal *bête noire*.

Twenty minutes later they selected a strategic spot in Forest Park and again commenced to dispense their inimitable brand of musical entertainment. And in the middle of the second number, Mr. Samuel Lime again appeared. Smiling and bowing, he shuffled into the picture and commenced to execute his intricate and delightful steps. Rancid's harmonica emitted a wail of dirgelike quality such as never before had been extracted from its reeds, and Yodel's nimble fingers faltered on the frets. For just the briefest fraction of an instant Samuel glowered at them, and they functioned better after that; being unhappily convinced that the intruder would tolerate no cessation of melody.

Rancid and Yodel knew what was going to happen long before it occurred. Again displaying a fine sense of psychology, Samuel stopped dancing in the middle of a number, collected dimes and quarters from the sidewalk and automobile spectators, and then swiftly visited the verandas in the immediate vicinity. Then he danced once more and nodded to the musicians.

"Le's move on, boys. It's time we was at somewhere else."

Now, indeed, Messrs. Johnson and Harris were painfully conscious of the fact that something terrible was in the act of happening to them. Without doubt Samuel had become a member of their act—and a most embarrassingly financial one. Throughout the balance of the evening Samuel danced to their playing and collected every penny of donation. At eleven o'clock they headed in melancholy fashion toward town. Only Mr. Lime was elated.

"Nine dollars an' ten cents," he enthused. "Tha's what I call swell money fo' just dancin' a li'l' bit."

"But us," wailed Rancid, "we ain't got a dime."

"Tha's tough luck. Why didn't you-all ask fo' some?"

"Folks wouldn't of give us none, after they give to you."

"I reckon not," agreed Samuel.

Yodel was desperate. "Ain't you gwine divide with us?"

Samuel stopped short and clenched his hamlike fists. "Is you aimin' to start that all over again?"

"Said Offense," Continued Lawyer Chew, "in This Noble an' Sove'eign State of Alabama Constitutes Larceny"

And in the Middle of the Second Number, Mr. Samuel Lime Again Appeared

"N-n-n-nossuh; us ain't aimin' to start nothin'."

"Tha's good. 'Cause if you-all two was ever to insult me, I'd be libel to git in an exterminatin' mood."

Miserably they left him downtown, and even more miserably they climbed a rickety flight of stairs to the modest room which they occupied in a very unostentatious boarding house. For perhaps five minutes they stared at each other in wordless and abysmal gloom.

Then Rancid spoke: "I sho has got a distaste fo' that feller!"

"Me an' you bofe."

"An' I has got a hunch we ain't saw'n the last of him neither."

The prophecy was borne out on the following night. Once again Samuel Lime joined them, and once again the large gentleman collected every coin which otherwise would have found its way into the purses of Messrs. Johnson and Harris. They were afraid to argue, but the next day they went to the Penny Prudential Bank Building and stated their case to Lawyer Evans Chew, leading dusky attorney of Birmingham.

Lawyer Chew stared at them owlishly through horn-rimmed goggles. Then he rose and paced the floor, hands clasped beneath the tails of his Prince Albert coat. At length he commenced his pronouncement.

"This individual, heahinafter called the party of the second part," said he sonorously, "is indubitably an' unquestionably obtainin', possessin' an' appropriatin' money which rightfully belongs to you."

"Yassah; tha's the Gawd's hones' troof."

"Said offense," continued Lawyer Chew, "in this noble an' sove'eign state of Alabama constitutes larceny."

"Uh-huh. Great big larceny."

"But," pronounced the attorney in a voice which rang like a knell o' doom, "there ain't nothin' you can do about it!"

The street musicians struck earth with a thud. "N-n-n-not nothin'?"

"Nary thing. You ain't got no contrack with nobody. You don't have no dates in advance. Moneys which is received by such as you is gratuities, an' it looks like Mistuh Lime was the most gratitudinous. It ain't like he was askin' fo' money fo' the music an' then keepin' it. An' it ain't like he was just follerin' you around an' collectin' yo'

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TUMBLE-DOWN DICK

"Do You Want to See Me Swinging in That Cage in Place of My Brother?"

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MADAME ANTONIA DE OLIVEIRA'S clear laugh woke Capt. Arad Whitney from his siesta. He got off the bed in a back room of Mrs. McClaverty's Inn and went out on the terrace. Madame de Oliveira's house was next adjacent, at the end of the Allée Vert, or green walk, its walls of coral blocks smothered to the eaves, to the ridgepole, under a cresting wave of cerise bougainvillea. A couple of wine bottles hung cooling in one of the windows in wet cotton bags, and on the window ledge was laid the double patent flageolet belonging to the handsome Colonel Piggott, the British prize agent on the island. The sun struck sparkles from its silver keys.

Captain Arad recalled that this flageolet—Delecta Harmonia was its name—was so constructed that one performer could play two parts on it. The young captain smiled grimly. He was thinking that Colonel Piggott was well enough qualified to play two parts without the aid of a patented instrument. The colonel's confiscation of Captain Arad's ship Lovely Lass was nothing but a piece of brigandage of the worst sort. Captain Arad went over the transaction in his mind for the hundredth time. The commander of the British frigate Circe had boarded him, perhaps fifty miles to the leeward of Tumble-down Dick, and called for his protections.

The Circe proceeded to impress five of Captain Arad's seamen as Irishmen, four of whom, at least, Arad could swear, and did swear, were born in Salem. Next the cargo was looked into. It was jerked beef, for the Havana, from the River Plate; and nothing, it seemed, would relieve the commander of the Circe of his responsibility to this beef except to put a prize crew aboard and exhibit the ship before the vice-admiralty court at Tumble-down Dick.

That had now been done; and Colonel Piggott, the prize agent, had now, on some trumped-up charge against the voyage, made the seizure good. The second loss of a ship by young Captain Arad in two years. Napoleon had stolen the other one last year at Bordeaux. The British cruisers outside had advised him then not to enter the Gironde, but Arad had not been willing to believe that even Napoleon would condemn a neutral ship, with neutral cargo, for merely having rum aboard.

He knew Napoleon better now. The fellow had said only last year that he did not mean to leave a neutral on the face of the earth.

Captain Arad, lifting his glasses, looked first at his own ship, stripped at her anchorage. His own, he thought bitterly, if he could contrive to make her his own, and not otherwise. It wasn't apparent in just what direction he must look for help. The smoky blue water round Tumble-down Dick joined the sky without a visible line; the island, with its black ruin of a still-smoldering volcano showing through green jungle, looked inaccessible, as if it was nothing more than a crumb of the earth itself made into a planet and flying through violet space. In fact, it was just another of those islands scattered like so many coins on the floor of the Caribbean. And, like so many of these islands, it was much contested. Rodney had taken it just before his glorious victory over De Grasse; but then, in the following year, it had been surprised by the French. Then for a time the Dutch had been allowed to hold it, and both English and French made it an island of deposit, thinking it safer for the storage of valuables than their own often-surprised and often-rifled islands. Pillage was so much the order of the day here that even the Peace of Amiens had succeeded only in turning privateers into pirates out and out.

Now the English had it again, and had set up here one of their vice-admiralty courts. Part of a regiment was stationed here; one or two batteries had been erected on the back side of the island; the fort in the Upper Town was partly repaired; but nobody, from Colonel Piggott down, expected the island to be surprised again. What could be gained by taking it? Nothing except the King's Chest, that fabled strongbox, full of Spanish doubloons, Brazilian crusadoes, the golden joes of the Portuguese, and French crowns. And Piggott alone—the prize agent—was supposed to know where that was buried. It

contained the prize money which would ultimately be divided among the seamen and officers of the king's fleet in these waters.

Captain Arad, turning away from the parapet, saw the grenadier, Nick Shapleigh, just cautiously lowering a bayonet point into the tank full of eels and turtles in front of McClaverty's Inn. The big-mustachioed soldier was trying to put to proof the assertion of one of his colleagues that contact with an electric eel would result in shock.

Shapleigh had charge of the signal tower at the top of the narrow, rocky defile which connected the upper with the lower town. He grinned sheepishly at Arad.

"It's queer what a man will be doing with his time here, sir," he said to Arad.

"I suppose you are looking for the French to surprise the island," Arad said. "One shock is like another."

"The whole island—the Old Sufferer there and all," Nick said with a glance at the volcano—"is likely to be knocked sideways any time by just the flip of the tail of a hurricane, if you ask me." He lowered his voice to a whisper: "There's worse ways of spending your time than spearing eels too."

He winked in the direction of Madame de Oliveira's house.

"You say ——"

"I say," said Nick, "I came down with a message for him yesterday, and there he was on his knees, and there she was on the blue sofa with the silver fringe, and she dropped a slipper off her toe, and he picked it up and slipped it back on, and she dropped it off, and he slipped it on, and then she dropped it off——"

"So."

"I had to come away, and then go back. What does he care whether the French land or not?"

Mr. Nick Shapleigh shoved the bayonet into the water again, and muttered that the fever had made fools of all it hadn't killed, including Mrs. McClaverty's daughter Jacinta, who had other use for her feet than dropping slippers off them. Captain Arad caught a glimpse of Jacinta's big, smooth arm moving at some task in the kitchen window. Colonel Piggott, in his staff-uniform coat with the blazing gold epaulets, and red boots, came out of Madame de Oliveira's house.

The lady herself stopped in the window and smiled at him. Colonel Piggott walked away rigidly, staring at nothing. The muscles of his face remained exactly as he had stretched them at the moment when he had finally succeeded, after several struggles, in turning his well-proportioned back fairly on his ravisher. He glared at Shapleigh, who came to attention; then, nodding stiffly at Arad, swung himself across his horse and vanished toward the parade ground in a plume of white dust. Madame de Oliveira picked up the flute and blew three or four mischievous notes, a comical little flourish. Captain Arad turned his back, walked toward the parapet, half turned there, and threw a crumb of mortar in the direction of the sick turkey in the shadow of the turtle tank. He could feel that enigmatical young woman's delighted glance burning the skin of his neck like the rays of this tropic sun. When Clara Beaumont, who had taken up quarters in the Lower Town, looked at him, her eyes said, "Life is a snare; protect me." The eyes of Madame de Oliveira, on the contrary, said rather, "Life is a mad adventure; participate with me to the full."

He had no mind to be numbered among her conquests; yet she was certainly good-natured and companionable, and beautiful enough to make any man certain that there did exist a world external to himself. Arad was quite certain that his own powers as an artist would never extend to conjuring her up out of his own brain. She did exist, outside him and even in opposition to his wishes, and possibly to his fortunes. She came running along the Allée Vert, and cried, her brows tortured with mirth:

"Do you know what I have just told this colonel? That there are three days for a love affair—the declaration, the triumph, the adieu."

"This is evidently the third day," Arad said dryly.

"On the contrary, he has not declared himself." Madame de Oliveira, in a high-waisted French dress, blue, with naked elbows, drew him toward the parapet again. "He is sulky, I might add. I would not listen to his flageolet. I kept telling him that it is monstrous of him to steal your pretty ship away from you."

"My thanks."

"He tells me that he has given you a chance to buy it back."

"After first confiscating my money."

"You should apply to the King's Chest. There is half a million sterling in it," Madame de Oliveira whispered secretly. "Well, come and talk to me about it when the moon is up. Señor José Miranda is just coming round the corner, and his long face terrifies me."

Señor Miranda, a lean man of fifty, in white clothes with faded blue facings, walked straight up to Arad without making the least effort to detain Madame de Oliveira. His hair was gathered up behind in an eelskin sack. It was very black over his brows, and his white smile, contrasted with this, was quite ghastly. Arad saw that the poor man was sick, and even dangerously sick. The forerunning omens of death were in the corners of those eyes. But then, for

(Continued on Page 40)

Captain Arad Snatched the Grenadier's Rope Out of His Hand and Took it in a Throttling Twist Round the Man's Throat

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 13, 1930

Cancellation Again

PROPAGANDA to cancel Allied debts to this country is being revived and, we believe, without basis. It is urged that nothing would so improve the international economic situation and promote our own foreign trade as a forgiveness of these debts. But they have already been scaled down very substantially in several respects from the original and actual obligation. They now stand at a figure which forms but a small fraction of the aggregate international exchange and constitute one of the least factors, or elements, which enter into that exchange. Even granting the wisdom of canceling these debts, which we do not, the effect would be slight. There is no reason to assume that world-wide economic conditions have been caused by these interest payments, and therefore we cannot follow the processes of reasoning of those who argue that their cancellation would work a cure.

The largest amount comes from England, but she has promised to remit to her debtors if we remit to her. The largest of these is France, and France also makes the next largest payment to us. But no country in Europe is better off than France. She has less unemployment than the United States and her holdings of gold are the envy and wonder of the world.

Suppose we should cancel these debts and the Allies in turn should cancel those which Germany is supposed to pay to them. The result then is that the American taxpayer shoulders Germany's share of the cost of the war. That, we submit, is something which no one has the right to ask. No doubt, foreign nations are perfectly willing that we should pay for the war, but no government in this country dares go before the American people to advocate such a course and no Congress or Administration has been foolish enough to take such a stand.

How can any sensible man advocate the cancellation of these debts while Europe remains an armed camp? If we should wipe out these payments today, does anyone believe that Italy, France and England would cut down their armies and navies? Indeed, who doubts that they would take just the opposite course? If they suffer from economic burdens, let them reduce their vast armaments. In that case we could reduce our own great and costly navy. But if these European debtor countries can afford the luxury of arming on such a stupendous scale against one another, it is preposterous to argue that they cannot meet their drastically reduced obligations to us.

Expecting Too Much

NOW that heated emotions engendered by the November elections have had ample time to cool off, it is in point to say that people expect too much from government, especially from the central authority in Washington. This simple but basic truth cannot be stated too bluntly, and should be emphasized regardless of politics. As partisan warfare goes, it was no doubt fair sport to hold the Republicans responsible for the drought, since they claimed credit for the rain. As one shrewd political commentator has said, the Republicans took credit for prosperity "with the blandness of an overfed cat." But we have no political party in mind when we insist that people demand overmuch of government. The Democrats have their own particular line of boasting, no less than the Republicans. The people ask of both parties the performance of miracles.

If business falls off and unemployment becomes at all serious, there is an immediate turning of all eyes as well as suppliant hands to Washington, and especially to the President. But Secretary Mellon has said that the most that any Administration can do is to keep the boat steady and headed in the right direction until the storm blows over. Perhaps that is an overcautious way of stating a fundamental truth. The Administration can encourage, stimulate and even initiate coöperative measures. It can, and usually does, furnish a degree of leadership in these respects, although this is merely saying the same thing over again. No one questions that in the Mississippi flood of several years ago, in the financial crisis of November, 1929, in the drought of last summer and autumn and in the more recent unemployment developments, Mr. Hoover has sought diligently to do these very things.

The question is whether in a constitutional federal system like ours it is wise for a central government to go much further. It can gather and disseminate information better than any other single agency. It is equipped to give advice better probably than any other. It is in a position even to demand coöperation on the part of other groups. But we have forty-eight sovereign states and thousands upon thousands of counties, cities, school districts and communities of various sizes, many of great wealth and importance. Beyond the functions already outlined, activity on the part of the central government is likely not only to prove artificial but even perilous to our whole scheme of local self-government.

Heedless men say, "Let the central government spend a billion dollars at once for new highways, or for this or that purpose." But do we want our Government to develop into a dictatorship or an autocracy? Mr. Coolidge is not only wise but irrefutable when he says that "the only way to hold the Government entirely responsible for conditions is to give up our liberty." We cannot have entire freedom of economic action, to overproduce and overspeculate, and then expect the Government to save us. We can have freedom or autocracy and the results of each. We can have it one way or the other, but we cannot have both or the benefits of both.

After all, in a system like ours, the Government is not only a mere representation of the people themselves but its powers have been carefully balanced and divided along three different levels, local, state and Federal, and subdivided again into three independent agencies—executive, legislative and judicial. The people have not given supreme economic power to any or all of these agencies, nor has the Government seized such power by force of arms, as in several other great nations. These are elementary facts which need repetition at this time. Our Government can aid and encourage, but the fundamental forces making for business recovery lie with the people themselves, and with them alone. Recovery will not come until there is confidence in the reasonable stability of values; and as far as this can be brought about in one country alone, it is something which the business community, consisting of the whole people of the country, must do, as distinguished from the Government.

Lessons to be Learned

WHATEVER else may be said of the behavior of the stock market since the autumn of 1929, it must have, or at least should have, taught by now a number of very practical lessons. We do not refer at this time to the more obvious deductions therefrom. These are almost too old a story to repeat. Such were the fallacies of believing implicitly in the new era or in the idea that stock prices were bound to rise indefinitely. To refer again to these tragic examples of illusion is opening wounds which would better be left to heal. We have in mind more specific teachings of the long declining market, and though these are legion, a few have been driven home with increasing insistency of late.

To begin with, new devices did not work wonders for more than a brief interval. Loans by corporations and others than banks did not keep the market going up after it once had begun to topple. Nor did the newfangled investment trust prove an infallible source of wealth. A number of investment companies have come through the decline thus far in excellent condition and with the value to the investor of such management thoroughly demonstrated. But others have been forced to liquidate their business or have failed outright, either through lack of ability or worse. The new device has proved useful, but in no way free from the limitations and weaknesses which characterize most human mechanisms.

It appears likewise that no particular group of stocks is infallible. No matter how great the advantages of a particular line of business, the shares of its companies can be driven too high, and we now know what the consequences are bound to be. A peculiarly regrettable feature of the great stock boom of 1928 and 1929 was the extent, new in such inflations, to which some bank stocks were sold to the public at high prices. It is a tribute to the integrity and soundness of the country's bank managers that so little ill effect has followed. But many persons, some in very high stations in life, must have learned to their sorrow that the degree to which bank stocks can be subjected safely to speculative influences is very limited.

More generally speaking, the lesson to be learned is that there is no essential quality of omnipotent wisdom in corporate expansiveness, even when the corporations are large to begin with, and their directors men of wealth and standing. We do not mean to imply that a great amount of care and good judgment have not gone into the growth of many of our large companies. Numbers of these are strong and admirable examples of mingled enterprise and common sense. But more than a few, if recent disclosures are any criterion, are illustrations of mere delusions of grandeur on the part of those who direct them. In a boom period discrimination vanishes. Any sign of activity or expansiveness on the part of a company is greeted as progress, whether it be unprincipled juggling of stock by insiders or the opening of a hundred new branches. Yet these actions may be the height of foolishness. It is sad that depression is needed to restore a sense of discrimination. The lesson is indeed costly, but it must be learned, whatever the cost.

Why Colleges Fail Students

By PHILIP WYLIE

THE speedometer moved up to sixty-five. She snuggled closer to him—a lambent, delicate, infinitely desirable thing—youth itself—Bunny thought." That is one picture of college made familiar to the public. Another runs something like this: "Steve wiped the perspiration from his brow with the sleeve of his jersey. Another five yards ——" And the picture presented by the professors and deans usually displays an upward or a downward trend of minds and morals. Occasionally—and the occasion is growing more frequent—these professors and deans rise from their endowed chairs to deplore the fact that only a half or a quarter of those who enter college manage to graduate.

The student himself is inarticulate. He has won neither literary nor academic *kudos* that entitles him to the right of public attention. He is forced to remain silent while novelists portray him as the gin-drinking patron saint of whoopee—which does not concern us here—and while his professors and instructors prepare long briefs to prove that he and his friends had no right to enter college, performed no function, received no value and departed without a diploma—which was undeserved anyway. That concerns us.

It concerns us because the trend of institutional investigation is toward the discovery of the things wrong with young men and women which explain why from half to three-quarters of those who matriculate in colleges and universities do not graduate. It concerns us because in those colleges and universities supported by state taxation the situation is acute. Taxpayers forward their sons and daughters from high school to the state institutions, only to have them returned as unfit. Also it concerns us because tens of thousands of families in this country are annually compelled to adjust themselves to the fact that Bill has flunked out in his sophomore year, or Doris has been advised not to return to her alma mater after the summer holidays.

It is easy to count. One perceives that an entering class is composed of six hundred and fifteen members. At the other end of the academic quadrennium, two hundred and seventeen degrees are awarded. Between those dates there has been a mortality—a mortality of more than 65 per cent. It is easy to say, then, that only one young man in three is able successfully to support the rigors of four years of college training.

But it is hard to believe. One is ready to admit that many students enter college without adequate preparation. One concedes that many freshmen have not learned how to study. One is sure that, through fluke, flaw and drag, a great many inferior brains are admitted to universities and colleges.

Yet when one considers that those who enter institutions of higher learning come from fair and excellent business and professional families, surcharged with a traditional desire to make good, or from poor families, with the added incentive for achievement wrought by their impecunity and demonstrated by their purpose, one wonders if it is only every third young man or woman who has the ability to win a Bachelor of Arts or a Bachelor of Science degree. One wonders if the student is entirely at fault.

(Continued on Page 130)

ISN'T IT TIME TO DISCONTINUE THE SEANCES?

POST SCRIPTS

"Could You Spare Me a Nickel for a Cup of Coffee?" "Who Do You Think I Am, Santa Claus?"

What?

WHEN Sandy, the Scot, moved, he went crazy trying to find out what to do with his homing pigeons.

Materia Rustica

BE IT said to my sorrow,
be it shown to my shame,
I've never known a buttercup
nor called a cow by
name.
I've never communed with a
starling or a sparrow,
Be it shown to my shame, be it
said to my sorrow.

I do not know the fauna, the
frondage and flora
Of a slade or a dell or a bosky
dingle, or a
Brook-bound pleasance where
little naiads prance;
No darlings of Nature are
among my confidants.

So I must make confession,
with head bent low,
That a hedge rose from a hedgehog is a thing I do
not know.
Oh, I cannot people poems with flower or fish or game,
Be it said to my sorrow, be it shown to my shame.
—D'Annunzio Cohen.

A Christmas Book Review

Teufel Claus. Exploding a Sanctimonious Myth. By Cavilan Karp. 672 pp. Weehawken: Splash Publishing Company.

ANOTHER reputation has taken a well-deserved trouncing. Another idol of the booberei has had its pitiful trumpery stripped from it. After some hundreds of years of prettified humbuggery, it remained for a forthright, fearless biographer like Cavilan Karp to picture for us the unpleasant reality that lies beneath the mawkish legend built around the so-called Santa Claus.

The original Nicholas, upon whom the myth is based, is supposed to have been a benevolent old fellow who used to leave presents in the wooden shoes of good children. He was gradually glorified into a rubicund image of jollity, dwelling at the North Pole and sweeping across the sky behind his reindeer on Christmas Eve to reward the whole child world.

Cavilan Karp exposes with pitiless clarity the falseness of this fabled Saint Nicholas, and brings all the resources of the new psychographic biography to bear in depicting and interpreting the true Claus—not saint but devil; not Santa Claus but Teufel Claus.

The man is revealed to us as a rather pitiable case of adult infantilism, brought on by maternal oversolicitude. His mother had never allowed him to go skating, for fear he would fall through a hole in the ice or tear the knees out of his stockings. In later years, the legend of his presents to the young grew from his mania for putting nutshells and cockleburs in the wooden shoes of his tiny neighbors. His own frustrated wish tempted him to ruin the gambols of the gay dancing feet whose innocent antics unknowingly mocked him.

And in his apotheosis, the spirit of Teufel Claus remains no less depraved, despite the sugar-coated myths evolved by the yokelry. Today, according to the carefully documented proofs advanced by Cavilan Karp, Claus has no toy factory at the North Pole *(vide* Byrd, Amundsen, Peary, *et al.)*. What playthings he does distribute are probably smuggled in by him from foreign countries to avoid the duty. For some time there have been rumblings of suspicion over his supposed benefactions. Just why a purveyor of lickable Noah's arks and explosive clockwork toys, of edibles that bring stomach aches, and

(Continued on Page 106)

I Prefer

I PREFER
To hold my peace
Till your absurd
Flirtations cease.

I prefer
To keep my pride
Till you come running
To my side.

I shall not do
What I prefer
For fear that you
Remain with her.
—Angela Cypher.

The Four-Line Philosopher

AT COLLEGE
they taught me to
put my reliance
On logic, that stern
academical
science.
But when I came out
of the halls
pedagogical,
I learned that the
world was ex-
tremely illogical.
—Joseph Anthony.

"Oh, I'm So Sorry it Happened. Can I be of Any Assistance?"

"Want a Baby Doll?"

Color! Glow! Life!

Your Choice

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

How the eye quickens at sight of Campbell's Tomato Soup! Its brilliant red foretells its racy flavor. How the appetite thrills at every taste of this sparkling, sunny goodness!

Here is a charming note of high color for your table. Here are tang and vigor and vivid flavor to enliven the meal and give a distinctly happy note.

The tomato is one of Nature's richest treasures—brimful of healthfulness. In Campbell's Tomato Soup, it is enjoyed at its delicious best. You never tire of it! And make frequent choices from the 20 other fascinating Campbell's Soups.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

MISTER NOODLE

By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

VII

(From the New York Evening Tab)

IVAN STALINSKY ARRIVES
ES ROUTE TO HOLLYWOOD

A SMALL, round, black-eyed bundle of energy bounded to the deck of the S. S. Bremen when she docked yesterday noon after a record run, and ship-news reporters met Ivan Stalinsky, famous Russian movie director, imported by Super-Features Films to make just one picture, on a six-months' leave granted by the Soviet. Accompanying Stalinsky was Jake Rishus, who engineered the deal for Super-Features, and who will bring him back to Russia after he has made MISTER NOODLE, a Super-Comedy feature, based on the sensational comic strip by Chic Kiley, now running in this and hundreds of other newspapers throughout the country.

"I am anxious to meet Mr. Kiley," said Stalinsky, who speaks very good English indeed. "The comic artist is the real modern artist. Comic artists were the first expressionists, and the colored supplements in your Sunday papers, with their vivid reds and greens and blues, are brutal and frank as the life they underscore, and it is only because I have always made pictures with real people rather than actors that I welcome this opportunity to come to your America and make a new *comédie humaine*, using the real Noodles of American life to re-enact and interpret the salty humors of everyday existence."

Batteries of photographers took charge of him and posed him with various reception committees, consisting of ex-dukes, doormen and Police Commissioner Whalen, as Stalinsky continued: "I do not conceive the Mister Noodle saga in terms of comic-strip characters alone. This should and must be a big picture, as wide as life and as deep as death."

Stalinsky says he wants to see something of New York before he is whisked away to Hollywood. A series of what is still known as "teas" has already been booked for him, in the course of which he will be introduced to all the notable highbrows and lowlifes of the town.

"He Was a Big Accident and He Loved Only Himself and He Broke Your Heart"

RICHARD DILLON
HOTEL BERMUDIANA
HAMILTON BERMUDA

CHIC KILEY INVOLVED OVERNIGHT IN TERRIBLE SCANDAL STOP PREPARE TO CUT SHORT VACATION AND RUSH BACK TO NEW YORK STOP LETTER WITH DETAILS ON WAY MACADAM

(From the New York Evening Tab)

LOW COMIC IN HIGH TRAGEDY
DANCER IN DEATH LEAP
FROM MISTER NOODLE PENTHOUSE PARTY

Last night there were two Loop-A-Loop Sisters, Bobbie and Betty. This morning there is only Betty. The police morgue holds the mangled remains of Bobbie, one more little butterfly broken on the wheel of Broadway.

This morning as the first streaks of dawn brightened the sky, the white body of a girl was seen hurtling from the highest terrace wall of an apartment on the upper East Side. The police, called by a horrified watchman, quickly located the terrace from which the unfortunate girl had fallen to her death, and arrested Chic Kiley, owner of the apartment and host of the gay penthouse party, which had ended so suddenly in tragedy. Kiley, nationally known as the creator of the comic character, Mister Noodle, admitted knowing the girl and her sister, but refused to give the names of any of the guests, all of whom had fled before the police arrived.

When questioned, Kiley seemed confused and bewildered by the sudden tragic turn of events. "I was having a little party," he said, "and there were a number of artists and models at the party, and some of the models decided, for a lark, to pose as a series of famous statues on the terrace in the moonlight. And Bobbie climbed on the wall, announced she was the Winged Victory of Samothrace, and, to everybody's horror, fell off backwards. That's honestly all I know about it."

The police are not satisfied with this glib explanation, and are investigating the theory of foul play. It is common Broadway gossip that lately the sinister figure of Marty O'Malley, notorious night-club racketeer, came into the picture. Police believe Marty was at the party, although Kiley refuses to admit or deny anything. In fact a vast scrambling to cover is going on all over New York today.

OOKLE OOKLE, YOU PRETTY CREATURES—*(above)* a composite photograph of Chic—Mister Noodle—Kiley, with a Loop-A-Loop Sister on each knee, during the now famous penthouse orgy, which ended in the tragic death of Bobbie *(right)*. (As conceived by a staff artist on the spot.)

(Above) EXIT MARTY'S MOLL—Mounted police clearing path through crowd of morbid curiosity seekers, who gathered yesterday to see Marty's gang saying good-by with truck-loads of roses and blankets of orchids to Bobbie, the Loop-A-Loop Girl.

(Inset) THE CASKET—which cost over $10,000, was solid silver and bronze, double walls, intersealed and air-tight, with a heavy plate glass above and a couch of white satin below, and tufted cushion extra, for the left hand to rest upon. On the third finger smoldered a huge canary diamond, Marty's last gift.

(Right) CAMERA-SHY—Although Marty's gang served notice on all the newspapers "absolutely no photographs permitted"—they were taking no risks of identification later—the Evening Tab staff photographer braved a "ride" by snapping these three gangsters who are trying vainly to hide their faces behind their hats.

(Left) POW! WHAM! Mister Noodle—Chic Kiley—himself, in his cell, awaiting police investigation of penthouse party which ended in the death of Bobbie Loop-A-Loop. Laugh, clown, laugh! BIFF! BAM! ZOWIE!

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.
MR. RICHARD DILLON,
HOTEL BERMUDIANA,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

DEAR DICK: The clippings inclosed tell the story of the Noodle party, which has the town by the ears and is rapidly becoming the national sensation. Wouldn't it be our rotten luck to have this happen to us after all the money we've spent in putting Noodle over as a Meteor feature? I felt in my bones those Loop-A-Loop Sisters would do us dirt, but who would ever guess that one of them would kill her fool self just to ruin the biggest comic strip we ever had?

Of course-suckers who believe newspaper accounts think this party was the hottest thing since Sodom and Gomorrah, but the fact was, it seems to have been fairly tame—just a lot of the boys and girls getting together. It started off with a small, intellectual cocktail fight, and various mobs dropped in casually, those who came in called up friends, and the party picked up speed—the literati, smelling food and licker, moved right in, and after the theater came the actors and movie gals and racketeers and what not—just a lot of mugs who can't bear to go home so long as they can keep someone awake, and Chic had been partying all of them ever since he came to New York and was known all over town as a good-time Charlie.

Well, it seems they finally overflowed onto the terrace, about twenty stories up from the street, and a bunch of the gals decided to do statue poses in the moonlight, which nobody minded much or paid very much attention to. Well, that was all right, but then

(Continued on Page 30)

So sweet . . . this new-churned Freshness

WITH tender muffins . . . the cool, sweet freshness of this butter! Its very fragrance tells you how carefully Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is made, from graded, tested cream. At spotless creameries, expert butter makers churn it daily, to exact standards of purity and quality. Then fast refrigerator cars speed its delivery to your town or city—*Creamery Fresh!* Its dependable quality has made Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter the largest selling packaged butter in America today. For uniform satisfaction ask for it *always* from the dealer in your neighborhood.

You'll enjoy the fresh flavor of these fine, selected eggs. They're always dependable, because brought to your dealer so directly from the best poultry regions. Ask him for Swift's Brookfield Eggs, Cheese and Butter, uniformly superior in quality.

Swift's Premium Quality
Swift & Company

©S. & Co.

Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to food products of unvarying excellence.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS — BUTTER — EGGS — CHEESE

(Continued from Page 28)

this Bobbie decided she'd get in the game but she picked the balustrade to pose on and over she went—twenty stories straight down.

You can imagine what a juicy story that was for the tabloids: Famous cartoonist—penthouse party on moonlit terrace overlooking romantic river setting—night-club hostess in death plunge. Oh, boy! The opposition Tab, which we took the Noodle strip away from, jumped at the chance to give us a ride, and came out the next afternoon with a full-page, double-leaded editorial calling on the citizens of the country to repudiate Chic Kiley for a scandalous character and demanding that all people cease to read and all papers cease to print anything by such a depraved person, as highly detrimental and dangerously subversive to the morals of newspaper readers, young and old alike. That editorial has been copied all over the country, and has started women's clubs passing resolutions, ministers preaching, editors canceling—and this is just the beginning. It looks like we're in for one of those nationwide waves.

Mr. Noodle is in a terrible state. The police finally got it into their thick heads that it was an accident and let him go, but his nerves are all shot and he's drinking harder than ever, if possible, and I've had everyone in the office helping, so as to keep his stuff going out on schedule.

Will keep you posted on developments as they come along. Hate to spoil your vacation, but if things go on popping I am afraid you'll have to come right back to New York and help me face the music.

'Sever, MacAdam.

JAKE RISHUS
SUPER FEATURES FILMS EASTERN OFFICE
CHANIN BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

EXHIBITORS WIRING IN FROM ALL OVER COUNTRY REPORTING LOCAL PAPERS RUNNING RIOT WITH SENSATIONAL DISPATCHES AND PICTURES FROM NEW YORK ON THE NOODLE PENTHOUSE ORGY STOP HAVE LEGAL DEPARTMENT CANCEL CONTRACT WITH CHIC KILEY IMMEDIATELY UNDER MORALITY CLAUSE AS ANY NOODLE PICTURE IS COMPLETELY COOKED BY NOW BY NATIONWIDE WAVE ADVERSE PUBLIC SENTIMENT

SOL SCHMILLICK

SOL SCHMILLICK
SUPER FEATURES FILMS INC
HOLLYWOOD CALIF

KILEY NOTIFIED TODAY REGISTERED MAIL CONTRACT CANCELED UNDER MORALITY CLAUSE JAKE RISHUS

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

LOCAL MINISTERS CONDEMNING MORNING DEMOCRAT FROM PULPITS FOR RUNNING COMIC STRIP BY SUCH SCANDALOUS CHARACTER AS CHIC KILEY CLAIMING MISTER NOODLE IS DEMORALIZING MINDS OF KIDDY READERS STOP THEREFORE DEMAND CANCELLATION MISTER NOODLE CONTRACT AT ONCE

MANAGING EDITOR
SPRINGFIELD MORNING DEMOCRAT

Editor, Scramtown Weekly Scram,
Scramtown, Tennessee.

Sir: What do you mean by printing such a thing as Mister Noodle in your paper, when, on the very first page, at the same time, you print stories about this Kiley creature's vile carrying-on in a penthouse in New York City where that Bobbie person got killed, and served her right I say.

I don't know what a penthouse is, but I have my own ideas, but there's one thing I do know, and that is that such a man cannot be anything but a disgrace to the nation and a menace to the morals of our home-loving people, many of whom, up till now, have followed Mister Noodle, but will follow him no longer. Take warning and stop printing Mister Noodle immediately.

A Mother.

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

PUBLIC UPRISING HERE AGAINST MISTER NOODLE STOP CANCEL IMMEDIATELY STOP IN VIEW OF DAMAGE DONE TO FAIR NAME OF SCRAMTOWN SCRAM FEEL UNDER NO MORAL OBLIGATION TO PAY OUTSTANDING ACCOUNT SCRAMTOWN WEEKLY SCRAM

Meteor Syndicate,
Times Building,
New York City.

Gentlemen: This is to notify you that we are canceling Mister Noodle, daily and Sunday, for our entire list of papers.

We had been dissatisfied for some time, as you know, with the quality of the strips, but even so, we would have been willing to be patient, as you suggested, until Mr. Kiley had become acclimated in the East. However, the storm of notorious publicity which has been aroused all over the country by his participation in a scandalous party ending in the death of a night-club hostess has reacted disastrously against the former popularity of Mister Noodle with the readers of our papers from Coast to Coast.

We cannot jeopardize the good will of the better element among our readers, so we are sending you herewith our check in full until the first of next month, but are discontinuing publication immediately.

Yours very truly,
Howard Watkins,
General Manager.

RICHARD DILLON
HOTEL BERMUDIANA
HAMILTON BERMUDA

CANCELLATIONS MISTER NOODLE POURING IN FROM EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY STOP LIST DOWN NOW FROM TWO HUNDRED TWENTY FIVE PAPERS TO LESS THAN FIFTY STOP IMPERATIVE YOU COME HOME AT ONCE AND HELP ME MAKE READJUSTMENT WITH KILEY STOP HAVE CONSULTED LAWYERS WHO ADVISE WE CAN CANCEL CONTRACT UNDER CIRCUMSTANCES WITHOUT INCURRING COUNTER SUIT FOR DAMAGES STOP MUST DO SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY AS WE ARE LOSING MORE THAN A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS AND STAND EVERY CHANCE OF LOSING A LOT MORE STOP DO NOT WANT TO TAKE ANY DRASTIC STEPS WITHOUT YOUR PRESENCE HERE WIRE ANSWER REGARDS MACADAM

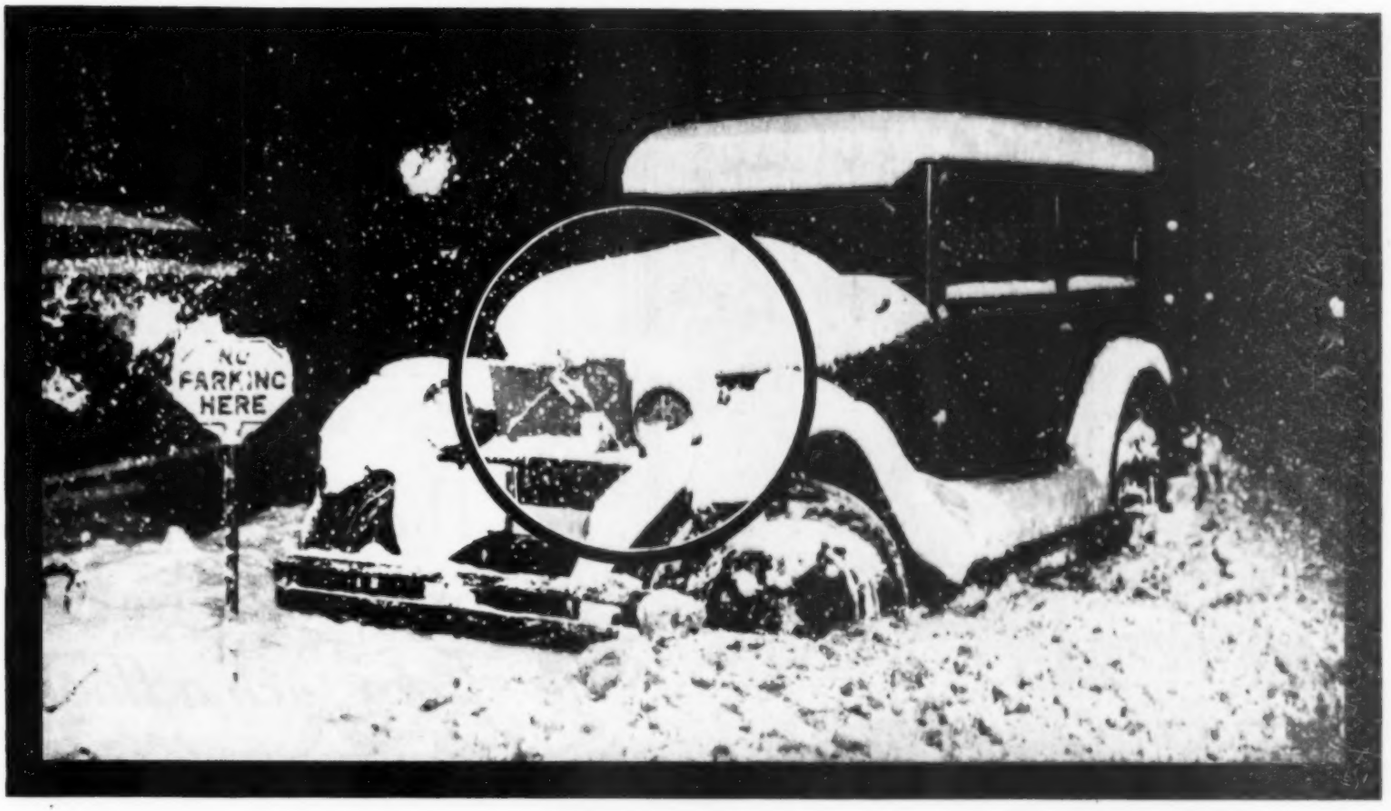
CHARLES MACADAM
METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY

ARRIVING S S BERMUDA FRIDAY MORNING STOP ARRANGE LUNCHEON CONFERENCE LAWYERS AND MEETING WITH KILEY LATE AFTERNOON REGARDS DILLON

[Jake Rishus, *of Hollywood, has been showing* Ivan Stalinsky, *of Moscow, around the Super-Features lot, overawing him with the lavish opulence of American technical resources and at the same time secretly*

(Continued on Page 102)

"He Just Sits and Looks and Waits Until Betty Comes In and Makes Some Coffee and Warms Some Beans. She Has a Little Room Across the Hall From Him, and Babies Him Like a Mother"



In 5 minutes this engine will be almost boiling hot!

The owner of this car returns. He brushes off some of the snow. Then—how quickly will he get his engine started?

If he uses Mobiloil Arctic, the temperature can have sunk to zero and below and yet his oil will circulate immediately. The engine will start smoothly if it is mechanically in good order. There will be no tedious grinding of the starter trying to turn over an engine whose oil has become cold-stiffened. There will be no deadly engine wear that comes from "dry" starting where moving parts lack oil.

Mobiloil Arctic stands out among winter oils. *Because* it does more than give easy starting. It takes only a few minutes of hard driving for many engines to reach running temperatures that are almost boiling hot. Then Mobiloil Arctic *keeps* its rich lubricating quality and protects the engine from wear.

Because of this unique quality, Mobiloil Arctic is *the* double-range lubricant.

If temperatures where you live go below freezing, change to Mobiloil Arctic now, and play safe.

While your oil is being changed, ask your Mobiloil dealer to give your gears Mobiloil "CW". Unlike ordinary lubricants it will not harden, separate, or channel in coldest weather. It remains soft. It clings tenaciously to each gear tooth and protects it from wear. The new smooth ease of gear shifting you get with Mobiloil "CW" is bound to delight you.

Don't wait for colder weather. Make sure you get this two-fold winter protection for your engine and gears *today*. Ask for Mobiloil Arctic, and Mobiloil "CW" by name.

VACUUM OIL CO.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated stations.

Mobiloil ARCTIC *for your engine*
"CW" *for your gears*

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

"LAKE BLUE"
Sealex Jaspé
Linoleum No. 1257.

The whole room borrows charm *from such a floor*

Is your favorite room getting shabby—just a bit run-down and out of date? Nothing can so revivify and modernize it, at so little cost and trouble, as reflooring with Sealex.

For this flooring not only expresses the mode of color and charm, but it lends its beauty to hangings and furnishings, too. In whatever room you use it, Sealex will work a magic transformation, and perhaps postpone expensive redecoration.

Perhaps you think Sealex is too expensive—out of reach. Don't let its rich appearance frighten you, for in addition to its beauty and the long, long years of service it gives—its first cost is pleasantly low.

And if, by chance, ease of care and cleaning, and a resilient, dirt-proof surface should interest you at all—

You should plan to acquaint yourself with spot-proof, stain-proof Sealex, the modern linoleum. Do this and we will abide by your choice.

So stop reading this advertisement and arrange to visit a nearby furniture, department or other store selling Sealex. There you will learn for yourself the advantages of this modern linoleum and find courteous assistance in selecting designs which harmonize best with your furniture, hangings and other room decorations.

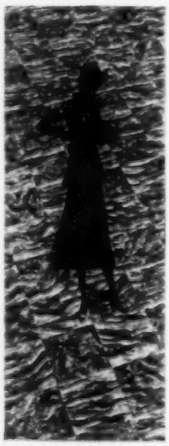
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. . . . *General Office:* KEARNY, N. J.

"When walls and furniture are without conspicuous design, the floor-covering should be figured to avoid monotony. In this 18th Century paneled living room the Sealex Linoleum (No. 3225) of Karnean marbleized squares in peach, blue, rose, cream and gray brings warm color and the much needed note of design." From the Decoration Handbook, "Color and Charm in Home Interiors," page 6.

DESIGNED-TO-ORDER FLOORS—may assume practically any design you may desire. Colors can be artfully combined—unusual symbols can be incorporated. We will gladly furnish names of firms equipped to install made-to-order *Sealex* floors.

A BOOK TO HELP YOU BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

"Color and Charm in Home Interiors" is one of the most beautiful decoration books ever created. It contains many color illustrations, each a definite suggestion for the woman interested in reflooring or doing over rooms. "A Color Harmony Guide" is included. Sent post-paid for only 25¢. Limited number available, so write promptly. Address: Home Decoration Bureau, Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.



"VIRGINIAN"—Be sure to see this Karnean pattern—so realistic, it rivals the beauty of marble itself. An exclusive Sealex Linoleum No. 3227.

"CASTILIAN"—Each tile in this lovely embossed pattern is raised above the mortar joints. An exclusive Sealex Linoleum No. 2601.

SEALEX
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LINOLEUM FLOORS

COMMERCE IN CONIFERS

As Told to Mara Evans

ONE August day fourteen years ago a stranger drove into my nursery grounds and offered me ten cents apiece for whatever small Christmas trees he could cut on a five-acre tract of mine that lay off in the woods. I'd picked the land up cheaply several years before; anything it brought in would, I figured, be a pleasant surprise.

"Go ahead," I told him.

A month later he and his crew arrived and disappeared into the woods; presently he came to the house and handed me eighty dollars. Curious about the workings of a phase of jobbing new to me, I went back to the tract with him.

I received a shock. The acres were stripped. Not only that, but instead of cutting only the four or five or six foot trees obviously marketable for Christmas trees, the men had ruthlessly lopped the lovely crowns from ten and twelve and fourteen foot conifers. The tract was scarred with ugly, hacked-off trunks—to me an unpardonable and needless despoliation. The man, when I protested, only shrugged.

"Trees are getting scarcer right around here," he said. "What do you care, anyway? You got your money."

Thinking over the episode afterward, it occurred to me that if there were many Christmas-tree wholesalers afflicted with a similar callousness about imperiling their own future trade, another fifteen or twenty years would probably see a pretty good market for home-grown trees. I began, by letters and by occasional visits to near-by chambers of commerce, ornamental-plant retailers and forest-service departments, to find out more about the Christmas-tree industry.

The old, wild, free Christmas tree is today, in many sections, an almost forgotten luxury. Instead, approximately 8,000,000 commercial trees now pour into American cities. From the woods of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts and New York they come by carload to New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Tallahassee. From the swamps of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota they travel to Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and the other big cities of the Middle West. About 300,000 go to the Twin Cities; 100,000 to Duluth. From the Pacific Northwest they are cut and sent down to San Francisco, Tucson, Austin, Phoenix buys 6000 Douglas-fir trees a year that come from Oregon. New Orleans buys 30,000 that are shipped down from Vermont.

Most of the horde come from abandoned farms and cut-over lumber stands, many of them cut wastefully, with no regard for next year's growth. A number are simply stolen from private land. To the bigger jobbers, a carload of trees—anywhere from 1800 to 4000—is likely to cost about $800. At retail they will bring, in large cities, from fifty cents to five dollars each.

Jobbers start contracting for orders nearly a year in advance. A good-sized evergreen company will send out twelve or fifteen salesmen. Once orders from dealers for the coming year are assured, the jobber's problem is to find a good stand of trees to cut, and contract for that. Cutting usually starts in September or October and takes from six to eight weeks. Boughs are tied close to trunks to conserve space; trees are sorted for size, and tied four or five to the bundle. Butts are laid in a swampy place in water—the water absorbed holds the needles on—and stacked near a roadside to await a collecting truck.

So Long as it's an Evergreen

IT IS a business full of hazards. The entire sales period is concentrated into fourteen days. Trees must arrive on a certain date, without regard for blizzards, mud and delayed freight. Dealers take their chances on an overstocked market and low prices, hoping for an understocked market and fat profits. Two years ago, for instance, there were so few trees in one city that people were feverishly touring the stores on Christmas Eve, paying as much as fifteen dollars for a tree they could ordinarily have bought for two dollars. In another city, the same year, there was so great an oversupply of trees that two carloads of them lay in the freight yards until they were finally unloaded and burned in a great pyre.

Every corner of the country, I found, tinsels a different kind of conifer at Christmas. In the Northeast and Lake States the balsam fir is the ideal Christmas tree—in shape an even pyramid, with soft, spicily fragrant, long-persisting needles, dark green above and silvery with innumerable breathing pores below. In the South the less accessible Fraser fir is popular. In the Colorado and Rocky Mountain States the lodgepole pine and Douglas fir—so called for the Scotch botanist who discovered it in 1825—are trimmed. On the Pacific Coast the white, or concolor, fir, which is a close relative of the balsam, is popular. In the New England states, in New York and in Pennsylvania the spiny black and red spruces, with scattered, four-sided, single needles that seem to point belligerently in all directions, are used. And in the Middle West the familiar hardy Norway spruce leads all the rest.

Pines are used where fir and spruce are not available. In the East the white pine is occasionally decorated; in the South, the scrub pine. Hemlock is least popular of all; its short, flattened leaves quickly fall out in the house. Common red cedar, usually destined for match boxes and cedar chests, comes in for occasional sublimation as a Christmas tree, and even, sometimes, the familiar arbor vitæ. In California some use is made of the fragrant-hearted incense cedars, while Florida uses slash and long-leaf pines as well as white and red cedars.

Rural Arizona cuts from national-forest land, at twenty-five cents each, trees up to five feet. Wyoming produces somewhat more than 11,000 trees from her own national forests. Eastern Texas uses local cedars and pines, and 10 per cent of San Francisco's 100,000 Christmas trees are local silver firs. Utah cuts 40,000 local-forest Douglas and alpine firs, blue spruces and lodgepole pines.

For years I had been growing in my own nursery Scotch pines and spruce pines for reservoirs, windbreaks and ornamental trees; I decided to add a few acres of carefully grown Christmas trees. I had several plots back of the nursery that were useful for nothing else. I was close to two good markets—Washington and Philadelphia—and wild trees were not very plentiful in my vicinity.

Furnishing the Props for Santa Claus

I BOUGHT 8000 four-inch, two-year-old Norway-spruce seedlings and 4000 native white-spruce seedlings from the nearest agricultural station for eighty-four dollars, and planted them two inches apart in nursery rows. My soil was the loamy, well-drained type the Norway spruce needs. The seedlings stayed in the nursery beds two years, carefully watered and weeded and mulched with straw. About 40 per cent died, but the rest flourished. In the early spring following their second season they were set out once more, this time well separated, in rows three and a half feet apart, in various places on my land—on a steep, unused hillside, in an old pasture, on an acre of level field. Then I settled back to wait for my first crop. Six years seemed a long time, but I knew the slower the growth the better Christmas trees they'd be—compact, close branched and stocky. In the meantime I planted, the following year, 10,000 more.

Since I was apparently in the Santa Claus business anyway, I decided to look into the matter of other Christmas decorations as well as trees, and see whether any more possibilities for profit were lying around loose. Christmas greens for holiday use, I found, come to the big cities from every part of the country, gathered in long hours of weary work, hauled over bad roads hub-deep with mud or slippery with ice, beset by freaky weather, under more or less irregular orders, and often with locally garnered employes who are quite likely to quit at any moment in favor of coon hunting. Laurel, perhaps, comes easiest of all, though even that plant is being overpicked in the East Central States, where it is so common. It is, however, in danger of actual extinction only when it is at the mercy of reckless cutters who take great branches, leaving roots that need four years or more to grow in again. Properly cut, it is an every-year crop. Moreover, too much laurel clogs tree roots so much that lumbermen are glad to have it taken. Garden clubs have agitated in favor of growing laurel on individual estates for private consumption, but since the people who want laurel are usually the people who haven't got even a back yard, considerable commercial cutting must be done.

Decorative bittersweet, on the other hand, has largely left its wild, free life for the confines of the commercial nursery. One New Jersey nurseryman specializes as a bittersweet farm; several other dealers are raising it commercially to dry in clusters to be sold for decoration, or to sell wholesale as a vine. American orange-and-scarlet bittersweet is an amiable and attractive plant, not to be confused with poisonous European bittersweet or woody nightshade. It grows in almost any good, rich soil. For many years now I've set aside one hillside slope for bittersweet plants, and set out six berry-bearing females to one male.

One year we filled an order for a dozen bittersweet plants, sending them to the teacher of a small rural grammar school not far away. The following autumn she came to my nursery office.

"Those bittersweet plants you sent me," she said accusingly, "have never had one single berry!"

I realized what must have happened.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm afraid we

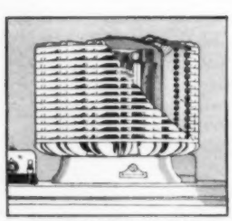
(Continued on Page 37)

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Christmas Tree in Times Square

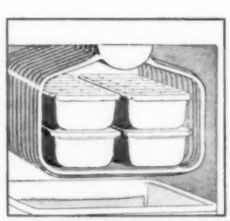
"It's a

The refrigerator with the money saving Monitor Top—What a glorious gift for a woman to receive . . . and how very easy now for a man to give . . .



PERMANENTLY OILED

The entire mechanism is hermetically sealed in a permanent bath of oil . . . forever protected against air, dirt and moisture. It never requires oiling.



SUPER-FREEZER

A fast freezing chamber for the making of ice cubes and frozen desserts. Adequate ice cubes. Sanitary and easy to clean.

General Electric!"

A holiday message to a man...

THIS is a message written to a man—to a husband, son or father seeking a gift for a woman close to his heart. A message to a man whose greatest happiness on Christmas Day would be realized in giving her a present more marvelous than she even dared to hope for. To a man whose deep affection says, "Only the finest in the world is good enough for her,"—but whose good judgment asks, "Can I afford the finest—even for her?"

A Gift That Is An Economy

The General Electric Company has a cheerful holiday message for this man. He *can* afford the finest—a gift of gleaming beauty, which through the days and months and years to come, will lighten her load of humdrum household drudgery—reminding her constantly of the gentle understanding and consideration which prompted the selection of such a gift.

Picture her on Christmas morning—all unsuspecting—stepping through the kitchen door. Her delight and surprise—her unspeakable joy—when she finds it standing there—glistening and immaculate—the Aristocrat of all refrigerators—the *General Electric!*

Easy on Your Pocketbook

The General Electric Company has made it easy for you to make this Christmas the merriest of all. You can give her one so easily that your pocketbook will scarcely feel it. With our Merry Christmas Offer, a few dollars in cash—a *very* few dollars—will deliver one on Christmas Eve, so that the ice cubes will be frozen when she looks in the trays in the morning.

Three hundred and sixty-five days a year this glistening white refrigerator will ease the burden of her daily tasks—simplifying her marketing problems—freezing delectable frosty dishes—keeping food fresh and wholesome—saving her steps—and time—and money. Summer and winter, day and night, it may be trusted to render its faithful service with unflagging dependability.

For here is a refrigerator as distinguished in its record of performance as in its modern beauty of design. Within the Monitor Top, its entire mechanism is *hermetically sealed*—protected from air, dirt, and moisture with impregnable walls of steel. So utterly dependable, so extraordinarily efficient is the mechanism of the Monitor Top, that the cost of operation is but a few cents a day.

A gift of beauty, of luxury, of convenience, usefulness, economy—a glorious gift for a woman to receive! An ideal gift for *you* to select as an expression of true regard!

Easy Time Payment Plan

Wherever General Electric Refrigerators are on display they can be purchased on the easy down payment plan with small monthly installments to take care of the balance. Drop around at the most convenient showroom, or write us for an illustrated booklet, terms, and prices. Address Section S-12, Electric Refrigeration Department, General Electric Company, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

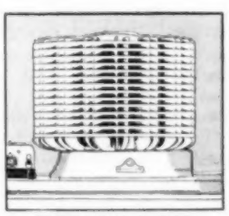
GENERAL ELECTRIC

REFRIGERATOR

"SILENT AS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS"

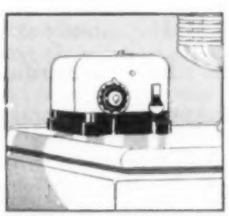
CHILLER

Used not only as a de-frosting tray but as an extra cold storage compartment—for quick congealing of salads and storage of refrigerator pastries. Ribbed to prevent ice cubes from freezing together.



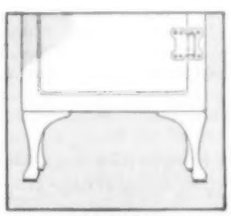
THE MONITOR TOP

Protects the *permanently* oiled mechanism from dirt, air, and moisture, with impregnable steel walls *hermetically sealed.*



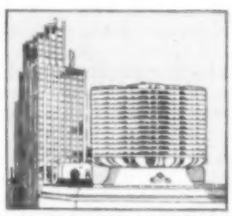
TEMPERATURE REGULATOR

A mere twist of the easily accessible dial will speed up the freezing of ice cubes, and make frozen delicacies in a hurry.



HIGH LEGS

The food in the cabinet is kept well above the floor. Sweeping beneath the cabinet is therefore made very easy.



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

The beauty and ruggedness of the modern steel skyscraper is reflected in the entire construction of the refrigerator.

BODY by FISHER

LOOK TO THE BODY!

ALL WHO DRIVE or ride in Fisher Body cars enjoy a measure of motoring security and ease amounting to luxury . . . This has been accomplished by Fisher's painstaking development of a type of body which excels in stability, quietness, and durability . . . Its basic wood-and-steel construction is enhanced by finest upholstery, fittings and finish, and by many Fisher Body features for greater comfort, convenience and safety . . . A finer and sounder conception of what a motor car body should be and should do is expressed in the more beautiful, more serviceable and more durable bodies of General Motors cars—the *only* cars with Body by Fisher.

Every boy between the ages of 12 and 19 years, inclusive, should enroll in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild. Enrollment gives each boy, free of charge, a handsome bronze Guild button, a membership card, beautiful color prints of a miniature model Napoleonic coach, complete drawings and instructions on how to build such a coach and a booklet explaining the details of the nation-wide competition of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild for four university scholarships of $5000 each and 980 other valuable awards. Boys can enroll with any General Motors car dealer and all material will then be sent them

CADILLAC • LASALLE • BUICK • VIKING • OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • CHEVROLET
GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 33)

must have chosen all male plants for our shipment to you, by mistake. That would explain the absence of berries, of course."

We gave her six female plants and three clusters of dried berries.

Other familiar greens are picked and packed for Christmas sale in almost every corner of the United States.

Quantities of delicate asparagus ferns come up annually from the South, as well as red-berried yaupon and flaming poinsettias. Bayberry from Cape Cod; winterberry and the black-green inkberry—both holly relatives—from other parts of the East. Quite a thriving little industry centers around the familiar fancy fern. From mid-August, when the plants are big enough, until after the first frosts, larger ornamental-plant dealers have crews of local workers in the woods picking the tall, graceful leaves. They work like lightning, carrying low, shallow baskets, wearing string around their waists to tie bunches of twenty-five leaves together. In cool cellars the fern leaves are laid flat in shallow cases, 400 bunches to a case, padded with sphagnum moss. From the time they leave, in refrigerated freight cars, until the supply is exhausted in the cities around the following May, they are kept at a thirty-four-degree temperature and unpacked only a few at a time to serve their various purposes of decoration.

Wreaths

LAST year one Vermont company hired 200 fern pickers, spending $1000 a day; the $350 a fast fern picker can earn in a season often comes as a godsend.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Group of Workmen Cutting Down Trees, Sawing Off the Butts and Bundling Them for Shipment to the Large Cities

Still another Christmas-green industry, almost exclusively confined to North Carolina and the Blue Ridge section, covers the deep winter months—galax picking. Native mountaineers near the higher, more colorful ridges of Pisgah National Forest send 3,000,000 broad, glossy, frost-bronzed galax leaves a year to the Northern markets. All day they pick—a quick worker takes 10,000 leaves a day and receives five dollars for his time—with great bags slung around their necks; at night, on the floor before the cabin fire, the leaves are sorted. Presently they are mule-hauled many miles to the nearest ornamental-plant dealer. Forestry officials welcome the galax pickers; they make the best possible volunteer fire rangers. One unfortunate picker, two years ago, had taken his gun with him, hoping to see a pheasant; the gun, however, made him look altogether too much like a revenue officer for his own good. He stumbled on a hidden still and received a load of shot full in the face.

With the galax, the same pickers take dog bobble, turkey brush and mistletoe. Being a parasite—the "romantic parasite"—and often most injurious to the hospitable tree it grows on, landowners are glad to have anybody take mistletoe who can reach it. It roosts high—sometimes the only way to gather it is to shoot it down with a rifle—and almost our entire supply comes from North Carolina. Mistletoe, over the door, doesn't seem to be so greatly in demand nowadays as it used to be; perhaps the modern trend in youthful customs makes it less necessary.

Next to the tinseled Christmas tree itself, perhaps the best-loved symbol of Christmas is the wreath. There are countless wreaths of ground pine—the trailing crowfoot so like miniature evergreens—made every year, but ground pine is even now in imminent danger of being overpicked. There are wreaths of Pacific Coast redwood foliage; also of Oregon's state flower, Oregon grape, a low-spreading barberry. Every year some 5000 pounds of California toyon, whose deep green shiny leaves and scarlet berries, so like holly, probably gave the city of Hollywood its name, are sold in large cities all over the country as real holly. Occasionally wreaths of salal, a shrubby Pacific Coast evergreen, appear, and of Western-coast huckleberry. In the East, wreaths are made of princess pine and hemlock. Last year, from November first to December fifteenth, three girls in Vermont wired and stored in a cool cellar enough graceful wreaths of balsam boughs discarded by lumbermen to bring them $700 net, and then sold 100 fragrant little pine pillows made of needles and tiny twigs swept up from the floor.

The principal source of all wreath material, however, is the holly tree, the lovely, scarlet-berried hedge bush so closely connected with winter festivals of Druids, Romans and Christians, and one of the earliest of all trees to be cultivated. It produced berries so violently emetic to the human interior that observers were sure it had the power of throwing out evil, and called it, reverently, the Holy Tree. An old, old ballad runs:

Now of all the trees on the king's highway, which tree do you like the best?
Oh, the tree that is green upon Christmas Day, the bush with the burning breast!

In the English Midlands, holly pickers, presumably male, still refer to she holly and he holly. But the distinction is not concerned with sex; on the contrary, she holly is the lower, thornier half of the tree; he holly indicates the upper, less prickly branches. "If she holly be brought first into a house," runs a fearsome tradition, "the woman will be master of it all the coming year."

American holly, one of the 300 species, is native to the Eastern coast of the United States, but is, like ground pine, rapidly being picked out. One Christmas, when I was looking at the displays of dealers in Washington, I saw a few dozen holly wreaths made from a variety I had never noticed before. The smooth, glossy leaves were brighter green, the bright red berries larger and in thicker clusters. I asked the dealer what kind of holly it was.

"It's European holly," he told me, "but I get it from a holly rancher near Puget Sound. Raising holly is quite a business out there."

I got the address of the rancher and, as one Santa Claus to another, wrote asking about his work. The mild, moist climate and sandy, gravelly soil around Puget Sound, he told me in his reply, make that section the only place in the United States where European holly will grow. Some fifteen years ago he had set out 600 little holly trees, of French-budded-to-English stock, that cost a dollar apiece, on his Puget Sound farm. It took courage and foresight to invest that much in holly, knowing that it would be twelve years at least before he could harvest even the first small crop. But he believed strongly that the superior European holly would find a good market when American holly began to disappear.

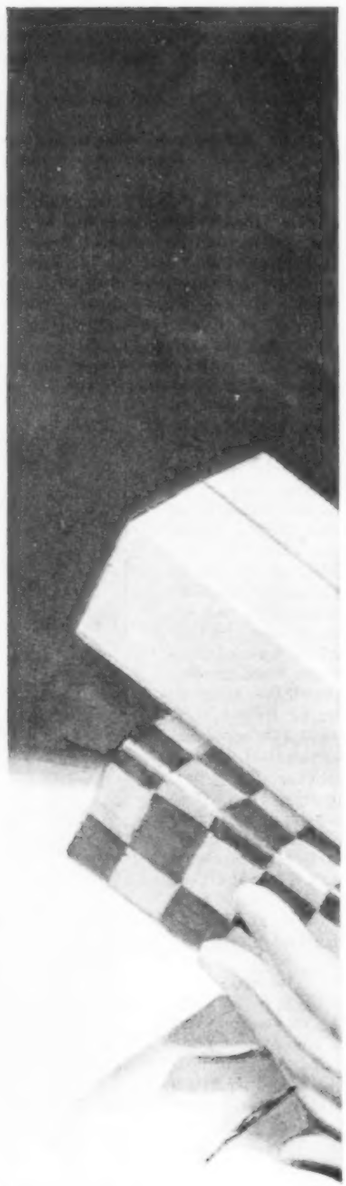
By the time he made his first cutting, each tree represented an investment of nearly ten dollars. He canvassed florists and department stores and provided himself with an adequate initial market.

Holly Harvest

FROM November fifteenth to December fifteenth he harvested sprays from the trees, and that first cutting netted him about five dollars a tree. Holly, however, lives indefinitely, and he found that his profits from it were increasing a dollar a tree every year. Presently he began to sell young holly trees himself, producing them by bedding down the lower branches of his own trees for two years until they had taken root sufficiently to transplant as uprights. He was not alone in his idea. There are now some seven holly ranchers in the extreme northwest corner of the United States, besides a number in British Columbia. One of the largest ranchers—also located near Puget Sound—sells 20,000 pounds of sprays and 7000 wreaths every year from sturdy, stocky, holly trees that are now thirty-four years old. He has a large organization of workmen—trimmers, graders, wreath makers, packers of large wholesale-trade cases, a group of young women to make up one-dollar-retail gift cartons, inspectors, wrappers, labelers, carriers, bookkeepers. Many a shop-wary business man orders 100 to 150 of the little gift boxes sent to a list of friends he has inclosed with his order, and lets his Christmas shopping go at that. So holly minded has that section of the country become, in fact, that Seattle merchants, to lure customers into early Christmas shopping, have persuaded several hundred public-spirited policemen of the city's finest to start on their beats wearing a spray of holly in their lapels on the first of December.

In the spring of the sixth year after my first Christmas-tree seedlings had been set out, I set about finding a wholesale market for them. It was a new idea to the dealers I talked to, and many of them laughed at me. But I found one wholesaler, who traded mostly with the better grade of florists' shops, who was interested in the experiment. Eventually he contracted for 1000 four and five foot trees.

(Continued on Page 141)



They Satisfy
that's why!

WHEN choosing cigarettes for others, you can set no standard higher than Chesterfield's own—to give smokers *what smokers want:* MILDNESS—the wholly natural mildness of tobaccos that are without harshness or bitterness. BETTER TASTE—such as only a cigarette of Chesterfield's wholesome purity and better tobaccos can have.

Chesterfield

MILDER . . . *and*

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field

BETTER TASTE

ONE WILL ALWAYS STAND OUT

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK

(Continued from Page 23)

that matter, the whole island was stricken. There were not fifty soldiers left for duty in the fort. The virulence of this disease was quite atrocious. A man got up in the morning as well as ever, at noon he sickened slightly, and by night, or in the late afternoon, he gave a sigh and died. Those who were left felt like so many leaves clinging to a dead tree—leaves which the faintest puff of wind might whirl away.

"I think you have a touch of fever," Arad said casually.

"No. But I have the first symptom—a restlessness in my bones," came from Miranda's parched lips.

"Take a little bark, wine and opium, and go to bed. You need sleep."

"Sleep. I can't sleep. Are you aware that it was I who brought her to this island?"

"Her?"

"Madame Oliveira. Who else? Have you seen her gorgeous beauty? Why is it that such beauty is an affliction to a man of sensibility? I see it, just as you do; I am transported, yet I am unhappy because I cannot drain it to the last drop. There is always that last drop in the cup which is more than the intoxication of the full draft itself. She persists in the view that she is under my protection. My protection." Señor Miranda put a hand to his throat, and without waiting for Captain Arad's comment, went on hastily in a low tone, "Would you say that there was any chance of the French surprising this island?"

"It would be easy enough. There's no lookout kept at night."

"But there's a surge falling all round the shores. There's no landing except in one or two places."

"That's enough. This fort isn't defensible from the rear. There's nothing but a dry ditch full of prickly pears and a few wooden palisadoes. Something seems to have gone wrong with the powder too. I saw them today rolling barrels of it out of the magazine and sunning it and sifting it—right near the kitchen door too. It probably lacks saltpeter."

"Anything would be better than this animal with the flageolet," Miranda groaned. "But she does everything to music. If she had to put on widow's weeds, or thrust a knife into a man's heart, she would know how to do it to music. Men are nothing but the orchestration to her dream, a lot of stringed instruments. . . . The strings keep snapping."

Señor Miranda walked away toward his room. Arad lingered for a moment or two, fixing his eye on the big devil's tree which hung out over the parapet. From one of the upper branches dangled that monstrous iron cage in which a former Dutch governor had once exposed slaves naked to the rain and wind as a form of punishment. He looked at the fort, shadowed, and indeed commanded by the old stone Dutch church at one corner of the square; next at the signal tower at the top of that black defile gullied out by mountain torrents. Not more than two men could march abreast up that hot black gully, and Nick Shapleigh single-handed could roll down bowlders fast enough to crush a regiment. Arad dropped his eyes to the red tiles of the lower town, to the white sand spit at the southwest called Beersheba, with a tripod on the very tip of it where an earth-coal fire was kindled every night, backed by a plate of polished brass to give the flames added vivacity. The theory was that no ship could steal into the harbor after dark without coming between this light and the guns of the fort.

Captain Arad waited until the sun dipped its upper limb in that light blue water so like the sky in color. The sunset gun spoke at the fort then, and the concussion knocked down a lot of the yellow lining of the mortared embrasure through which the eighteen-pounder's long black barrel was thrust. The Salem trader walked soberly into the inn kitchen, and Jacinta McClaverty immediately brought him his supper. She put down in front of her lodger watermelon, a mutton chop and a luscious grape tart. The gloom here made the flash of her teeth more dazzling as she whispered, with a total lack of bashfulness:

"Was the price set by my mother too high?"

Jacinta's mother had been set free by the will of the officer who had owned her, but since the terms of the will said nothing about Jacinta herself, she had remained legally the slave of her own mother.

"No price would be too high for such a possession," Arad said, attacking the chop. "Those teeth alone are worth the price as prime ivory. But the truth is, I haven't got a hundred and twenty pounds. Nor half of that. I haven't a doubloon more than enough to pay my shot here and take me back to my own country."

"There is money enough on this island—much more than enough for the purchase price of a poor girl like me," Jacinta whispered.

"You are another of these piratical souls who want to break into the King's Chest, I see," Arad grinned.

"No. But Madame de Oliveira has a corset full of beautiful Spanish doubloons," Jacinta stated with frank simplicity. "She had a sickness, and so I was forced to cut her corset strings in undressing her, and so I found out."

"And you would steal that money to sell yourself into slavery. You had better stay under your mother's wing a little longer. Nick Shapleigh has been moving heaven and earth to find the money. He may succeed."

"Shapleigh. Faugh! My mother will never sell me to any man that I do not adore, and I do not adore Nick Shapleigh."

"You had better not adore anyone, if you want to go on having fish and chocolate for breakfast, and claret with all your meals."

Darkness fell like a tarpaulin dropped over a hatch, and Arad could half see the shadow or foreshadow of some dread event stretched across his path. He stared at that hole in the inn door. A cannon ball from an English frigate had pierced it and taken off McClaverty's head while he was at supper, sitting, no doubt, in this identical chair, and his blood had drenched the powerful shoulders of that daughter whom he had forgotten to free, no doubt not thinking her technical freedom of any consequence even to herself. That had been surprising enough; but this inn, and even the whole length and breadth of Tumble-down Dick, Arad was convinced, was seething with surprises. That scorching and apparently inaccessible island had acquired, through having changed hands so many times, the habit of being surprised gracefully. The somnolent population had got into the way of refusing to be surprised, even by surprises; and now it appeared that even the soldiers were getting the knack of this indifference likewise. Rumors of French attack were discounted with jeers; nobody expected to live long enough to see that, and nobody in his heart of hearts really counted on seeing so much as another sun.

Captain Arad thought that Señor Miranda's plight really should be looked into. He walked out of the inn. The shapes of turkeys roosting in the dead branches of a mango tree flew up in his face as he made his way up an outside staircase to Miranda's room. He opened the door and called gently.

The unlucky man, lying flat on his back in bed, answered him only by a sort of gusty breath. Arad struck a light. Miranda had collapsed there without removing a single article of dress. He muttered that he had been downed suddenly by the ache in his thighs, the enemy in his veins. Darkness was grateful to him, since the sun had been using his eyes for anvils. He whispered faintly that somebody had put hooks into his eyeballs and mouth corners, and was standing in back of him, dragging at them. That, in fact, was death, almost visible now, in a separated shape at the man's side. Arad administered bark and opium, but the pulse was quick and faint as a bird's.

"There is something you want to say. Quickly," Arad urged, and sank to his knees.

It was two days after Señor Miranda's death before Arad could find a chance to discuss her unprotected situation with Madame de Oliveira. He found her alone in the shadow of the lime tree at the east end of the Allée Vert. Madame de Oliveira was in a chemise of spider-net muslin with loose short sleeves, a short white petticoat covered with a red Marseilles apron, and on her flaxen hair a round-eared white linen cap. A locket round her throat inclosed a relic of a saint to shield her from the demons of sin.

"Poor José," she whispered. "He was very faithful to me. He did not want to come here. He begged me on his knees not to consider it. I have killed him."

"He has left me in his place, *citoyenne*," Arad stated.

"*Citoyenne!* What are you saying to me?" Madame Antonia de Oliveira gasped and sank her teeth into the knuckles of her raised hand.

"*Citoyenne*. A very pretty name. It was suggested to me by this Marseilles apron of yours. Ah, *citoyenne*, have you forgotten those fragrant adventures of éclat at Marseilles so long ago? You were Queen of Folly—at sixteen—and I—well, I was the nameless youth who put the crown on your head, madcap. I danced in front of you with a plume of feathers in my hat."

"Oh, yes, I do remember you!" Madame de Oliveira cried. "You had little bells at your knees and your sword had a golden castle on the tip of it. You were my *chevalier du soleil*. What became of you?"

"I was thrown into prison by order of Napoleon. It was over some ship doings or other. My father too. This brigand of a Napoleon ruined our house at that time."

"You must not speak against Napoleon."

"Must I not? Is he such a great man? He is good against weaklings—*Folie de grandeur*—that comprises the man, do you hear me, *citoyenne?* You may not know that after the storming of Jaffa he put four thousand Turkish prisoners to the sword in cold blood."

"He would have had to fight them again if he had let them go."

"Why did he fight them at all? Because he must have India. . . . And after all, he ran away and left his poor soldiers to their fate in Egypt, because his hold on France was slipping."

"France had more need of him than Egypt."

"So, no doubt. And so she had from the beginning. And his ambition had more need of him than either. That will account for his poisoning six hundred of his own sick soldiers with an overdose of opium in order to prevent the plague from spreading to the rest of the troops."

"A lie! That is a wicked lie!" Madame de Oliveira cried.

"Say it is. The English believe it. And now, if they should ever take him prisoner ——"

"They cannot!"

"Not if he can run away in time. Not this year; not next, maybe. But they are stubborn. Nobody knows better than I know, *citoyenne*, that they do not know when they are beaten. If they take him prisoner, ought they to serve him as he did his Turkish prisoners? Would he feel aggrieved if a sword was to be run through his important vitals? Or what if they were to hang him there in that cage, like an ape?" he went on, pointing to the devil tree. "Let me see him there once, and I tell you the fighting will be over. I tell you, I have traded too many years at the cannon's mouth to be grateful to this Napoleon of yours. I have had dealings with him at Goree and elsewhere. He is tricky, sly, contemptible ——"

"Stop! You have had dealings with him, you say!" Madame de Oliveira shouted, with a whirl of her pretty arms. "You have come off second best—that is the reason for your hatred. Well, you are not alone in having dealings with him," she went on, snatching off her cap and throwing it on the ground. Her flaxen hair showed close-cropped, boyish. "I have had dealings with him from my infancy. He is my brother."

A space of seconds, a minute perhaps, of perfect silence followed this announcement, until Captain Arad thought the time had come to say gravely:

"How could I have been at fault for a moment? How could the most beautiful woman in Europe hope to disguise herself even in an island in the Caribbean? You are Madame Leclerc."

She put her cool palm forcibly over his mouth.

"Do not say it even to yourself, *monsieur le capitaine*. I am Spanish. I am Madame de Oliveira. Do you want to see me swinging in that cage in place of my brother?"

"Your husband, General Leclerc, is dead at Santo Domingo of the fever," Arad reminded her. "And you ——"

"I am Queen of Folly still," she said softly. She sank away from him, sat down in a turtle-shell wheelbarrow and let her legs dangle. "That is why my brother banished me with my poor little Leclerc to these wretched islands—simply, *monsieur*, because I had been gracious to the actor Lafon of the Théâtre Français. My poor little Leclerc. I did love him a little. You see? I have cut off my hair for him and dropped it

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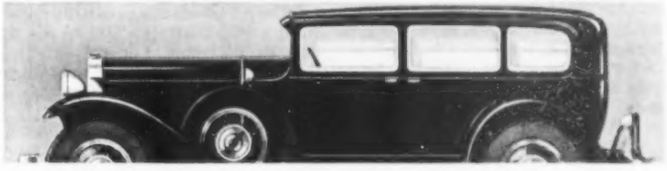

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 40)

in his coffin. But to go back to France with him, and his faithful heart shut up in a leaden urn—no, no, no, my heart failed me to do that! Conquest is in my blood as well as in Napoleon's!" she cried fiercely, with an outthrust of her perfectly shaped lips, which the celebrated Canova was finally to repeat in marble. "When I saw the captured frigate Swiftsure waiting for me, with my husband's body on board, I knew I could not go back to France. I who had been the most beautiful woman in Europe, to return, disgraced, penniless, withered ——"

"I cannot say withered, madame."

"You are polite for a Yankee. You are a man it is possible to speak frankly to. The truth is, when I had cut my hair on impulse as a last gift to my poor Leclerc—well, then—must I tell you, strange man?—let me move out of the moon—well, my ears appeared."

"Your ears?"

"My fatal ears." She covered them with her palms. "Is it possible you have not heard about my ears? They are known the civilized world over. It is the doing of that cat of a Madame de Contades. One evening at Madame Permon's in the Rue Sainte Croix—I was glorious, I had gold grapes in my hair, arranged by Charbonnier himself," she confessed brokenly, her eyes shining with tears. "Well, then, I was up to my chin in men—that was my India—when Madame de Contades said quite audibly, 'The Bacchante at the Louvre is not so beautiful; she is perfection, if it were not for those poor little flat ears.' And after that the talk was all of my flat ears, although—tell me the truth, captain; are they so very flat? No, I can see by your eyes that if I had not been shameless enough to call your attention to them ——"

"Let me look."

Madame Leclerc took her palms away an inch or two, but pressed them back, the movement serving to display the beauty of her arms. Captain Arad had heard at Cap Haitien of the brilliant unreason of her moods; he felt the undertow of her dangerous personality snatch at him.

"No man who looks into your eyes will ever see your ears," he said deliberately.

"You are not a Yankee. You are a Parisian. But no, no. In Paris, *tout Paris*, it is my ears, not my eyes, that are famous, and people see only famous things."

"You can cover your ears with a ribbon till your hair grows again."

"The ears, yes. But the insinuation, never. If they were asses' ears, I should be no worse off. No, I am ruined. That is why I stole away here with my protector, Señor Miranda, who is dead. Who will protect me now?" Madame Leclerc whispered. "Ah, what a man you are for demanding the truth from women. Heart strings are no more than corset strings to you; and broken as easily, I suppose. Well, you shall have the truth. I am abominably selfish. If I cut my hair off, it was not so much for love of my poor little Leclerc as to save it from falling. This hideous sun has touched it, do you hear? Charbonnier himself commanded me to cut it to thicken it. Ah, the dear Charbonnier! I am wretched when I speak his name. I am an exile, I shall never see Paris again, I shall die here of the fever. I am hot all over now."

She held her arm against his cheek, but the arm was the cooler of the two.

"The thing is to get you away from this island," Arad muttered. "That was Señor Miranda's last word to me. Well, it can be done easily, it so happens. Count Maxine de Rouvray is on Tortuga, and a couple of seventy-fours are stationed there. You know him, of course?"

"The count? He would die for me, my friend."

"He knows your handwriting?"

"Yes."

"We can send word to him that this island is hanging here like a dead leaf. A felucca dropped anchor this morning near the market at Beersheba cove," Arad heard himself saying calmly. "She has unloaded asses and Antigua rum. Her captain, Pedro Velozo, is a friend of mine, a very discreet man who doesn't love the English, I am certain. If he ——"

Arad bit the sentence off short and looked up abruptly at the dazzle of fireflies in the upper branches of the lime tree. Madame Leclerc took this opportunity, with a little oath, to slap the calf of her unstockinged leg, where a mosquito was biting her.

"Am I actually going to turn this island over to Napoleon?" Arad asked himself bitterly. But what was the alternative? To let a ship slip out of his hands for the second time, almost within the year. If, on the contrary, he succeeded in pitching this good-for-nothing island into the laps of the French, they could hardly refuse to give him back his ship. Madame Leclerc was shaking her blond head and saying forcibly:

"No, no, no, a thousand times! What are you putting into my head? How can I ask the count to risk his life in an attempt on this impregnable island?"

"Impregnable? It has been surprised a dozen times."

"But these horrible guns."

"Their powder is weak."

"Worse, this defile with that bear of a Nick Shapleigh prowling at the top. He alone could hold it against a regiment just by rolling down stones. I have heard Colonel Piggott say that with my own ears."

"These ears. I shall begin to believe all that is said against them, if they accept statements from the British. You can leave this grenadier to me."

"To you. Why had I never thought of that? But then—*mon Dieu*, no; you are an enemy of Napoleon. You would put him in a cage. No, no, I see it will not do."

She leaped out of the turtle shell and ran into the house. But immediately her high-waisted shape darkened the window where the wine bottles were still hanging, and where, on the stone window ledge, since sundown, a little fire of lime twigs had been smoldering in a pan, against mosquitoes.

"*Monsieur le capitaine.*"

"I am here."

"Yes, but you are not serious."

"I am serious enough. These lobster-backs have stolen my ship. In a week or two now they will sail it to the Havana and sell the cargo. I am a neutral, you see."

"A neutral. There are no neutrals, *monsieur*. People either help or hinder. If there is a war, neutrals have two enemies instead of one. I have heard my brother say."

"I have reason enough to be discreet," Arad urged hoarsely. "Write me this note to the count. You will catch the fever if you don't leave this island. You are restless already. Come, do as I say."

"Well, then, I am in your power," Madame Leclerc murmured, sitting down to her table obediently. "I have confided in you too much. If you were to tell this fool of a prize agent who I am, he would shoot me as a spy."

"How would that benefit me? . . . Dip your pen. You can tell the count that fever has done its work here. Two ships and four hundred men will be enough. They must raise the north shore of Tumble-down Dick after dark and send up two rockets at five-minute intervals. That side of the island isn't watched, because the surf makes it impossible to land. But the rockets will notify me that the time has come to act."

Madame Leclerc nodded her pale head. She picked up a quill pen, drew out paper and began to write fiercely. Arad, outside, with his feet planted inconsiderately in a bed of trumpet-shaped flowers, leaned his elbows on the window ledge. The room was in perfect keeping with its tenant. The canopy of the bed was a lacquered shell, overturned, from which gilt cupids, descending, held back with dimpled hands curtains of white satin fringed with gold. On the bed table was an alabaster figurine, representing Silence, finger on lip, and bearing in one hand a lighted wax taper.

She wrote decisively, with long looped letters; but when she rejoined him at the end of the Allée Vert, a sort of creole languor had got into the droop of her pretty shoulders, as if she might need Jacinta McClaverty to fan her to sleep, or charm her by tickling the soles of her bare feet *à la créole*. A drift of jessamine filled the trader's nostrils. Madame Leclerc's gold head was perilously near his chin.

"Here, then, take your note."

Arad thrust it slowly into the pocket of his brown linen coat. Her mouth was strangely like Napoleon's, he was thinking; and Napoleon, in a body not much bigger than this, had reduced Europe to blood and ashes with his fires, his ardors.

"Ah, how you intrigue me," she whispered. "It might be better to take me away from this wretched island in this felucca of yours. The French may fail, and we shall be worse off than before."

The fireflies in the lime tree throbbed like the beating of fiery little pulses; overhead dry palm leaves rustled; there was a gust of song from one of the slave barracoons between the inn and the signal tower, and the fall of surf all round Tumble-down Dick was like distant cannonading. There was coercion in the very air. This encounter might be part of the machinery through which the blood, the imperial will, the vital spark that was Napoleon was undertaking to enslave the world. Captain Arad felt Madame Leclerc's mouth, fragrant as jessamine, deliberately planted against his own, as if in pure derision of his powers and position as a neutral.

"No. Do you know, I am afraid? I cannot consent to this conspiracy," she murmured indistinctly. "Support me. I am faint. What if the fever is in my blood already? Ah, Julie was right. How natural love is to me; what a stranger I am to reason."

"The sooner the French surprise the island, the better," Arad was thinking confusedly. He heard her crying brokenly in his ear that that Hercules of a grenadier would be too much even for these iron arms, and he blushed later to think what he had said in answer to this. By that time he had got away to the far end of the Allée Vert, close to the kitchen door of the inn; and here Jacinta McClaverty confronted him.

"My mother has come down in her price," she said in her powerful contralto voice. "She will take a hundred pounds for me."

A lot of little gray lizards with inquiring heads were on the ground at her feet; she had conjured them out of the cabbage palm with her faint whistling. Captain Arad, exasperated, said abruptly, "No," and the palpitating sides of the lizards turned jet black with fright. She drank good-humoredly out of a claret bottle and hugged herself inside a flowing blue-and-white wrapper.

"Why not? I can be more useful to you than more expensive women," she reminded him. "I am as strong as a man. Feel these arms and legs. I have only one mark of the lash on my back. My teeth are perfect. I never tire."

"I will think it over," he said more mildly.

His prospective slave nodded, dropped to her knees and began killing lizards, one after another, with the empty claret bottle. They were for cane cutters' breakfasts, but Captain Arad thought there was something sinister in the way she charmed them before destroying them.

"What do you see?" Arad ventured to ask in guarded tones, from the shadow of the signal tower. It was night, and so black under the mushroom cloud loitering at the crown of the volcano—the Old Sufferer—that the Yankee trader could barely descry the giant outline of the half-naked grenadier, Nick Shapleigh, who was on watch as usual.

"Nothing," Nick replied. He lowered his brass telescope half regretfully. "And if there was anything to see, this glass would see it. Its eye is as good in the dark as in the sun. I stole it from the cabin of a Spanish admiral."

It was hot here in the neighborhood of the sentry box, and the colossal grenadier had taken off practically all his clothes. His round blue jacket, his white calico waistcoat, the spatterdashes of painted linen, were all draped with housewifely care over the barrel of the twelve-pound carronade, which had a powder charge rammed and wadded home, and match ready burning for an alarm. Nick Shapleigh had slung his hammock between the wheels of the carronade, with a tarpaulin spread over two sponge staves for a roof, as a protection against dew and an occasional blistering shower of crimson rain from the volcano's gullet.

"You haven't seen that girl Jacinta, I suppose?" the grenadier asked, walking to and fro restlessly. Captain Arad had not. Nick grumbled that Mrs. McClaverty had promised to send her up sometime after midnight with a watermelon and a mug of ale, and she was usually as good as her word. Captain Arad had got over among the big bowlders which the grenadier's solid arms, plying his crow and hand spike, had rolled into position at the gully's rim. They were well placed to do their work.

Captain Arad narrowed his eyes at the grenadier's compact shoulders. It would be a man's job to pin those shoulders to the ground, but it must come to just that, and perhaps at any moment now. Three hours past, the French had put up their rockets on the north side of the island. They were here, bag and baggage, at his invitation; and Arad, risking his neck every inch of the way, had ridden back across the island through jungle tangle to reach this all-important sentry box. He had accustomed Shapleigh to these night wanderings; the fellow suspected nothing.

"You have got a pretty sizable armament here," the trader said.

"These stones are worth a dozen of those honeycombed eighteen pounders in the fort," Nick boasted in a deep

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and threatening voice, like the muttering of storm. "They can bash in a regiment of those Johnny Crapauds. A man might be feeling keen as mustard, what, but just let a rock the size of this one bounce off his skull, he is bound to feel a little sheepish, I say. . . . What do you see now?"

"Nothing. . . . A light in Colonel Piggott's quarters in the Lower Town."

"I saw her down there this afternoon," the grenadier said gloomily from the depths of his hammock. "She was with him, near the green market in that kittereen of his, drawn by one horse. I suppose by now," he added, with increasing resentfulness, "he's got out his flageolet. She's singing him that Sicilian evening prayer to the Virgin, I dare say. Do you know what? This last week she's made him draw the outlying picket at Beersheba into barracks at gunfire, because she wants to go bathing in the moonlight there without the protection those soldiers would give her. She'll scuttle the island before she's done."

The grenadier's hammock ropes creaked, he settled back with a ponderous outbreathing from his naked lungbox, hairy as a mountain bear's.

"You would chase every last woman off the island, then, if you had your way," Arad suggested.

"Dust them off, yes, like Frenchmen or bad powder. All but the slaves. What do you see now?"

"Not a thing."

"The seeing isn't too good. I don't like these big stars, and the way the smoke hangs on the mountain. It's too calm, with that big swell crashing on the rocks. A hurricane would be worse than the French, but women are worse than hurricanes . . . Just look and see, will you, captain, if the fire is still burning in that tripod on the sand spit?"

"Still burning, yes."

A whiff of Brazilian from the grenadier's pipe floated through the still air.

"These women are a bad damper on the military," he pronounced sepulchrally. "The last news we had from Santo Domingo, the French were dying like flies of the fever, mind you, and still Madame Leclerc, the general's wife, was having parties every night on board old La Touche's flagship. Twining roses round the capstans and hanging pretty lanterns in the rigging. Powder puffs in the cannon in place of round shot. She kept the violins going all night, the night of the attack."

Captain Arad said harshly, "Some women do everything to music."

"Some women go around twisting men's wax noses," the grenadier stated contemptuously. "You think hell is our neighbor here, but I claim there are other entrances," he growled, with a look at the Old Sufferer. "Just take a peep through that glass again, will you?"

Captain Arad, who had been fiddling with the telescope and wondering if it would do to drop it accidentally on a rock and smash it, laid it coolly across one of the wheels of the carronade.

He felt more and more that restlessness in his bones which might prelude fever. Still, it might not be fever. It might be only this island devil of unrest that forced Tumble-down Dick to be forever changing hands, getting surprised, or lashed by hurricanes, or having the top of its sugar loaf of a volcano blown off. It was this devil, for which the cage door had been left open, that instigated the very slaves to seek new masters, and no doubt accounted partly even for the fickleness of island love.

He coughed slightly, with his eye to the telescope. The ground here was cindery. Acrid dust puffed up from his heels and stung his eyes. His throat was parched. His thighs ached. Death perhaps? For a second he tried to imagine his own nothingness. Useless; that would have to be taken care of for him. To himself he seemed surprisingly necessary to the human scene; or to sing small, at least as necessary to the island's destinies as Nick, the grenadier.

"The bay is still clear," he said cautiously. "In case of attack, what is the sentiment of the Lower Town?"

"French. But what odds?" Nick asked with contempt in his voice. "These islanders! Pah! They let the nails of their thumbs grow long to pick their viols and guitars with, and cut tobacco leaf into cigar wrappers. They won't come up here."

Arad could believe that. The defile was steep, broken and narrow. Here and there, anchors had been sunk in the ground, flukes under, shanks out, and to these were fixed the purchases which made it possible to haul heavy stores, powder barrels, guns, from the Lower to the Upper Town. Would the French ships, he was speculating, have to haul their wind to come round the sand spit? If forced to tack before coming round in order to fetch in, they would necessarily stand out from under the gloom cast by the volcano's pall. He swung the telescope in a slow critical circle. But except for his own vessel, there was not the shadow of shipping on the water of the inner harbor. There was even a standing garrison order that all canoes should be drawn up after sunset.

Then, all in a second, he had seen them. Three mothlike patches on the water's dark steel, and standing in practically at the harbor's mouth. How was it that the grenadier hadn't seen them already with the naked eye? They must be French. If it was the English returning with more prizes, they would have shortened sail and stood on and off till morning. Store vessels passed this point on their way to the Barbados once a month, but never on a clear night would they be found so close inshore. No, these were French ships, three of them; and by the established custom of the British West Indies the mere approach of three vessels was a signal of alarm. Yet nobody had seen them, and now nobody was likely to until too late, unless the grenadier. As if sensing this lurking danger, Nick Shapleigh got out of his hammock and took the telescope out of Arad's fingers.

But he laid it down directly without looking through it. Jacinta McClaverty was coming toward him with his bottle of ale and the watermelon in a fish-net sling. Respite. The grenadier walked away with her, the threatening mutter of his brutal voice alternating with her soft contralto. Captain Arad thought, "I can't do it. My heart isn't in it. I don't love Napoleon enough." But then he heard the sound of a rope striking a human body. He ran forward. Jacinta McClaverty was on her knees, the gauze shirt torn from her back and shoulders. A piece of rope dangled from the grenadier's fist.

"Don't interfere!" he snarled. "Here is one woman I am going to start right with. The island won't be lost on account of her goings-on, at any rate. I'll see if anybody will come between me and my slave."

"Your slave?"

"Yes, captain," Jacinta murmured without lifting her head. "My mother, sir, could not wait too long for me to adore some man who would pay for me in golden joes. She is poor, and these English who have been quartered on her pay her nothing. Tonight she made the price fifty pounds and this man bought me."

Captain Arad's eye fell on the shadowy line of Jacinta's back. She had boasted so sweetly that it bore only one mark of the lash. Now Nick Shapleigh had paid over every last shilling he could lay his hands on, probably, in order to vent his spleen against all womankind on this one woman's back—that damper of the military.

Captain Arad snatched the grenadier's rope out of his hand and took it in a throttling twist round the man's throat. It was done—that much—in a second. But Nick's body, slippery with sweat, was intractable. The rope broke. They rolled on the ground and Nick got his second wind. This was likely to be protracted business. The grenadier had the trader in a Cornish hug, but it was, fortunately, interrupted. Nick went limp, he was a sack of dough, Arad felt the body slipping through his own exhausted arms. He fell down himself and rolled over on his back gratefully. He saw Jacinta throwing down the telescope which she had used to bludgeon into the dirt Tumble-down Dick's last chance to retain the sovereignty of the English.

"You have killed him, then," Arad muttered.

"Is it likely?" she replied. "How could I handle my mother's slaves if I had not learned how hard to hit without cracking the skull. But he will kill me when he opens his eyes."

She opened her own eyes on Captain Arad. "Life is a snare; protect me," they said plainly.

He was, therefore, naturally compelled to make the surprise of the island good. Mrs. McClaverty at sunrise, seeing the glitter of arms near the top of the defile, thought some of the English soldiery were at their old business of stealing her sheep. Actually, of course, the French, with the one-armed, spade-bearded Colonel Touzard at their head, had got up the defile and formed in a double column between the hedges lining the road to the Upper Town. Far below, the sun shone on the white-painted, black-capped yards of the French frigates L'Égyptien and Danaïde. They were getting springs on their cables, swinging themselves broadside on. They spat fire. Ringed with puffs of black smoke laced with red darts, they looked beautifully venomous.

The garrison of the Upper Town, hastily assembled in the fort, did not reply. Instead, their backs were turned on the frigates. They were clustered round the six-pounders stationed on either side of the fort gate. Arad, marching side by side with Touzard under Napoleon's eagles, could hardly keep from laughing at the perversity of this dénouement. The French were in white hats, or red night caps, with black ship's muskets over their shoulders. Some staggered under the weight of mattresses brought to throw into the ditch on top of those prickly pears. At the entrance to the little square in front of the fort, they halted.

"Now, my redoubtables, into the houses with you!" Colonel Touzard shouted. The drummers had already sought shelter; the *pas de charge* then was not to be sounded; in three minutes all the house windows were stuck full of French musket barrels. Touzard, brave *comme le poudre de canon*, raised his sword to command the attention of the captain of the fort. His own troops took this flourish as a signal to fire, and discharged a volley from their whole force.

"*Vive l'empereur*," Arad breathed sardonically. The six-pounder at the fort gate spat slugs everywhere. Arad was hit; in falling, he had the bizarre notion that Touzard, with his blunt accents, his gray redingote, his arm tucked behind him, was imagining himself Napoleon.

When at last Madame Leclerc came to him, Arad was stretched on a cot at his room in McClaverty's Inn. She was bareheaded; and held Colonel Piggott's silver-keyed flageolet in her two fine-grained hands.

"Ah, *mon vieux*, you are better, but you must not move!" she cried.

Captain Arad's eyes were somber, his hands clasped over the bloody bandage on his head.

"The French have put my ship up at public auction," he said bluntly.

"So?"

"It will be knocked down tomorrow to the highest bidder."

"But will there be so very many bids, *monsieur le capitaine?*"

"You have evidently not informed the count of my part in the taking of the island."

"I? But how can I? I to intercede, to ask for your ship to be returned to you? What a scandal—and my brother does not like scandals. He is a very proper man. No, if I beg for your ship, that will be the actor Lafon over again. I tell you, I cannot so much as sing songs with a music master without scandal attaching to it. . . . Jacinta, he is pale. Bring up that admirable milk punch of yours with a little rum in it."

Jacinta vanished.

"Are you going to deny that I put the idea of this attack by the French into your head?" Captain Arad demanded.

"It was you, goose, who put into my head the idea that there might be a man on the island strong enough to bring down that bear of a Shapleigh without killing him. I don't like blood. The rest I had taken care of long ago—the pickets, the batteries, this poor old fool of the colonel. Only that terrible Nick was proof against me. Do you know, I think he would as lief spear me with his bayonet as one of those electric eels. Yet he has just confessed to me that a woman was his undoing after all. He had all but broken you in two, he says, when Jacinta, his slave, cracked his skull for him. It was Jacinta then, and not you, who saved the island for Napoleon."

"For Napoleon." Captain Arad, thoroughly infuriated, sat up, slid his legs over the bedside. "It's true, I don't like Napoleon; I had decided to hold the defile for the British. But at the time I couldn't stomach Nick's doings with that lash. Maybe I was too squeamish. I think now there are some women's backs that would be better for a taste of the cat."

Madame Leclerc was equal to him. She contrived to slip her shoulders out of the green dress.

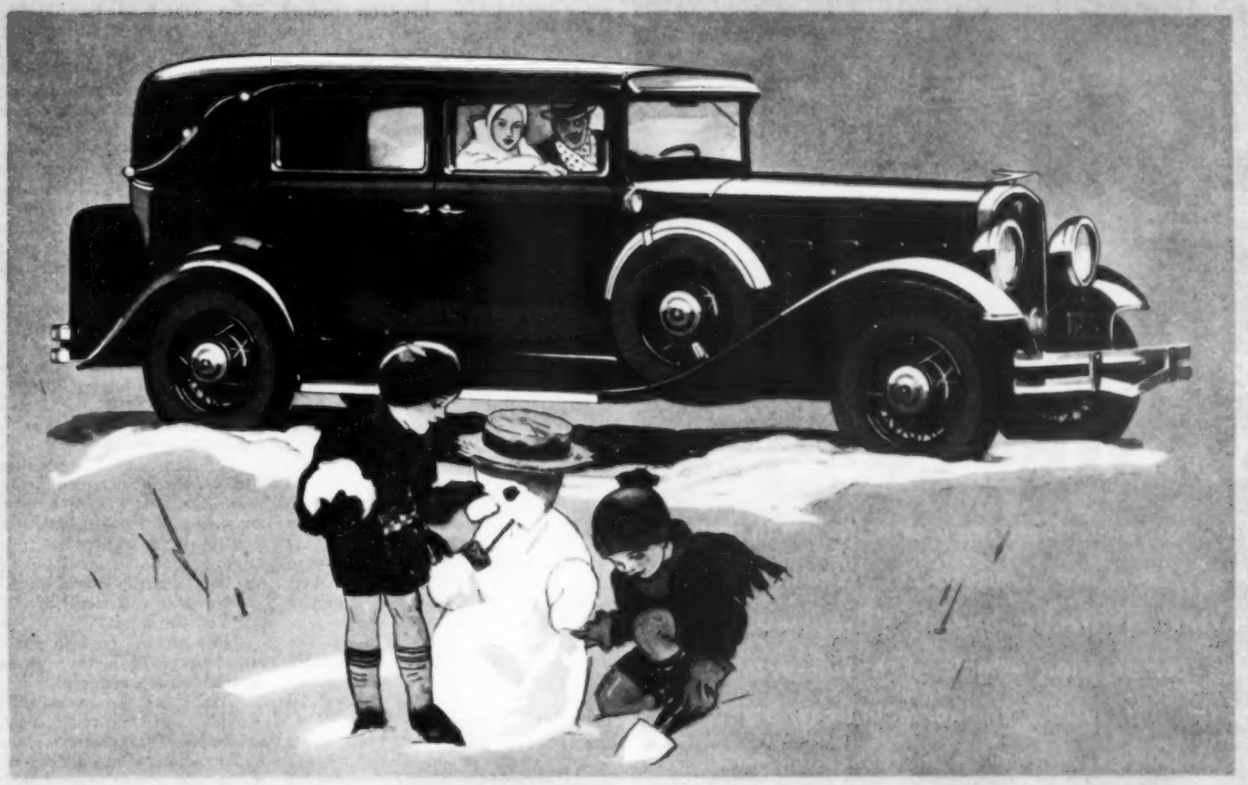
Her eyes flicked him; she picked up from a chair Jacinta's cowskin whip, used for lashing slaves, and put it into Arad's hand. She was on her two knees at his feet, her back bared—a Canova in the flesh, all ready.

She cried passionately: "Apply it, then! Strike! Ruin my back, and there will be no chance then of my ever seeing France again. Ears can be hidden, as you say so cleverly, but a back—a lady's back—no, *monsieur*. Not my back—not at Madame Permon's. There

(Continued on Page 46)

HUDSON ESSEX

invades a new field



Rare Riding Comfort, sparkling new beauty, brilliant performance at Amazingly Low Prices

Performance, reliability, beauty and low price are not enough. Today, motor cars must also be comfortable and easy to drive.

Such qualities are no longer limited to costly cars, for Hudson-Essex—to beauty, performance, reliability and low price—has added riding and driving ease that carries you comfortably over the roughest roads or cobblestone streets.

This smoothness is secured by practically vibrationless motors, special chassis design, four hydraulic shock absorbers and well-sprung cushions. Insulated bodies eliminate distracting noises that interfere with riding pleasure.

These are easy cars to drive. Starting button is on the dash. Steering is almost effortless. Gears shift quickly and easily. Steering wheel and both front and rear seats are easily adjustable for greater convenience and comfort of driver and passengers. Doors are wider. Head-room and leg-room are increased.

The beauty of all models is impressive. There is a chrome-plated bronze radiator grid. Chromium trimmings set off the long, rakish lines. Tasteful color combinations permit individual selection. Interiors are smartly done.

Hudson-Essex performance is proved by official records. Now brilliance in speed and acceleration is greatly enhanced by larger motors that assure long, quiet performance and unusual economy in gasoline and oil.

Surely this describes the cars *you* would like to own! Inspect them, drive them, note every detail. Their low prices will amaze and delight you!

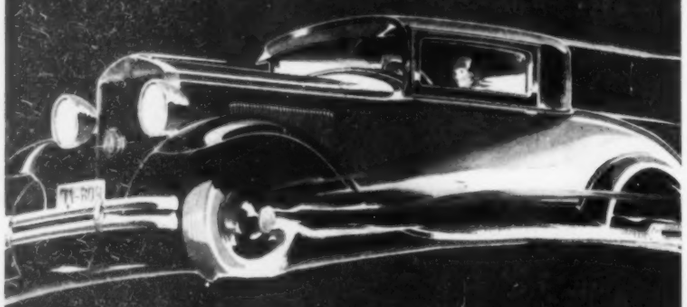
The greater **HUDSON** EIGHT

The new **ESSEX** SUPER-SIX

OWNER-MANAGEMENT PERMITS EXCLUSIVE VALUE ADVANTAGES

Owner-management enables Hudson-Essex to give you outstanding advantages in quality and price. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company since its inception twenty-two years ago. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. Their independence is backed by unusually large resources in capital and plant facilities. It enables Hudson-Essex to lead in design and engineering quality. It permits economies in manufacture and distribution that bring exceptional quality direct to the public at distinct price advantages.

PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



BIG-CAR FEATURES
SMALL-CAR COST

There are more value features in Plymouth than in any other lowest-priced car. Weatherproof internal hydraulic brakes, 48-horsepower high-compression engine with full-pressure lubrication, rubber engine mountings, Safety-Steel bodies with much more seating room, hydraulic shock absorbers, safety gas tank at rear—these are but a few of the things that make Plymouth worth more. Yet its price is practically as low as the very lowest.

$535
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

PRICES
Roadster $535; Coupe (*illustrated*) $565; Sedan (2-Door) $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (*with rumble seat*) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 44)

would be speculation. Well, the lash is leaded! It will cut deep! Strike, and save your poor Queen of Folly from herself!"

Her flawless beauty was applied like a wrestling hold. Blood pounded in his ears; he had his arm lifted, he was actually on the point of striking; she had completely bedeviled him. He felt the undertow snatch at his heels, but he managed, just in time, to toss the whip away behind him. Madame Leclerc laughed softly, shrugged her shoulders in under the velvet, gave him an unfathomable look.

"I do not think I am complimented," she cried a little ruefully. "Emphatically, I must go to Europe. I do, you see, only what I am forced to do."

"What forced you to bare your shoulders to me?" Arad growled, barely articulate.

"Who can say? What made you throw away the whip? What jungles we are, we humans. We spend our lives exploring, and do not find ourselves. Well, there are compensations. I have found the King's Chest. Do you hear, great, sulky *monsieur le capitaine?* The chest with half a million in it in gold and jewels. I am rich. Now I shall have hats, clothes, dogs, monkeys, lackeys, princes, and—who knows?—perhaps a husband again. And I risk all that. I kneel to you like a slave. I bare my devoted shoulders to the lash. I must explain. I think it was to have a reason to be grateful to you. If I am still beautiful, that is your doing, that is your beautiful forbearance. In your shoes, I should have struck. . . . Well, now I can give you back your ship with a clear conscience."

"Can give me back—my ship?"

"Why not? I have brought you the money in doubloons. It is on the stairs, outside, from the King's Chest. I tugged it here personally."

"Then, what have you been saying to me? You intended all along ——"

"How can I say what I intended? I do not know now what I intend. I cannot tell what I shall say until I hear my own words. Is that not exciting? But it is you yourself, *monsieur le capitaine*, who decided that I could not be your slave."

"You are the devil of this island, I believe."

"Nick Shapleigh says so too. He says it is for me that terrible cage is hanging, always hanging there with its door open, as if I needed that to remind me of my captivity. Put your hands over my poor eyes, *chevalier du soleil*. You with the golden castle of my dreams impaled on the point of your sword."

"Yes, certainly you are the very devil," Arad insisted, feeling like a giant in chains. Her head had fallen against his shoulder.

"*Mon Dieu*," she said so very sweetly, "now I am repaid. I have snatched happiness between the heart beats. If this could be my hour of God, if I could die still beautiful. . . . Pst. Pick up the colonel's flageolet, *monsieur le capitaine*. I hear my slave Jacinta coming with your punch."

Wrapped in the black heart of a West India hurricane, Captain Arad said to his mate, Mr. Lovegreen, "Is everything snug forward?"

"All snug, sir. Except for the storm trysail, we are sailing under bare poles. I am satisfied to be away from Tumble-down Dick in any shape, captain."

"You think we have shaken clear of the devil of that island, do you?"

"Can't say. It takes too many forms. I looked for it to hop out of the Old Sufferer's gullet at the last. We are lucky to have the ship back. There was money enough in that bag of Madame Leclerc's, I take it, sir."

"And to spare. She is the almoner of God's bounty, don't forget, Tom," Arad reminded Mr. Lovegreen from the gloom of the roundhouse. "She has taken care of all of us. She wheedled out of Colonel Piggott the secret of the King's Chest. He had hid it in a tomb in the Dutch Cemetery, where the French would not have found it in a thousand years. He has had the mortification of writing his superior of the loss of the island, but she took care to give him back his flageolet, Delecta Harmonia. Now he can go on playing two parts, but he doesn't thank her. Neither does Nick, the grenadier, although she has got him out of a bad bargain in slaves. Nor do I thank her, for that matter. I have got my ship back, that's true; but why hadn't she told me, to begin with, that she had brought me the necessary funds? No, she must put everything to the touch. She takes blood risks like her brother to make conquests. Well, she has made one. I am dragging at her chariot wheel, Tom."

"We're well away, I say," the mate replied soberly.

"Yes, dragging. I have been standing here seeing nothing but those shoulders of hers. It was nip and tuck there for a second. I might have struck. Do you think she wanted me to? I could have used that whip, I tell you, as if she had been the lowest slave."

"Never in this world, sir."

"You think not?"

"Impossible. Isn't in your nature, sir. You could just as easily throw yourself off a precipice."

"You think she was safe?"

"Safe, and knew it, sir. As safe as we are here," Mr. Lovegreen assured him, and disappeared in a wall of solid green water that swung in over the weather fence. Emerging, he added, "In my opinion, sir, she was just getting her hand in for Napoleon. It would be a useful pose with nearly any man, and they tell me that Napoleon is weak as water where his family is concerned. . . . You can't tell me a woman with those shoulders really expected to have them spoiled."

Captain Arad's laugh was boisterous, a little hollow. So, she had been safe. As safe as he was here on his ship's quarterdeck. And that was safe enough. He knew this part of the Caribbean as a beggar knows his dish, he had plenty of water under his keel, and in the holds a cargo of jerked beef from the River Plate that would bring a fortune at the Havana. He tried to strike a balance. He had added an island to the empire of the little gray man who had made a devil's playground of the whole world; but then, he was sending Madame Leclerc back to Europe to plague that very man. The empire of love might make a showing even against the empire of blood; it was fully as merciless, more personal; it might conceivably bring everything down in ruin. An island like Tumble-down Dick would not weigh much in the scales against a calamity like Madame Leclerc's return to Europe. And no doubt the lady had been right in saying that her brother would contrive to banish neutrals from the face of the earth.

For the first time in his life, Captain Arad felt a surge of sympathy, of friendship even, for Napoleon. But it was the patronizing friendship of the victor.

THIS IS THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS DEALING WITH ULTRA-VIOLET RADIATION IN THE HOME

Questions *and* Answers

about the GENERAL ELECTRIC SUNLIGHT MAZDA LAMP

Question Why do we have "sun starvation" in winter?

Answer Because no matter how brightly the winter sun may shine, it contains only a very small percentage of the normal beneficial ultra-violet found in summer sunlight. This is due to the fact that in winter the sun is at relatively low altitudes, and consequently the sun's rays must penetrate a greater mass of atmosphere to reach us.

• • • •

Question Why does General Electric in its advertising stress the need of ultra-violet for growing children?

Answer Because ultra-violet radiation develops Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin. This is the antirachitic vitamin and during the pre-natal and the growth years of life, *it is an absolutely essential element for building strong bones and for sound healthy development.*

• • • •

Question What about older children and the "grown-ups" of the family? Can they benefit by ultra-violet radiation?

Answer Every member of the family needs sunlight. Though ultra-violet rays penetrate the skin no deeper than the thickness of this sheet of paper, they work deep changes through the entire body. They aid in maintaining health by building up resistance to disease.

• • • •

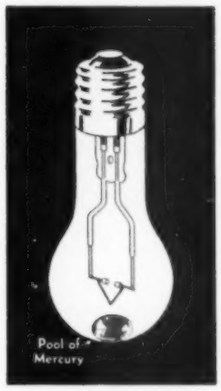
Question Why does General Electric emphasize the safety of its G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp (Type S-1)?

Answer Because the bulb of the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is made of special glass which filters out, as does the atmosphere in Nature, nearly all radiation not found in the best summer sunlight.

• • • •

Question How does the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp differ from the ordinary MAZDA Lamp?

Answer Though it embodies the simplicity and economy of the modern MAZDA Lamp, the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp differs markedly from the incandescent lamp in the following respects: It contains a pool of mercury (see illustration) a part of which vaporizes when the filament heats and forms an arc between the two button-like electrodes. Secondly, it will not fit the ordinary lamp socket, not only because its base is larger, but because a transformer is required to adapt the voltage in your home to that required by the lamp. Standards or fixtures designed for the use of the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp are made by General Electric and a number of other manufacturers and are offered for sale at your nearest electrical or department store.



Mercury is one of the most important and unique features of the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA *Lamp. Every bulb contains a small free pool of this element. When the lamp filament is lighted a portion of this mercury is vaporized and an arc is formed between the electrodes just above the V of the filament. This arc furnishes the ultra-violet rays so necessary to glowing health.*

But the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA *Lamp adds safety to ultra-violet efficiency by carefully filtering out by means of a special glass bulb, practically all radiation not found in the best midsummer sunlight.*

Look for the pool of mercury when buying any sunlamp equipment as well as the General Electric Trademark (GE) in a circle.

• • • •

Question May the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp be used as a reading lamp or for other lighting uses?

Answer Yes, indeed. Not only does the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp give an unusually fine light for reading, sewing, and similar occupations, but each member of the family may be irradiated as he goes about the ordinary pursuits of the day. Children may be irradiated as they dress in the morning. Men may shave under this "sunlight." Women find the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp the ideal sewing light. Its soft, warming radiance is equally desirable for relaxation. Adults often like to "treat" themselves while reading in bed.

• • • •

Question Because of these many additional advantages, is the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp lacking in ultra-violet?

Answer Decidedly not. At a distance of three feet the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp provides the same ultra-violet effectiveness as is found in mid-day, midsummer sunlight.

• • • •

Question What does the medical profession think of the General Electric Sunlight MAZDA Lamp?

Answer Ask your family physician. The General Electric Sunlight MAZDA Lamp is sold in accordance with requirements of the Council of Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association. Many physicians are prescribing units using this lamp, for shut-ins, pre-natal cases, and children, as well as a tonic for well people—that they may remain well.

• • • •

Question Where may I learn more about the G. E. Sunlight MAZDA Lamp and its many advantages?

Answer By writing to the Incandescent Lamp Department of General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio, or by visiting your nearest department or electrical store, or local lighting company.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, NELA PARK, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me, without any obligation, full information about the General Electric Sunlight MAZDA Lamp.

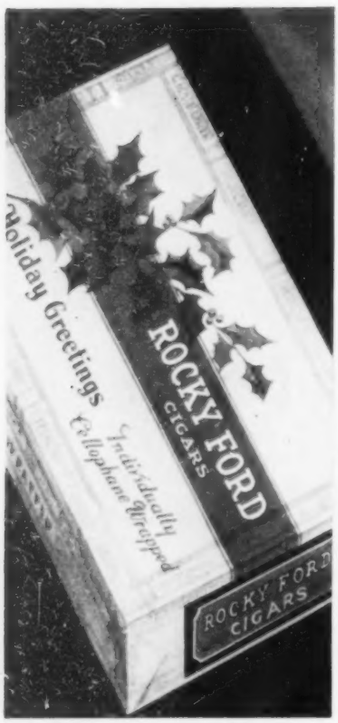
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____

GENERAL ELECTRIC
SUNLIGHT MAZDA LAMP

Join us in the General Electric Program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. Network.



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BUYS A TICKET TO ANY MAN'S HEART

Twenty-five happy half-hours! Twenty-five of what-it-takes to win his gratitude.

Each with a real Sumatra wrapper. Each with real long filler. Machine made and machine wrapped in Cellophane.

Twenty-five 5¢ miracles! That's the ROCKY FORD Holiday Box! You'll never find so much Christmas cheer for so little money.

the better 5¢ *cigar*

Rocky Ford

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

If dealer can't supply you, send $1.25 for Rocky Ford Holiday Box to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. Cigars cannot be mailed to addresses outside U. S. A.

THE MOON CRATERS OF ALASKA

(Continued from Page 11)

Supperless, chilled to the bone, we lay, expecting our shelter to be torn from us any moment. Sleep was impossible. All night long our tent ballooned and beat down on us, snapping with bombilations like reports of a cannon. At every squall we grabbed the bottom of the canvas and hung on.

Morning brought a slight decrease in the velocity of the gusts. We were ravenous. Red Chisholm set the primus stove in a niche in the bomb and attempted to fry bacon. But the wind was still so strong and so cold that the meat on the sheltered side of the skillet burned to a crisp, while the fat on the other side congealed. About noon, however, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The sky cleared and The Gates stood out in the sunlight impressively beautiful; the portal to a long canyon that led into the hidden crater, but a portal through which charged a series of white rapids, forbidding the entrance of man. The river had eaten under the cliffs on each side. Avalanches of snow and talus were plunging continually from the high walls. I remembered that Sargent, finding it impossible to negotiate The Gates, had entered Aniakchak by climbing to the top of the mountain.

As I did some preliminary scouting to see if conditions might not have changed for the better, I noticed, close to the water's edge, the tracks of two bears—a mother and a cub—heading in toward the canyon. Where a bear can go a man can go—sometimes. So, leaving my two less experienced men in camp, I roped the other two behind me for safety, and followed the bear tracks into The Gates of Aniakchak.

We found ourselves going through a scenic marvel that equals the Royal Gorge: Towering walls streaked with pink, black, orange and green, and eroded into turrets, buttresses and soaring columns that looked like totem poles. Between, and always beneath us, a fury of silt-white water piling stones across its own path, breaking through the dams to gulp the sliding talus along its banks and crashing against immense bowlders with an impact that flung water fifteen feet into the air. Spray soaked us where we clung and swung along the wall high above the wild river.

A Caldron of Boiling Clouds

The gorge slanted toward the crater, limiting our view to a few yards ahead. Sunlight vanished as we inched our way forward. More than once the rope between us tightened with a jerk, as talus shot out from under the feet of one of the men and left him dangling above the raging stream. After nearly an hour of such going I came up against a buttress of red lava that hid everything beyond. I stopped, not from necessity but from a sense of awe. I could see nothing, but I could feel something—an unnamable vastness, a mighty emptiness.

Eagerly we three swung around the end of the buttress, and then, with gasps of astonishment, sank back into a wind-sheltered niche, speechless at the sight before us. We were on the edge and on the bottom of a titanic caldron filled from floor to rim with silver and black clouds gone mad. Rushing, swirling, boiling, they streamed down from a concealed height on a mighty wind that was wrapping them thickly about some huge thing in the center that was hidden from us. Seemingly from under the low-rolling clouds came two fierce rivers, one from the right, one from the left, joining to dash through The Gates. With sounds like blasts from a furnace, terrific gusts scooped up the water and flung it into the clouds. There was a delirious impression of obscured cliffs skipping, of high black escarpments darting from the vapors and vanishing. Once, when the flying clouds lifted slightly, there leaped into view a black line of hoodoos—lava formations piled and welded into giant, fantastic figures. In the whirling mists they were modernistic sculptures dancing, heavy limbed, across the crater floor.

After we had recovered from our first amazement we tried to press forward into the storm that was still raging inside Aniakchak, but the moment we emerged from our shelter the frigid gale beat us back. We couldn't buck it. Dazed, wondering, we made our way out through The Gates to the quiet valley where our tent waited in the lee of the bomb.

In the Crater of Aniakchak

But the next day we made it—all of us carrying our packs. It was clear and sunny everywhere. We rounded the last buttress at the end of The Gates, to find that we were not looking down into a crater. We were on the bottom of one, staring up. Aniakchak opened before us, stupendous, unbelievable. A sun-flooded earth floor of thirty square miles encircled by solid cliffs 3000 feet high. A mountain-walled ring six and three-fourths miles in diameter, twenty-one miles in circumference. So tremendous was it that the mind at first grasped only a chaos of primitive colors—brilliant red, terra cotta, ivory, black, orange and blue. Then details began to grow clear: Painted walls in a wide-swinging arc, the rim aglitter with glaciers sharply notched against the sky. Near the center, about three miles from us, that mysterious thing the clouds had hidden the day before—Vent Mountain, its slopes ribboned with snow and maroon, rising to a height of 2000 feet. It was shaped like a truncated Fujiyama, and had a crater etched in its white peak—a volcano rising inside the ring of Aniakchak. An exact, though smaller, counterpart of Piccolomini in the Altai Mountains on the moon, even to the break in the crater wall.

Vent Mountain was reflected in a lake two and a half miles long; a lake that looked as if a child had colored it. Half was a deep robin's egg blue, with crimson shores; the other half a clear orange, with yellow shores. At the head of it rose two cinder cones, mounds 400 and 800 feet in height. From the end nearest us flowed one of the rivers that dashed through The Gates; the other, on the opposite side of the crater, spouted from a hole in a mass of red lava like a stream from the nozzle of a gigantic hose.

This cursory view so thrilled and astounded us that we threw off our packs and climbed a 600-foot cliff to obtain a wider outlook. Every glance revealed something new below: The silver sheen that bespoke wide areas of quicksand; a system of meandering streams; acres of tundra coming out of the melting snow—spring was later here than outside the crater—groves of low alders and willows breaking into leaf; miles of rolling meadows where the yellow winter grass was giving way to green.

Directly below us, in the floor of Aniakchak, were two deep explosion pits, each of which proved later to be 800 feet in diameter. Snow melting from chocolate-tinted lava in the bottom gave them the look of monster pots of fudge into which someone had stirred a lot of marshmallows.

I trained the binoculars on the farthest wall, nearly seven miles distant. It sprang at me, and with it a geological phenomenon so wildly colored that it jolted my vision like an unexpected blow across the eyes. It lay near the wall, another immense crater two miles in diameter, sunk 600 feet below the level floor of Aniakchak—an Avernian caldron lined with volcanic hues, savage reds, and orange and pink, streaked with black and snow. Its farthest are scintillated with an iridescence like that on a peacock's tail, but with a glitter that made the eyes water. This was, we discovered days later, a magnificent cliff of obsidian. Not the crumbling, moss-dulled obsidian of Yellowstone Park, but colonnades of pure glass—purple crystals packed horizontally, their clean-cut facets reflecting the sun in prismatic splendor; a formation which in itself is one of the marvels of science.

But the real mystery of the Avernian caldron lay at the center. There, rising from the bottom, was what appeared to be a full-sized stadium in red stone. From it radiated straight red lines nearly a mile long. Concentric lines crossed them. The complete formation etched on the snow inside the caldron looked like a huge spider in a red web. I don't know how long we might have stood there on our eminence, had we not heard a reverberating boom, boom, like thunder above us. The warm sun had loosened snow and rocks all about the rim, and avalanches were descending continually. But this one seemed nearer than any of the others.

The Path of Hissing Death

"In about three minutes we'll see her coming," I told my companions; for it takes time even for an avalanche to fall 2000 feet. Sooner than that it churned into sight above us, a terrifying river of little and big snowballs, and headed directly for our ledge.

With a concerted yell we all started along that cliff, superhumanly agile for the time being. There was the nearing sound dreaded by all alpinists, a swishing like brush being dragged down a stairway, only amplified a hundred times. It filled our ears as we scrambled desperately to get out of its path. Then we came flat up against a buttress that cut off further flight. We dug our fingers into the crevassed rock and clung there. A second later the hissing death rushed past us, missing us by about twenty feet as it hit our ledge and leaped out into space. Its frigid breath raised the hair on our heads—or perhaps the hirsute reaction was really due to fright. We looked at one another.

"That's what we get for mooning round up here in the air," declared practical Red Chisholm. "Come on, gang. Let's find a camping place."

We descended to our packs, and picking up the trail of our friends the bears, followed it across the crater,

(Continued on Page 50)

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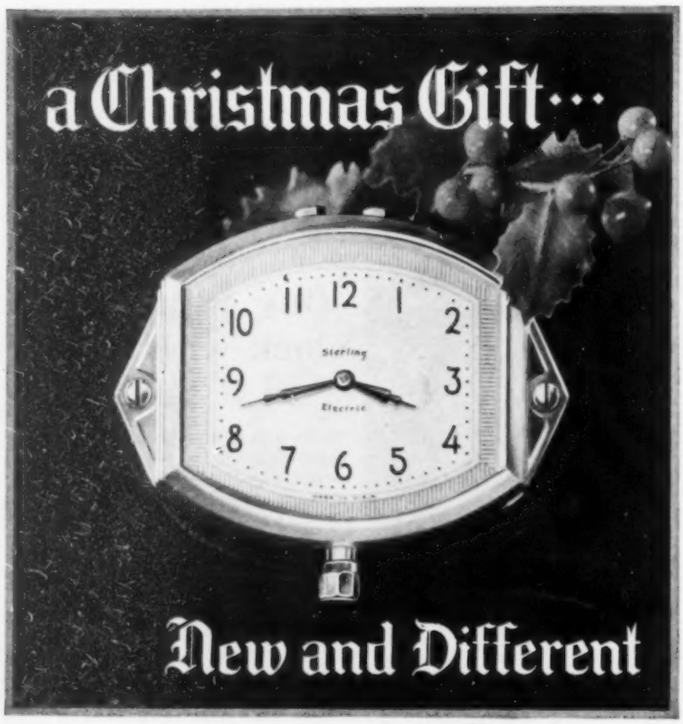

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knowing it would take us safely around the dangerous quicksands we had sighted. At the upper end of Surprise Lake we pitched our tent in a sheltered cove backed by a high cliff. In a natural refrigerator afforded by a near-by cave full of ice, we cached our supply of fresh caribou, and then began cutting alders for a camp fire.

While we were squatted happily outside the tent, eating supper, the sun began to set. I've seen sunsets in all parts of the world, but never have I beheld anything to equal the strangeness and the glory of those we witnessed nightly from the bowl of Aniakchak. Hungry as we were that first meal, we let our caribou steaks get cold as we watched.

With evening, the rivers, the lake, the mountain inside our walls took on Maxfield Parrish tints of apricot, rose and delphinium blue. The cloudless sky became a triumphant sweep of clear, pure gold. Clean-cut against it circled the crater's edge, every glacier between its pinnacles a frosted tourmaline. Presently, from outside, shy little clouds climbed up, peeped in between the peaks, and retreated, blushing rosy gold. A moment the serrated height remained sharp and clear; then up from behind it in leisurely magnificence rolled a tidal wave of opalescent clouds. It billowed and seethed in slow, ethereal rhythm before it broke and streamed splendidly down the 3000-foot wall, a Niagara of glittering silver shot through with rainbows. When it reached the bottom it started upward in the same unhurried way, taking on shades of platinum and flame as it climbed back into the waning sunlight to gather itself for another breath-taking descent.

This superb display, which continued for an hour before the colors faded, was due to a cosmic union—literally a wedding of the winds. For Aniakchak is on the ridge of the peninsula where winds and air currents from the warm Pacific meet and mingle with those from the polar seas.

A Crater of the Moon

At the end of the long northern day we crawled into our sleeping bags. My companions sank into slumber immediately, but I was so exalted by the events of the afternoon and the promises of the morrow, I couldn't close my eyes. That crater kept calling me to come out to see what it was doing in the starlight. After resisting an hour I eased myself from my bag and went outside the tent.

It was a still night. The moon, immense, round and extraordinarily close, poured its light into the crater, turning everything to pure silver. I stood on the lake shore flooded with the peace and beauty of being alone with God in His marvelous creation. Looking up at the moon high in the silvered blue, I had one of those wondrous moments of translation that come sometimes to one in the wilderness; I felt myself at home in the cosmos; at home up there on that bright lunar surface where, faintly discernible, the old sea beds spread out among the shining table-lands. Then the thought came: Suppose men like ourselves could live on the moon; they would, in the brilliancy of an earth-lit night, train their telescopes on our planet, searching for crater formations like unto their own. And they'd find one—perhaps the only one—right where I stood looking up inside the ring of Aniakchak. While I amused myself with this fantasy I became aware of something not quite in accord with the serene mood of the night. I felt someone—no, some thing watching me.

My gaze moved about the wide circle of the crater until I was looking across the half-mile width of the lake to the shadowed wall of Aniakchak. For one startled moment I thought I was moonstruck. For there, out of the face of that dark cliff, two immense wide eyes, each 100 feet long, were regarding me with an enigmatic, unwavering stare. Hastily I reached inside the tent for the binoculars and brought the phenomenon close. It was, of course, due to the elliptical formation of some pale substance low in the cliff. But those luminous subterranean eyes of Aniakchak had made such a weird impression on me I dreamed of them all night.

I solved the mystery the first thing in the morning. They were remarkably clean-cut ovoids of faded pumice embedded in stone—geologically known as "pumice in place," a rarity that delighted me beyond words. It was only in the moonlight that they took on that uncanny watching effect.

The Bears' Daily Dozen

Had I not my photographs taken during the following two weeks of exploration, it would seem now as if we had dreamed Aniakchak. A little sun-bathed world inside an Alaskan volcano! A summer home for animals, land birds, sea birds, where every creature was either singing and laying eggs or raising young. The tundras were awhir with wings of ducks, geese, bos'n birds and snipe. Willow grouse, just beginning to lay, supplied us with fresh eggs. We were on yapping terms with a colony of foxes who had converted an adjacent cinder cone into an apartment house in which they were bringing up families. Mating birds sang day and night in the alders. Sea gulls sat on the ridgepole of our tent. The innocent friendliness of snowshoe rabbits actually embarrassed us, because we had to kill one occasionally for food. They were of such size that one made a full meal for five of us.

Then there were the bears. We could see them shambling in the distance, or sometimes standing on a cliff to look down curiously on our tent. They entertained us with aerobatics each evening. On a wide ledge just above the Eyes of Aniakchak stood a rhyolite plug, some ten feet high, which they used for scratching purposes and for play. It was laughable to see those shaggy beasts, the largest carnivorous animals on earth, scramble up the plug, poise there a moment, and then, with comic gravity, slide down like children on a chute.

Despite their ponderous playfulness, we were glad they expressed no desire for intimacies. A few weeks later it might have been different, for Surprise Lake, even though it owed its bright colors to iron-soda-bicarbonate springs, was alive with trout and millions of fingerlings. It was a spawning place for salmon during July and August. All about its edge ran a trail trodden a foot deep by generations of bears who fished there each season. Cannery men had told me they could always pick out an Aniakchak salmon because of its peculiar structure; and no wonder, since the little fellows were raised on soda water.

Naturally contact with this wild life was delightful—all except one experience I had with eagles. There was an aerie in the cliffs about 200 feet above

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Wake up those Drowsy Dollars

Your dollars—once bright and new—are they sleeping, shrinking in your store . . . . tied up in sluggish merchandise that won't move because it is uninvitingly displayed?

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Declining commodity prices mean that your merchandise must turn over faster than ever in 1931.

You can't accomplish this in a haphazardly planned or poorly equipped store. You must *modernize*—key your store to the tempo of modern merchandising!

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"THE ROYAL FAMILY"
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CHARLES ROGERS
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The Perfect Fool
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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

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the lake. Eager to photograph an eagle at home, I stripped off my revolver one morning, strapped my camera to my back and climbed the face of the cliff until I was looking into one of the nests.

It was six feet across, a crisscrossed mass of small alder limbs, with a comparatively small depression in the center containing two goose-size eggs. About the edge of the nest lay the skulls and bones of four foxes—evidence substantiating the trapper's statement that every eagle every year does a potential damage of $2000 to fur-bearing animals. Clinging there, I was maneuvering my camera into place when the air was pierced by a blended sound like the roar of a mad grizzly and the screech of a dry cross-cut saw. I glanced up to see two large white-headed eagles circling angrily above me.

The Only Noble Eagle

Eagles attack from the rear—and there was I, my face plastered against the cliff, my toes digging into a six-inch ledge, one hand clutching a rock above me, the other holding my camera. Hastily I thrust the strap of the camera between my teeth and freed one hand. The assault began about thirty feet up. The eagle folded her wings, dropped like a bomb to within a few feet of me, and spread her pinions again just as she shot out yellow claws to spike my head. Had I cringed, that strike would have torn off my scalp and knocked me to the rocks 200 feet below. But I swung on one arm to face her, thrusting up my empty hand as if holding a pistol aimed to shoot. She fell away with a squawk, and rose just as her mate swooped down on me.

Alternately they came at me, each attack a little closer. I kept swerving to face them, putting up a bluff that was rapidly becoming desperate. I tried, unsuccessfully, to yell to the boys, but that camera was swinging from my clenched teeth. Other eagles soared into vision. The sky seemed full of them, all mad and screeching. I began to get a bit nervous. Should more than one attack at a time, I was a goner. Then I heard a shout from below, and saw that Ken Chisholm was climbing up to me with a revolver in his hand. He paused to shoot whenever he could do so without endangering me. This gave me a chance to go a little higher and get the pictures I wanted.

We descended together, Ken shooting continuously to keep off the persistent eagles. When we reached the earth there were fourteen furious birds circling above the aerie.

"Padre," said Ken, jamming the revolver in his belt and squinting up at the aerial display, "there's only one place where an eagle really looks noble, and that's on the back of a silver dollar."

Our first trip was to the top of Vent Mountain. We chopped more than 2000 steps up the steep frozen slope and roped one another up a series of cliffs before we reached the knife-edged rim. We looked in, expecting to see a shallow cavity filled with snow. Instead, we saw a pit 1000 feet in diameter. Its sheer slopes of flame-hued rock dropped to piles of lava some 600 feet down in the heart of the mountain. We detected no smoke, but the absence of snow inside indicated internal heat; perhaps a dormant volcano.

It was only from this central altitude that we could really appreciate the enormity of Aniakchak spreading below. We were so high Surprise Lake looked like a pond. Standing in the sunshine on the brink of one mountain crater we saw circling us the serrated edge of a larger crater that inclosed a potential national park the like of which has never been known before. It contained a bit of every strange geological phenomenon found in the combined national parks of America, including Hawaii, together with the grizzlies and caribou of the Mt. McKinley national monument thrown in for good measure.

From Vent Mountain we made a map locating the places we planned to visit.

Owing to lava flows, quicksands and bubbling mineral springs, it took a good day to go from our camp to the opposite side of the great basin and return. But every trip revealed new wonders, many of which were of a scientific nature.

When the snow vanished from the meadows and tundras, which it did almost overnight, the long hours of sunlight forced vegetation to quick, vigorous growth. There was a profusion of early Alaskan wild flowers—shooting stars, irises, buttercups and sweet white orchis. In the lava near our camp ferns of exquisite delicacy came out and in two weeks attained a height of two feet. About the lake acres of violets sprang into bloom; at night we could smell their cool fragrance as we lay in our tent.

But it was the Avernian caldron, that spider-web formation of flaming color that gave us our greatest thrill and the glory of a real discovery. When we reached the outer edge of the gigantic web, we found it was formed of high lava ridges, some of them 200 feet above our heads. The lava, when hot, had welled up and flowed into the pattern that had so bewildered us the day we entered Aniakchak. It was a labyrinth further complicated by eaves, bridges and yawning crevasses, all of which were still packed with soft snow. Feeling like pygmies, we floundered and climbed for an hour before we reached the central part—the natural stadium.

The Bewitched Stadium

We could see now that it was an enormous cinder cone with a depressed top, yet so like an amphitheater that it was difficult to believe it was not the work of men's hands. The outside slanted steeply to a height of about 175 feet. We climbed to the summit and then descended the inner slope to the floor of the colosseum. The inside walls were peculiarly streaked with pink and white and crimson, giving the illusion of a grand stand packed with a gayly dressed crowd on the afternoon of a big game.

As we stood in the center of the vast field looking about us, my noisy companions suddenly stopped talking. There was something uncanny about that illusory football audience, so immovable, so silent. There was enchantment over everything, a supernatural hush, as if we had stumbled on to a bewitched stadium, 2500 miles from the nearest athletic field.

Abruptly, as if to throw off the spell, big Red Chisholm, a tackle of all-American fame, gave a quick order. Instantly we five began to pass an imaginary football, dodging and tackling one another with burlesqued earnestness and a humpty-dumpty technic that soon had us helpless from laughter. We all knew it doesn't do to let Alaska awe you into silences that last too long.

We crossed to the other side of the stadium and climbed out to find ourselves tangled in another labyrinth higher than the first. After scrambling about in this maze for some time we made for an arch in the lava wall ahead and crawled through. Never shall I forget the thrill of the next moment. Aniakchak, we had been told, was a dead crater, but there, before our eyes, lay a miniature Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes! Its floor, between high ridges of lava, was dotted with fumaroles brilliantly incrusted with crimson, orange and blue, and every vent was sending puffs and billows of steam into air that was heavy with the smell of sulphur.

We had often noticed vapors in this section, but believing Aniakchak inactive, we had attributed them to melting snow and clouds wafting down from the high rim. Now, joyful over this wonderful discovery, we ran forward, shouting at the top of our lungs: "She's active! She's alive!"

The Beauty Parlor of the Bears

We rambled from fumarole to fumarole, poking at their vivid incrustations, enlarging vents, dipping our ice picks into pots of steaming mud. Everywhere the soft clay was crisscrossed by bear tracks; and it was evident from the quantity of loose grizzly hair we saw that most of the bears in this part of the peninsula came in here for mud baths, which helped them to shed their winter coats.

It was long after lunchtime when we put a pot of snow water over one of the vents and, after its quick boiling, pledged one another in coffee cooked by heat from the subterranean fires of Aniakchak.

I am familiar with other great craters of the world, both the subsidence type and the explosive. Subsidence craters, as the term implies, are formed by a collapse of the roof of a cavity. The walls are generally low. The largest and some of the best-known craters on earth are of this kind: Kilauea, in the Hawaiian Islands, 2.93 miles in diameter; the pit of Crater Lake, Oregon, five and a half miles in diameter; Ngorongoro, East Africa, twelve miles in diameter, and Aso-San, in Japan, dimensions nine by fourteen miles.

But there attaches a keener interest, a greater wonder to the explosive type, which exemplifies the tremendous volcanic fury of our earth, especially if the vent is active. When I plumbed the depths of Katmai last summer it was known as the largest active explosive crater in the world. But compare its diameter of three miles with our newly discovered active Aniakchak, six and three-fourths miles across, with a dormant volcano in its center and a little Valley of a Hundred Smokes at one side.

Surely Alaska could offer nothing more amazing in the way of craterforms than this, we told ourselves after we had reluctantly broken camp and were heading out through The Gates. But we had not yet seen Veniaminoff, twice the height of Aniakchak. Veniaminoff, grim weather breeder of the Western Hemisphere, where winds meet and storms are born that sweep down the entire western coast of America. Its fog-swathed feet are guarded by miles of tundras and low barrier mountains of black sand and lava. Its lofty head is wrapped in clouds that lift but once or twice in a year. Black Peak, the natives call it, because of the dark smoke that has in the past

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Universal's Weekly Chat

Bessie Love

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(Continued from Page 53)

climbed the skies above it. Only one of its eruptions is of official record—that of 1892—but while I was in camp on the coast, sixty miles away, I made a cross cut in the shore and exposed six distinct layers of volcanic ash, which indicated as many major explosions.

From the moment we shouldered our 100-pound packs and started for Veniaminoff, Alaska, which had hitherto smiled on us, gave us a sample of her malignant powers. It rained nearly every day. Gales blew with a velocity that forced us to our hands and knees. Glacial rivers, while we were wading across them, raised suddenly, trying to sweep us off our feet. We sank waist-deep in quicksands. Tundra nigger-heads rotated beneath our weight and threw us into the black muck. Miles of meadow grass, shoulder-high, impeded our steps. We got entangled in impenetrable thickets of low alders and had to cut our way through. Our clothes were shredded, our hands torn. And every moment, even in the heaviest rain, clouds of gnats and mosquitoes surged into ears, eyes and nostrils until we were nearly suffocated.

Veniaminoff or Bust!

At night we'd build a camp fire, hoping the smoke would drive the pests away, but they actually played over the flames. In my breviary, which I read each evening, I unintentionally pressed two or more every time I turned a page. After two days our faces looked like raw beefsteak; our eyes were swollen nearly shut. For two weeks we never had a good night's sleep or a dry garment on us.

I don't believe I could have hired men who would have stood by me on that trip. But my university fellows had come for the love of adventure; each had parted with some cherished possession in order to finance himself for the expedition. Now, under these harrowing conditions, they not only plodded along in the rain under their heavy packs without complaint but they enlivened our progress with wise cracks. They turned the Russian name of our mountain objective into a rather pungent yell, which they uttered with gusto, through mosquito-bitten lips, every time one of us got mired in the quicksand.

It was Fourth of July when we reached the base of Veniaminoff, and as if to reward us for our efforts, the rain stopped, clouds lifted, and toward sunset we got our first glimpse of the mountain. The height of it took our breath away.

Imagine a Brobdingnagian stone cup forty miles wide, 8400 feet high, with ice spilling over its notched brim and running down its sides in dozens of glaciers. The last rays of the sun penciled the top with frigid rose. The hanging tentacles of ice were fiery azure. The black walls were scored with narrow valleys separated by perpendicular ridges that ran down the mountain in places like the Great Wall of China. Here was a mountain foe such as I had never before encountered in all my world-wide climbing. While it was yet light I studied every mile of it through the binoculars and planned my attack as a general plans a campaign.

Two weeks later we were still trying, unsuccessfully, to scale those black, forbidding heights. Day and night our ears had been filled with the thunder of snowslides that storm and clouds had hidden from us. In our attempts to ascend thirteen different valleys and glaciers, I had employed every trick of climbing I had learned in the Alps, yet each time Veniaminoff had forced us back.

The last time we moved our camp the clouds lifted again for half an hour, and we looked up to see a startling thing. Out of a V in the crater's rim a monster crab of glistening ice appeared to be crawling down toward us. Between its curved front claws it clasped a naked cliff 1000 feet high. We decided to climb one of those claws in a last desperate attempt to reach the top of the mountain. Next morning, though we started before daylight had come to the valley where we camped, we saw the sun-bright crest of Veniaminoff floating high above a sea of dark clouds. We lost sight of it, however, as we plunged into the gloom of the lower world and began to pick our way through somber hills of black sand and rough beds of lava. Five miles of such going, still in darkness, brought us to the ice plane below Crab Glacier. We could see it in the dusk, ice covered with coal-black ash and cleft with indigo crevasses. It was chilling, unnatural. A heavy mist began to fall.

We roped ourselves together and zigzagged through a nightmare land of ice bridges and towers and wild human-like figures, all shrouded in black ash. The mist thickened to a gray smothering fog that hid us from one another. Dim shapes seemed to advance and retreat as we made our way forward. Soon all sense of direction was lost. We groped blindly through a frigid region that might have been Dante's lower inferno where Lucifer sat embedded in ice. There was the muffled bombilation of distant avalanches and a strange, deep roaring that grew louder as we blundered on through the mist. After a long while we came to the bottom of what proved to be a hill of ice. We chopped our way to the top. And there we clung, staring across a space at the most horrible natural phenomenon I've ever seen. Out of the thick fog, high up, spouted a waterfall that plunged down into a purple pit in the ice, and disappeared. Just that. But in the stark simplicity of the thing there was something that made reason totter as one looked.

The Last Try

It was Providence that guided us back to our camp. We arrived at night, exhausted, and for the first time during the summer, downhearted. Three days more and we must be on our way back to the coast, where a southbound steamer was to call for us on a certain date. We dared not miss that boat. Our food was gone and we were already living on our guns. But we couldn't let that grim mountain defeat us.

We had a conference, and as a result made a forced march of two days and a night. This brought us to a promising-looking glacier on the Bering Sea side. We found, later, that Russel S. Knappen, one of Sargent's engineers, had ascended on this glacier—the only man before us to reach the summit.

That night we camped high on Veniaminoff's flanks and for the first time in two weeks were free from mosquitoes. We had but one day left.

Would the weather be favorable? Or would Bering Sea, glimmering far below, send one of its man-killing storms to check us?

The sun sank a pale yellow ball in a sea of gray. Clouds lay above it, tinged with sickly yellow. Observing these portents of bad weather, we knelt down in the snow on that lofty slope and invoked the aid of heaven in what must be our last attempt to scale the mountain. Too excited to sleep, we lay all night in the open, watching mists trail across the high cold stars.

But morning broke, clear, beautiful. When we began our climb the world below lay under a shining sea of fog through which the peaks of distant volcanoes came up clean-cut into the dawn. As we roped and chopped our way up the glacier, the sun's heat increased until it was beating down, searing us like a white-hot flame. Ice melted into rivulets beneath our crawling hands and knees. Sun-struck pinnacles stabbed our eyes with their glitter.

On Top of the World

After eight hours of body-racking struggle, during which the summit seemed to get no nearer, we suddenly saw a bare ridge of lava above. Excitement shook us, for we felt again that immensity of space beyond, that wonderful sensation of coming on something unknown. We scrambled up the last fifty feet and paused on the crater's brink to give thanks for our safety and our success. Then we advanced together and looked down into the heart of Veniaminoff.

The rim was twenty miles in circumference, 2000 feet deep, and the bottom of it was filled with ice—twenty-five square miles of ice—steaming at the edges. In the center of the vast glacier rose a white mountain that was smoking from a molten red crater in its peak. While we were gazing, spellbound, there was a rumble and a cough and the cone blew from its burning throat a cloud of coal-black ash.

Our efforts had been crowned with a glorious reward; something hitherto unknown; something undreamed of—a live crater filled with a glacier! A belching volcano packed in ice!

That was a day to hold in memory—crystal air, a sky wide and blue, and I, with my dear companions, on the hard-won vertex of Veniaminoff, cresting the Alaska Peninsula. "Thou hast put all things under his feet. . . . He shall have dominion also from sea to sea." . . . Biblical promises of power came to my mind as my eyes swung away from the marvel before us to rest on the country below.

On one side of the mountain lay Bering Sea, green, peaceful, shimmering away toward Siberian shores. On the other, the blue North Pacific rolling southward into the silver distance. Straight ahead, pointing toward Asia, the long finger of the peninsula, with its line of lofty cones. And back of us? From another point of vantage we gazed with a look of farewell: Rivers shining in a soft blue haze, and miles away, like a dear, familiar face, the vast white circle of Aniakchak, with the tip of Vent Mountain rising in the center.

Those valiant ones who stood "silent, upon a peak in Darien" could have known no keener exaltation than we, standing thus on the rim of smoking, ice-filled Veniaminoff, the only crater glacier known on earth, and gazing into sun-flooded Aniakchak, the largest active crater in the world.

The answer to every question in the annual guessing-game...

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS

A THOUSAND THINGS will run through your head. But you can't find a more useful and appropriate gift than an Eveready Flashlight.

There are at least 365 reasons why that goes for everybody on your list. It gets dark every night—365 times a year. And darkness drips with danger!

But not around an Eveready! Its rapier ray rips holes in night . . . shows the way . . . and shows what's *in* the way. Give Eveready Flashlights for Christmas, and you'll give safety after sunset.

No matter whom you have on your Christmas-list, there is an Eveready for them. No. 2671 is ideal for the motorist. It will help him fix a "flat" at night. And he can use it to look at the gas-tank or a flooded carburetor without fear of fire.

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The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) from WEAF over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 27 stations.

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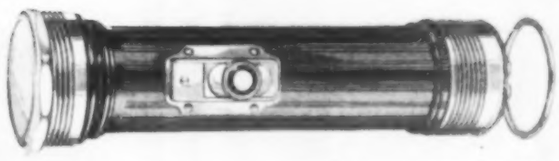
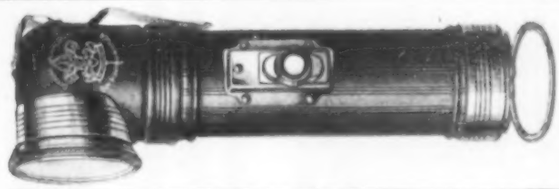
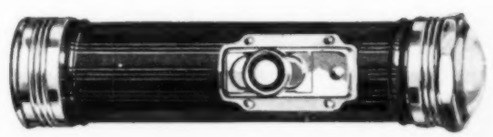
A practical light for doctors, nurses, and every one who uses a flashlight frequently. 95c, complete with battery.

For Father
No. 2671—a two-cell, focusing Eveready. Finished in red, blue, or black. Shoots a beam of light 400 feet. $1.50, complete with batteries.



For a Boy
The Boy Scout Eveready. Finished in khaki to match the Scout Uniform. Men who camp like this light too. $2, complete with batteries.





For Mother
EVEREADY No. 2602. *A small-sized light which is convenient for a woman or girl. Finished in blue, black, or old rose, $1.15, with batteries.*

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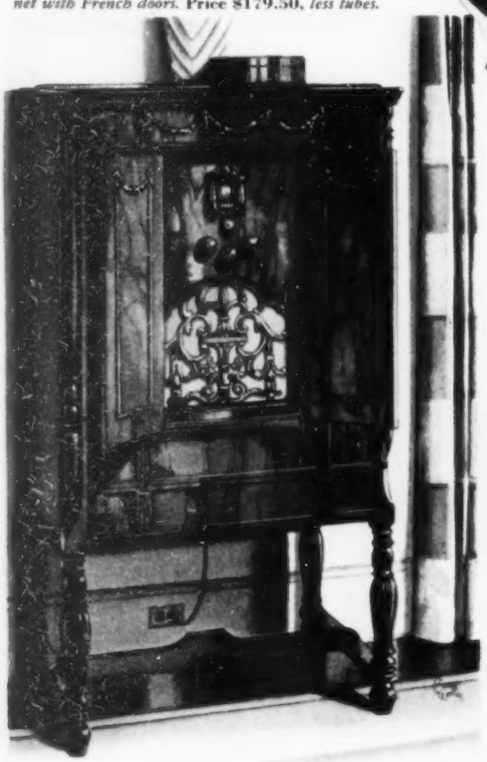
EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

GATHER ALL THE WEALTH OF THE Yuletide Christmas

THE HIGHBOY—*9 tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne, fitted with local-distant switch and tone control. Remote control available at additional cost. Brown walnut cabinet with French doors.* **Price $179.50,** *less tubes.*



—the time of wonderful music, the familiar beauty of age-old carols, the chiming of great bells, famous choirs singing superb anthems—Bring *all* this vast offering of Christmas music into your home with a new realism, a greater richness of musical tone—on a *G-E Full Range Radio.*

Let the *Full Range Sensitivity* reach out and bring you *your choice* of this Christmas music from stations beyond the reach of less sensitive sets. *The Full Range Selectivity* will prevent overlapping between two programs. *The Full Range Tone* will bring you *all* the richness of the music with matchless tone fidelity.

THE STUDIO LOWBOY—*7 tube, Screen-Grid ... iver, 4 tuned circuits, Power Screen-Grid ...tector, push-pull audio, new type dynamic ...producer—Compact in size. Handsome ...ved front cabinet—dimensions 34⅝" x ...½" x 12⅞",* **Price $112.50,** *less tubes.*

THE LOWBOY—*9 tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne. Fitted with local-distant switch. Remote control available at additional cost. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finished. Early American design.* Price $142.50, *less tubes.*

THE RADIO—PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION *9 tube, Screen-Grid Super-Heterodyne. Local-distant switch, tone control and home recording equipment including attachable microphone, 4 blank records and 2 special needles. Brown walnut cabinet, satin finish.* Price $285, *less tubes. Remote control available at additional cost.*

Those whose Christmas Gift to the family or friends takes the form of a General Electric Full Range Radio will be giving a new joy for countless evenings to come. For this modern screen-grid super-heterodyne receiver marks a lasting advance in Radio design.

Go to your nearest G-E Radio Dealer today and hear for yourself the wonderful performance of G-E Full Range Radio. Note the rare beauty of the handsome brown walnut cabinets. Any G-E Radio may be purchased on the Budget Payment Plan. If you desire further information write Section R-6212, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

FULL RANGE RADIO

"why CERTAINLY that can be arranged!"

THE man who smiles at you from a B & O ticket window isn't there just to pass out your ticket and change.

He wants to make helpful suggestions about your trip.

Often he knows that a later train than you intend to take will get you there just as quickly. Or that an earlier one will take you through a beautiful, historic part of the country during daylight hours.

Occasionally, he has even suggested a train on another railroad because it would fit in better with a passenger's plans.

Every month we receive letters from men and women all over the country who have ridden with us and who want to tell us of the courtesy or helpfulness of someone in our organization.

Sometimes they speak of a conductor who took charge of a little five-year-old traveler; sometimes we hear of a dining-car steward who undertook to have a very special dish prepared for an elderly lady. Perhaps a nervous old gentleman found he really could sleep because the engineer made an earnest effort to start and stop his train without jolt and jar.

We like to read such letters. All 70,000 of us—ticket agents, conductors, engineers, officers, and the rest—are extremely anxious to please you and make you comfortable on our trains. Won't you try our railroad next time you plan a trip East or West?

BALTIMORE & OHIO

70,000 OF US INVITE YOU TO RIDE ON OUR RAILROAD

PATTERN

(Continued from Page 15)

November browning the hollow. December whitening it. A network of shining skate trails on the ice pond now. Elder-blossom wine and pretzels, apples, cider and pop corn in clean warm kitchens through the hill lands. The smell of the fir tree in the Kissel front room at Christmas. The smell of wet woolens in the Reformed church. The Easter service. April's rains and May's fragrance.

It was May now in the Dutch country. It was May in the city. Ruth tilted her face to the soft wind that blew down a Philadelphia street. Lights and crowds and shop windows—she shivered a little.

"I said," Leslie repeated patiently, "whatever is got into you, Ruth?"

"Och"—she turned about with a start—"nothing, Leslie," she said. "I am a little tired only."

"You don't laugh no more than if you was at a funeral or something," he complained.

"Och, yes, I do," she contradicted, with forced brightness. "Where are we going now? To the Rialto drug?"

"Nowheres else." His shoulders straightened a little.

"Too much money you spend out on me," she murmured.

His shoulders went back a little more. He drew up in the glare of the Rialto show windows and as he threaded the mazes of its onyx-topped tables he was as assured as ever again. He rapped to summon a white-clad servitor.

"Rye for the lady, Scotch for me," he said, winking. His eye went quickly, expectantly, to Ruth.

The attendant grinned widely, but Ruth hadn't heard. Her eyes were fixed upon something just beyond Leslie's left shoulder, and what she saw was evidently no mirth-provoking object. Leslie looked back hastily. There was nothing there.

"Rye for the lady, Scotch for me," he repeated hopefully, a little louder. He leaned toward her, waiting.

"Och." She started again. "I will have the chocolate soda, like always," she said hastily.

Leslie sat back. He watched her with eyes which had gone suddenly lackluster.

"When I take a girl out around"—they had drawn up in the exact center of a block of row houses, each one with a flight of six stone steps, and Leslie spoke explicit words—"when I spend money out on a girl, I expect that she will at the least show sometimes a little pep."

"Och, Leslie"—Ruth's head went down—"I'm sorry, but I—I got worries on me tonight. I did not plan to tell you how that—that Paxton has said he won't require the use of me any more after Saturday."

"Whatever!" Leslie stared at her. "After you come out of one of the best schools for business it gives in the East?"

"Even." Ruth had taken her gloves off. She wrung them. "It is because I twist my sentences always in the letters," she wailed. "Like at the law office, and in the department store even before that, they want letters with the untwisted sentences always. Och——"

"Look here, Ruth." Leslie's voice was abused. "Times is bad. I can't look up such a new job for you every month even. Why don't you make harder at it?"

"Make hard!" she moaned. "Make hard? So hard I make to untwist them that they snarl themselves up even worse into knots for me!" Her head went down into her hands. "Always! Always!" Sobs choked her.

Leslie looked at her in acute discomfort for a moment. He put his hand out and patted her shoulder a little. He withdrew it again. He braced himself in the car, swallowed, looked wildly up to the sky and down again. He opened and closed his mouth a couple of times.

"We will get ourselves married then," he said at last in one generous gulp. He listened, and seemed to hear the noble words reëchoing in the silence. An expression of extreme self-satisfaction settled upon his sharp features.

Ruth's shoulder stiffened under his arm. The stiffness spread until it held her entire body, even her tongue. "I—I"—she sought wildly for words—"I can't anyhow marry till pop has been dead a year already," she said frantically.

Leslie started as though he had been pushed bodily backward. "You can't what?" His eyes were upon her in amazement.

"I can't marry within the year after pop was took off," she repeated.

"Till July, you mean?"

"Till—till July."

"Och, well. Anyhow." Leslie's self-esteem began swiftly, surely, to ebb back. "What makes it a month or two?" he asked generously. "Only you got in the meantime to have something to do. Let me think oncet." He thought. "Would you want to go back onto the farm and wait?"

"Och, no." Again Ruth wrung her gloves. "I have sold out my share and——" Tears blurred her voice.

"Listen here." Leslie looked at her in alarm. "Don't cry again on me," he begged. "I will think up something. Let's see. You could go again to the agencies around or—— Wait! Listen, oncet." He dived into his pocket and brought out a wallet. He plucked a card from it and held it out to her. "Futures while you wait still," he exclaimed airily. "Rabbits out of hats and jobs out of pockets! Take this here. Take it around to this Mr. Graham tomorrow and say how I have sent you."

"'A. E. Graham,'" Ruth read. "'Antiques,' or whatever. Will he not want the letters to be"—she shuddered—"untwisted?"

"A secondhand store or whatever he keeps," Leslie explained, "where I sell some of Kissel's dishes at. His wife took appendicitis on him and he could maybe use you for a while to help out in the store and keep the books. Now listen." He helped her out of the car, escorted her up the steps. "Remember it is like I said," he admonished. "When I take a girl out I expect that she will at the least laugh oncet or twicet in the evening. Just because"—he looked at her with sudden pride of possession—"you look like Helen of Troy or something without smiling is no good reason you shouldn't laugh, ever. You understand it," he warned playfully; "I want a wife who makes gay."

"Och, yes," Ruth said forlornly. "Good night, Leslie."

She stood at the narrow window of her little room and stared down the narrow street to where the arc light made a yellow island at the corner. May. It was May in the city. The spindling tree which was two red brick stories down was trying desperately to put out its pallid buds. Even through this small city window the smell of May came faintly, or was it merely her memory of the smell of May? Ruth stared down the street with that same expression with which she had looked over Leslie's shoulder in the Rialto. She twisted the card which said, "A. E. Graham, Antiques," into a small ball; she smoothed it again. Had she or had she not said she would marry Leslie Schlegel in July?

"Och, no!" she breathed fierce protest. "That I could not marry before July I said only."

But he'd understood her to mean that she would marry him in July. "What else is there, anyhow, to do?"

She was on her knees suddenly, her head on the window sill. "Och, if he would not be so Smart Aleck and citified always," she sobbed. "If he would not be so smooth your hands could not catch onto him anywheres ever! If—if he would not talk so slippery always, but more honest and true——"

She raised her head again, and again stared wearily down the street. It was true. The glamour had gone from Leslie Schlegel even as it had gone from the moving-picture palaces, the restaurants, the lighted streets of the city. It didn't matter any more that Leslie's coats were molded at the shoulder, smooth at the lapels. Ruth wiped her eyes, but her heart continued to beat heavily. "I got a homesickness on me, only," she murmured excuse. "I got a homesickness for"—her thoughts veered in a panic—"for pop."

She stood up and smoothed the card and placed it in her bag. "I got to marry him," she thought helplessly. "It gives nothing else I can do. They—they don't want me in their offices and the money is gone. I—I can't go back home to them steps where were glad to see me off the farm. I"—tears sprang to her eyes—"I can't look again ever into Christian's eyes. Not—not ever."

Albert Graham was small and round and as dusty as his shop. Behind his spectacles his small eyes twinkled shrewdly.

"You know a little about antiques?" he asked.

"Nothing," Ruth said honestly "But I could maybe learn."

She was in a black sateen smock of Mrs. Graham's then, making her way between lanes of dusty, queer-looking small stools, tables, bookcases, chairs, mirrors; she was looking up one picture-and-plaque incrusted wall and down another; she was picking up jewel boxes, statuettes, small clocks, medals, vases, ornaments, carved pieces, blowing the dust from her fingers.

"Just poke about," her new employer told her. "Learn the stock."

"Och, yes, Mr. Graham." She poked about. She finished with the outer room and stepped into an inner one. "Och!" Her hand went swiftly to her throat. That homesickness dropped from her like a mantle and the heaviness about her heart lifted.

"You got red ware, Mr. Graham!" she cried. "Spatter you got and slip! Pine cupboards and the painted chests! Scenery clocks even! Och!" She flew from piece to piece. She was on her knees before a small heap of pottery of a familiar mellow red. "Crocks," she crooned, holding one close to her cheek. "The red-ware crocks you got even!"

"Why not?" Mr. Graham asked practically. He came to the door and looked down at her. "You will make a good saleswoman," he approved. "Come on out now." He thrust his head into the room again, an hour later. "You will dust the patterns off my Dutch ware, if you aren't careful."

"Patterns," she repeated slowly. "Patterns." She fingered a plate. "Burned in they are, Mr. Graham," she told him seriously, "and couldn't rub off ever. Tulips and peacocks and pomegranates, doves and deer and witches' feet, all the things of home, burned into these here plates. Tulips for luck, pomegranates for peace and plenty, doves—doves for love always."

"Tulips for luck all right"—Mr. Graham laughed—"if I get the prices I have marked on the back. Come on out now and have a look at the books."

Ruth came, but slowly. She had an upturned piece of tulip ware in her hand, and her eyes, puzzled, sought Mr. Graham's. "You—you made some mistake?" She held the plate out to him, her finger on a blue-penciled price mark.

"Of course not," he said hastily. "Those plates are old. They're historical, you know, Miss Bouymaster. . . . Now, look here; this ledger——"

"Old they are not," Ruth corrected earnestly, "but are made up in that Kissel pottery near to my home. See, it is Christian's mark. A year or two it maybe is, but no more."

Mr. Graham took the plate from her. "Don't talk so loud," he admonished. "Just now it is these ledgers we must think about."

"Och, yes." She was still puzzled, but followed his finger obediently down one page after another.

"You say you know where the pottery is that turns out that stuff?" He came back to the subject again before leaving for his luncheon. The shop was empty, but he lowered his voice.

"Och, yes, Mr. Graham. Why, with my eyes shut even I could go to it."

"H'm." Mr. Graham stroked his chin. "You are to mind shop while I have my lunch," he directed. "You aren't to speak of potteries or—or of any such business matters to others, you understand."

"I won't, certainly, Mr. Graham."

The door closed behind him and Ruth turned to the freshest-looking ledger on the desk. Her eyes were puzzled.

She leafed the book for a long time in silence, her finger going down one page, down another:

Purchased from Leslie Schlegel, November 9, 1929. . . . Purchased from Leslie Schlegel, December 3, 1929. . . . Purchased from Leslie Schlegel, January 4, 1930. . . ."

She closed the ledger slowly at length. "Och!" she said, startled. Her eyes were wide and blue.

"Well, then"—a smooth voice accosted her at the door of the shop at 5:30—"an antiquer you are now, is it? Step to yon chariot over and—— Och, Ruth"—Leslie's sharply cut brown brows slid up and down and his white teeth showed in a laugh as he caught her arm and pulled her close to him—"don't edge so away from me."

She edged still farther away. She sat as far away as the seat of the car permitted, and her profile was pale and cold.

"What now is the matter?" Leslie inquired with some heat. "Tired you

(Continued on Page 64)

Everybody likes

Whitman's CANDIES

Santa, who knows all candies, can't resist the SAMPLER.

It's his favorite. With its ribbon and holly decoration or bright Christmas wrap, he will leave it in millions of homes this year.

All over this broad land the shops and stores selected to sell Whitman's are overflowing with these sweets for the Christmas season, but they will melt away quickly. Do your Christmas shopping *now* to get fair selections.

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are again, maybe? Worried you are or something?"

She didn't answer until the car was started, until it had covered one, two of the city blocks. "Sorry only I am, Leslie"—her voice, too, was still and cold—"that you should so cheat one where was a friend and a neighbor."

"Whatever?"

"That Christian." Ruth's clasped hands tightened; her voice tightened too. "Why did you give over to him only twenty cents for such bowls you could sell for three dollars easy? Why did you take from him at sixty cents such decorated plates Mr. Graham give you five dollars for always? Pitchers and bowls the same, and platters and pie dishes. Them slip plates you got ten dollars for, cost only ——"

"Och!" He interrupted her with a shout of laughter. He'd brought the car to a stop now, and he threw his head back and laughed long and loud. "Don't get so silly on me, Ruth," he begged at length, wiping his eyes.

"Silly, even!" Anger woke in her voice. "You cheat, you steal almost, and from one where is your friend!"

"Cheat? Steal?" He frowned. "Look here, Ruth: it ain't stealing to buy for what you can, to sell for what you can. Good business it is certainly, but not stealing. Five stores I got now on my list to pay me crazy prices for that Dutch stuff. They don't ask me is it old." A grin broke again on Leslie's face. "Och, no, some careful they are not to ask. When customers come in they can then say only: 'I bought it off such a collector in the Dutch country.'"

"Five more stores you have where you cheat Christian out of his profits?" She sat, if possible, still farther away from him. "Where you cheat both ways ——"

"Five, yes. Soon I will have more. Och, Ruth, smile once at me. What matters it who cheats that dopplich backwoods dish maker? A gold mine he is for somebody; why not then for me? So dumb he is ——"

"Dumb!" Ruth cried. Bright color flooded her cheeks. "Dumb he is?" The chill was warmed from her voice now. "Dumb you call it to be good and true, to speak kind and to live honest. He lives by his true pattern, that Christian! You it is where are dumb, where have tried to change and are nothing. Smooth to look at, you are, and smart you talk always, but nothing true or kind it gives in you. Jokes—jokes you make till it kreistles me some to look at you even." She covered her face with her hands. She didn't see that Leslie's mouth had fallen a little ajar, that his versatile eyebrows were pinned high on his forehead.

"You are joking some yourself, I guess," he said at length coldly. "You ain't setting up in my own car and speaking out such comparisons of me to a yokel like that there Kissel, are you?"

"No longer"—Ruth's voice broke, her fingers twisted—"no longer I want to sit in your car than I can help myself, Leslie. You will let me out now, please."

Leslie swallowed. "Look here," he said hastily: "you are joking some, I guess. Look here: are we engaged together, or ain't we?"

"Engaged we are not, certainly." Her voice was low. "No more I want to see you even."

"You—you don't want to see me even any more?" The query came from Leslie in a gasp.

"No more." She seemed almost to have forgotten him now. She waited quietly until he had opened the door of the car; she walked ahead of him up the steps to the door. "Good-by, Leslie," she said.

"What do you plan ahead for to do?" he asked coldly. "Go back"—his brows twisted in angry convolutions—"to that dumb Kissel, maybe?"

"Och, no." Ruth's head went up in pain. Her suddenly shadowed eyes sought the way westward, up over the red brick walls that hemmed her in, on to where the sun was going down behind blue hills she could not see. "That"—a forlorn cry broke from her—"I can never do."

Ruth bumped down the rutted clay road which led into the hollow which held the Kissel pottery, in Mr. Graham's car, and the sweetness of May in her home country caught at her breath. Its soft winds played with her hair. The serenade of wren, oriole, bluebird and vesper sparrow fell on her ear. She closed her eyes to the drift of wild-plum blossom, opened them to the flush of mountain pink. She caught Mr. Graham's arm in a sudden, frightened gesture.

"What now?" he asked.

"You won't forget that I am to wait in the car in the lane?" she reminded him. "You—you won't say to them who it is where has sent you?"

"Just as you say."

Ruth's eyes were hungrily on the soft green hills, the fresh-plowed lowlands. "There it is," she breathed suddenly—"that ice pond. There I used to skate with—with ——" She shrank down into her seat. She didn't lift her head again or move until the car stopped in the lane.

"Could you hurry a little?" she begged.

"I won't waste time," he promised.

The car door slammed and he was gone. Along the hedgerow of cherry trees, up the path that bordered the kitchen garden, past the pond and under the apple trees, up to the very door of the Kissel pottery she followed him, her eyes closed. She could see every vine and branch and bush, every freshly whitewashed stone. She could catch a glimpse of Mrs. Kissel's shining kitchen window, with its row of potted plants.

"Now"—her teeth caught in her lip—"he has let him in." Christian would be in a blue shirt, a flush showing under his tanned cheek.

There was a quietness about the Kissel place. Taking courage, Ruth raised her eyes. She looked her fill at the neat landscape, the barn, the cider mill, the ice pond, the apple and plum trees coming to blossom, the red tile house roof warming in the sun. "Och"—the stiffness went from her body suddenly—"backwoods I called it. Here where peace is, here where my people have long ago put their pattern onto the land!"

She raised her head, startled, after a long time. Footsteps were approaching. Voices were coming near.

Mr. Graham's voice, testy: "I can pack them in, I tell you. There's no need for you to come down."

Another voice: "I can do it easy. You don't want them to get chipped up on you." Christian's voice; kind, as always; deep, as always. Ruth looked up into his startled blue eyes as he faced her above an armful of red ware.

"Ruth," he said only. "Ruth!"

"Well, Christian." Her voice was queer. Her head turned stiffly away from him.

"You'll have to get out," her employer said. For some reason he was jubilant. "What a bargain I struck," he murmured to her. "Let him pack the stuff away into the back of the car."

She got out.

"Ruth," Christian said again. He stood helplessly in front of her and words stumbled from him. "Right glad I am to see you—you are looking so well."

"You, too, look well," she said formally. Och, it wasn't true. He was thinner, thinner. The flush was gone from his cheeks. She walked quickly away from him, bringing her hand up to her throat in an effort to ease the pain which had lodged there.

"Nothing—nothing you have to say to me, Ruth?" The red ware was packed carefully away in the car now, and he was close to her again. "You won't come into the house for such a visit even?"

That stiffness held her. She couldn't look at him. "No time we got," she said.

"Ruth! You won't look at me even?"

"I cannot."

"Now, look here"—Mr. Graham's voice was cheerful—"if you decide to sell that plate I wanted, let me know. You will, won't you?"

Christian's hands had fallen to his sides. "There ain't," he said dully, "any reason I shouldn't sell it. Wait oncet. I'll get it."

He walked away, under the cherry row, along the garden path. In a few moments he was back, something round and flat in his hands—something in which the sun found rich reds and yellows.

"There," he said lifelessly. "There it is."

Mr. Graham's eyes lighted up as he reached for it. "I will give you five dollars ——"

Something flashed between them—something slight and tense, with cheeks that had gone suddenly pink, with blue eyes that were stormy. "My plate!" Ruth cried. "You cannot sell my plate over to him, Christian! Not—not ever. To me it belongs. To me only." She had it in her arms. She held it close, facing them.

Christian took a step toward her. Painful words were forced from him. "I—I didn't know you wanted it, Ruth. Dumb—dumb you called it, even. You—you do want it?" He advanced another step.

"If I want it?" she cried softly. "Och, Christian!" Her eyes at last met his, and they were dark with tears. "If you could ever again offer over to me such things as you once did with—with this here plate! If you could ever again ——"

"If I could!" he breathed. Before Mr. Graham's startled eyes he enfolded her in his arms. "Och, Ruth!" he murmured, close to her ear. "Ruth! Ruth!"

"Customers!" A cheery voice hailed them. "Ruth Bouymaster, even! Och!" The voice went high with surprise and warm with welcome. "Look at her oncet. As neat as wax and as sweet as honey, like always." Mrs. Kissel's cheeks rounded and reddened as her happy laugh went up and down the scale. "You can't start now away, just as the dinnertime," she scolded, outraged. "I got a ham end baked in a jacket. Beets I got in sour cream, and the crumb pie even ——"

Nobody heard her but Mr. Graham. He scratched the back of his head for a moment, looking at the spot where Ruth's face was hidden against Christian's shoulder. "Thanks," he decided. "I'll accept for the lady."

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TWO FOR ONE

(Continued from Page 21)

money without doin' nothin'. You-all admit that he dances good, an' therefore when the white folks give him money, there ain't nobody can prove that they mean all of it, or any part thereof, fo' you."

"But Lawyer Chew, what can we do?"

"Two things," said the barrister gravely. "Fust of all, you can quit playin'."

"Then we is gwine starve to death."

"Tha's right. I reckon that woul'n't be very comfortable. The other thing is that you can take Samuel Lime into partnership an' have a regular written contrack with him."

The thought was too much for the long-suffering Rancid. He struck an attitude.

"Never!" he shouted.

Yodel nodded agreement. And five minutes later they lurched from the lawyer's office, completely crushed.

During the afternoon they held a long and earnest discussion. In the end they decided that in as much as they were not earning anything anyway, their best strategy would be to take a vacation for several days and thus discourage the intrusive Mr. Lime. So they ate a light supper and lounged in their room until seven o'clock.

At 7:05 there came a thunderous knock on the door and Samuel barged in. He scowled down at the two trembling musicians.

"What does this mean?"

"Wh-what does which mean?"

"You-all sittin' heah?"

"Nothin', Mistuh Lime. We just don't feel musical this evenin'."

"Oh, you don't, eh? Why?"

"N-n-n-no reason."

Samuel came one step closer and the two little Negroes backed into a corner.

"There is a reason," he snarled, "an' I know good an' well what it is."

"What?"

"You-all still think I is stealin' yo' money."

"But we don't think nothin' of the kind."

"Yes, you do. 'Cause otherwise you would be out playin' like you do ev'y night. Now Ise gwine tell you somethin'. On account of what you-all is doin', Ise gwine beat you up plenty. Not 'cause you ain't musicianin'—that ain't the reason at all. But Ise gwine wallop you because you has insulted me."

Rancid and Yodel knew that they were meeting Disaster eye to eye. They knew precisely what Samuel was masking under his cleverly chosen logic: They could never claim that they were forced to play on the streets in order that Samuel might dance, and collect their money. They were about to be shambled simply because their refusal to play was construed by this powerful and warlike gentleman as a personal insult.

"We—we is just about ready to play," announced Yodel.

"Good. Then I ain't insulted no mo'."

They set out for the Southside, Samuel pacing a half block in the rear of the others. From the moment they struck the opening chord and Samuel executed his initial shuffling step it was quite evident that Mr. Lime was not insulted. In fact, by the time the evening ended, he announced calmly that the seven dollars collected during the evening had assuaged his injured feelings; and he said, furthermore, that he expected the musicians to be ready to embark upon their melodic travels again the following evening.

"I just love to heah you-all play," said he. "Tha's the on'iest reason I foller you aroun'. Then, you play so good I just nachelly has got to dance. And when folks insist on givin' me money fo' such, I cain't make 'em mad by refusin'."

After another evening of misery Rancid and Yodel suggested the hateful partnership. Samuel gazed at them in amazement.

"How come I should give you-all some of the money I make fum dancin'?"

"We play the music, don't we?"

"Tha's just accident. You-all on'y play the music to keep me fum gittin' insulted. Anyway," he beamed, "I won't be with you Monday night, 'cause I has got to go see Johnny Spade fight that boy fum Atlanta. Did you-all ever see Johnny fight?"

"Uh-huh. He's pretty good."

"He's the swellest cullud welterweight in the South, tha's what. An' he's a friend of mine. Ise gwine be at the ringside an' Ise gwine bet a heap of money on him. I got plenty too."

After two intervening evenings of enforced partnership with the shuffling Samuel, Rancid and Yodel were pleased to find themselves unmolested Monday evening. They collected a trifle more than seven dollars, and when they returned to their room Mr. Lime was there to greet them. He was in a generous and expansive humor.

"Johnny Spade knocked that other feller cold," he announced, "an' I won forty dollars."

"Gosh," murmured Yodel, not without guile, "with all that money I bet you ain't never gwine crave to dance in the streets no mo'."

"Wrong! But I tell you what I has decided to do: I has made up my mind to hire an orchestra to foller me aroun' the streets of Bumminham an' play fo' my dancin'."

A great gladness welled in the hearts of Messrs. Johnson and Harris.

"Who you gwine git?" they inquired.

"You-all!" announced Samuel.

Crash! went the highest hopes of the two musicians.

"An' fo' playin' yo' chunes ev'y night, Ise gwine pay you six dollars a week each."

"But we cain't live on no six dollars."

"Who said you could? You can work in the daytime, cain't you? Matter of fack, you is plumb lucky to git anything."

Yodel looked at Rancid and Rancid stared at Yodel. Their every instinct prompted rebellion, but a sober discussion of facts convinced them that they had better accept this awful fate and pray for a break in luck.

During two interminable weeks they traversed the streets of Birmingham as employes of Mr. Samuel Lime. Yodel and Rancid felt that this dreadful condition could not be permitted to continue. Lawyer Chew offered no help. In fact, he went so far as to state that by accepting a salary from Samuel they definitely had established their status as employes and estopped themselves from legal action. And because they feared physical consequences should Samuel's ire be aroused, they followed him docilely and played their best, which was very well indeed.

Then came the night when a thunder shower broke over the Southside and

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drove the troupe to cover. Samuel dismissed them for the night, and they drifted into Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor in the forlorn hope that a bowl of succulent Brunswick stew might alleviate some small measure of their misery.

Save for a dozen dusky gentlemen who were languidly poking near-ivory balls around the tables in the rear, Bud's was deserted. Only one other customer sat at the counter, and at first Rancid and Yodel barely glanced at him.

Then Rancid looked again. The man was quite impressive; not large, but certainly he was solidly built. Well dressed, but not elaborately so. The things which riveted the attention of Mr. Johnson were a vague familiarity of feature and the expression of unutterable loneliness which sat upon the stranger's countenance.

Rancid tried to forget the man who munched slowly on a barbecued lamb rib. But every so often his eyes strayed to the lower end of the counter, and he eventually became impressed with the idea that here was a person even more miserable than a mistreated street musician.

Besides, he was sure that he ought to know the stranger. Something about that face—surely he had seen the man somewhere. The matter worried him, and he finally spoke of it to Yodel. Mr. Harris studied the stranger, corrugated his ebony forehead, and finally broke into a smile of recognition.

"I know who he looks like."

"Who?"

"Black Yancey!"

Rancid knitted his brows, then nodded slow agreement.

"Dawg-gone if you ain't right, Yodel. He looks enough like them pitchers of Black Yancey to be his own twin brother."

"Maybe it's him," suggested Mr. Harris.

"Shuh! What would one of the best cullud fighters in the world be doin' in Bud's place without nobody knowin' who he was?"

"I dunno." Yodel was forced to agree with his friend's logic. Black Yancey bore a nation-wide reputation in pugilistic circles. A clever boxer and terrific hitter, he was regarded by some sports experts as the uncrowned king of the welterweight division. "But just the same, he don't look like nobody 'ceptin' Yancey."

"Yes, he does. He looks like us too."

"How you mean—looks like us?"

"He looks sad."

The other was forced to agree—in fact, he went so far as to state that the stranger was about the saddest-looking colored man he had seen in many a moon. "He not on'y looks sadder than us," he vouchsafed; "he even looks as sad as we feel."

With one accord they edged onto the stools adjoining that occupied by the newcomer. This person smiled in eager, friendly fashion.

"Stranger heah?" inquired Rancid.

"Uh-huh."

"Tha's too bad. My name is Rancid Johnson an' this is my friend Yodel Harris."

"Much obliged to meet you. My name is Blossom—Lefty Blossom."

Rancid and Yodel exchanged glances. Until that moment they would have sworn that the man was indeed the famous colored pugilist.

"Have a piece of merang pie," offered Yodel. "It's awful good in this place."

Lefty Blossom allowed that he would be delighted to absorb a piece of Bud's best pie. Also he insisted on purchasing coffee for them and showed a roll of bills which indicated that whatever misfortune might have befallen him, it was certainly not of a financial nature.

Within the hour they became fast friends. Mr. Blossom announced that they were the first persons to proffer friendship since his arrival in Birmingham. They protested that they had just naturally liked him.

"An' besides," chuckled Yodel, "we was thinkin' you was somebody which you ain't."

"Who?"

"Black Yancey."

Lefty's eyes narrowed. "How come you to think I was him?"

"'Cause you got the same kind of face. An' also 'cause you got a collard-flower ear like a fighter."

Mr. Blossom lowered his voice discreetly. "I is Black Yancey," he announced.

They were astonished and frankly incredulous. That the great Black Yancey should be sojourning in the South under an assumed name when many prosperous fight promoters were clamoring for his services at first-class clubs in various parts of the country seemed incredible, and they said so. Whereupon the stranger gave a full and plausible explanation. It seemed he once had indulged in matrimony with rather disastrous results. There had been a divorce and a multitude of suits. Alimony had been suggested by the court.

"But I on'y had to pay it as long as my wife was single, see? Did she ma'y again, she wasn't gwine git no mo' alimonies. 'Bout two months ago I found out she was runnin'aroun' with another feller, an' she woul'n't ma'y him 'cause she wanted to keep on gittin' money fum me. So I figgered out that if I disappeared she would maybe think I wasn't never comin' back an' would ma'y this other feller, 'cause she's the kind of a gal which if she ain't gittin' my money, she sho is gwine be grabbin' somebody else's. Tha's how come I don't crave her to know where I is. She has got to think I ain't never comin' back."

The story had the ring of truth, and during its recital Rancid and Yodel gazed significantly at each other. An idea was taking shape in their minds.

It was late that night before they put their scheme into words. And then, when they were certain that the newcomer was sincerely their friend, they unfolded their own tale of woe. They told of the evil-visaged Samuel Lime and of his intrusion into their very excellent livelihood; they told of the sudden change in their financial status; and before they finished, the other interrupted.

"Leave me get one poke at that feller," he suggested. "I'll paralyze him."

"Nossuh. That woul'n't do at all."

"Why?"

"'Cause yo' wife might git ma'ied again."

"What has my wife got to do with Mistuh Lime?"

"He would know you was our friend. Then he'd just wait till you left town an' plumb ruin us."

The muscular man agreed that this was at least logical, and then inquired whether they had an idea. They stated that they most definitely did have. Rancid put the scheme into words:

"This heah Samuel Lime is crazy 'bout a fighter named Johnny Spade. He thinks Johnny can beat anybody ——"

Their friend made a gesture of disgust. "I has seen that punk fight. I could beat him easy."

"Is you shuah?"

"Feller, it woul'n't even be a workout."

"Hot diggity dawg! An' would you?"

"Under the name of Blossom? Sure."

The conference then became enthusiastic. Briefly the scheme was this: That Messrs. Johnson and Harris were to finance Black Yancey through the training period and until the fight should have ended; that they were to keep his identity a secret and get him booked against Johnny Spade; and that they were to involve Samuel Lime in some tremendous wager—Mr. Lime to gamble on Mr. Spade's chances while Yodel and Rancid were to bet on Black Yancey.

"But what is that gwine git you," asked Yancey, "'cept a li'l' money which he will take away fum you right after I has left?"

"Plenty!" responded Rancid. "I can git Lawyer Chew to draw papers which will be binding, an' I'll make Samuel bet that automobile he drives aroun' in."

Yodel's lips expanded into a grin. "Boy, what you has got is brains!"

Rancid further explained the situation to their new friend.

"This Samuel Lime puts on lots of dawg, but he ain't nothin' but a gardener fo' some white folks which live in Mountain Brook. Fo' a long time they has been away in Europe, an' all their servants 'ceptin' on'y Samuel has got jobs with other families until their own folks come back. The folks he works fo' has got fo' cars—th'ee which they use fo' themselves, an' a li'l' sedan which they keep fo' their servants. When they went to Europe they put their big cars up an' stuck their li'l' car in the garage. Of co'se they didn't aim to have nobody use it, so they jacked up the car an' put the battery on charge. But after the regular chauffeur got him another job Samuel found where the keys was so he could unlock the garage an' the car. Then he fixed it up, rented a battery to put in it, an' he's been swellin' aroun' town in that car, sayin' it was hisn, when us know good an' well that it ain't."

"Yeh. But what has that got to do with fightin'?"

"Plenty. Samuel thinks Johnny Spade can beat anybody, an' when we talk about you, he is gwine think that we ain't nothin' but a couple of suckers which think you is better than you really is. Furthermo', he's a gamblin' fool, an' he 'specially likes to bet on sho things; so there ain't no limit to how far he'll go on Johnny Spade. An' us—we'll put up somethin' good against that car which he says is his. Then you win an' we win, an' if Lawyer Chew has drawed the papers proper, us will have the car; an' I happen to know that his white folks will be back pretty soon fum their trip."

"Then," objected the practical Mr. Yancey, "they'll take the automobile away fum you, an' you won't have nothin'."

"Oh, yes, we will," exulted Rancid; "'cause we'll have that paper Lawyer Chew is gwine draw which will show that Samuel said the car was his an' bet it. An' there won't be nothin' fo' him to do then but leave Bumminham fo'ever, on account the white folks will get sore about his stealin' their car an' mos' likely have him th'owed in the Big Rock else."

Mr. Yancey was wide-eyed with admiration.

The following evening they were most cordial toward Samuel. Collections were excellent. And once when they paused for refreshment at a colored barbecue stand, Mr. Johnson mentioned that he and Yodel were becoming interested in the prize-fight profession.

Samuel was amusedly tolerant at first. But when they mentioned that they had uncovered a welterweight who was a coming champion he laughed derisively and assured them that they were twice as dumb as they looked; a statement which neither could construe as a compliment. But they were very earnest and enthusiastic, and insisted that if Samuel saw their man training he would agree with them. The result was that the musical tour was canceled for the balance of the evening, and they adjourned to the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where—by prearrangement—Black Yancey was patiently waiting.

Mr. Yancey's appearance amused Samuel. The man was shy and, except for one slightly cauliflowered ear, didn't look at all like a pugilist. At Rancid's suggestion they moved into the tiny gymnasium and Mr. Yancey proceeded to don fighting togs and go through a training routine.

He was superbly ludicrous. He shadow-boxed awkwardly, launched roundhouse punches at an imaginary foe, tripped over his own feet, and made a spectacle of himself at the punching bag.

"Ain't he swell?" enthused Yodel.

"He's a punk."

"You is jealous 'cause you is friends with Johnny Spade, tha's all. Mistuh Blossom could lick Mistuh Spade."

Samuel laughed raucously. But when he saw that they entertained an almost fanatical belief in the ability of this gawky individual his eyes narrowed speculatively. He saw a bet in the offing, and immediately became canny.

All that evening and during part of the next morning they discussed a wager. Then Yodel and Rancid excused themselves and visited the offices of Lawyer Chew in the Penny Prudential Bank Building. Into the delighted ears of that erudite attorney they poured the basic details of their scheme, and the trained mind of their counselor did the rest.

Thereafter the musicians baited Samuel and Samuel baited them. And eventually a bet was made. Samuel Lime, knowing that Johnny Spade could paralyze this awkward stranger with a single punch, was eager and didn't hesitate to wager the car which he had borrowed and which he claimed as his own.

First of all, Lawyer Chew drew up an agreement which Messrs. Johnson and Harris signed. By the terms of this agreement the two musicians obligated themselves to perform for Samuel's dancing whenever and wherever he desired, at a fixed salary of one dollar a day each. The written agreement, Samuel knew, would make his present doubtful position as master of the troupe absolutely sound. And in addition to that, Rancid and Yodel further bet two hundred dollars in cash.

On his part, Samuel cheerfully signed a bill of sale for the car that didn't belong to him. It was a very definite bill of sale, which accurately stated car and motor number, and it conveyed the vehicle to Messrs. Johnson and Harris. Then Lawyer Chew stepped in with a suggestion. It appeared to him that

(Continued on Page 73)

America's approval echoed in distinguished European endorsement

Valvoline-lubricated Mercedes-Benz ("the fastest car in the world") before the Nabburger Gate of Amberg, Germany

TRADE MARK
REG. 1873

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THE ORIGINAL PENNSYLVANIA OIL

THE AMERICAN motorist who insists on giving his good motor car the benefit of the very finest lubricating oil the world affords, must take a natural satisfaction in seeing the oil of his choice likewise preferred and recommended by Europe's leading automotive experts.

VALVOLINE—the *original* Pennsylvania oil—which has enjoyed American approval for more than 60 years, holds an equally high and distinguished place among the designers, manufacturers and owners of Europe's famous cars.

Such a celebrated name as Mercedes-Benz in Germany means Valvoline lubrication—in the factory, in its tests, at its dealers, and among Mercedes-Benz owners. Horch and Hansa also in Germany, Minerva in Belgium, Austro-Daimler, Austro-Fiat and Graf & Stift in Austria, are others definitely associated in their brilliant performance with the *original* Pennsylvania oil—VALVOLINE.

The world around, in every season and in every service—highway, seaway, airway—mechanical engineering authority relies for vital lubrication on the *proved* and *uniform* quality of this fully-refined product of amber-pure Pennsylvania crude—*and no other crude.*

Here at home great names in industry, in motorcraft, in aviation, in oil retailing and service are linked inseparably with Valvoline since the days of Corliss, the first great genius who chose Valvoline. In Boston, for example, the fine old house of Jenney, whose ships as long ago as 1812 brought home cargoes of the then finest oil in the world—pure sperm whale oil—is the present-day dispenser of Valvoline to motorists seeking the best.

VALVOLINE *is the oldest copyrighted motor oil brand on the market today.*

If you would have your car reward you with sweeter, smoother running, easier starting in cold weather, more efficient and economical operation throughout a much longer life, lubricate with VALVOLINE. It costs no more than other high-grade Pennsylvania oils—35 cents the quart—and it is worth so much more!

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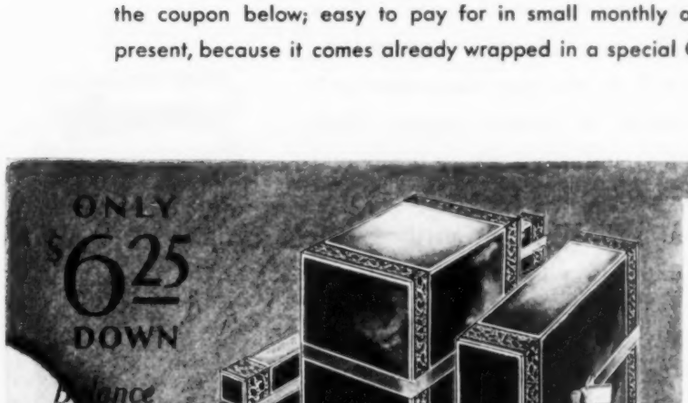
Domestic Division Offices—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles; Refineries, Warren and East Butler, Pa.
Foreign Offices—Liverpool, Paris, Hamburg, Johannesburg, Calcutta, Tokyo, Melbourne, Auckland, and Buenos Aires.

HOOV

GIVE HER A HOOVER AND YOU GIVE HER THE BEST

Not only is The Hoover the very best gift of its kind, but it is the very best kind of gift—sensible, sure to be useful, certain to give years and years of fine service. It is easy to give, too—easy to order by telephone or by the coupon below; easy to pay for in small monthly amounts; easy to present, because it comes already wrapped in a special Christmas carton.



THE HOOVER COMPANY, Dept. 24, North Canton, Ohio

Gentlemen: I am thinking of giving my wife a Hoover for Christmas. Please send one of your bonded representatives to tell me all about it.

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City ..... State .....

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Pipes were *born* for tobacco like this!

A PIPE without P. A. is like a locomotive without a track; it's not going anywhere in particular. In fact, if I couldn't get P. A., I wouldn't have any use for a pipe. Open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and *smell* what I mean. Then . . . load-up and light-up.

Cool as a copper's "Is this your car?" Sweet as his let-off, "Don't park here again!" Mellow and mild and long-burning, down to the last sweet drag in the bowl. Thousands of men who thought they could never smoke a pipe changed their minds when they met P. A.

Try some P. A. this very day, either in a pipe or rolled in the makin's papers. Then you will understand why I am so hidebound on the subject of smoking-tobacco. You can't be too particular about anything that means so much to a man's peace-of-mind.

No other tobacco is like it.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy-smoke!

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(Continued from Page 68)

Samuel should further execute an agreement pledging himself never to dance in public or private to music created by Messrs. Johnson and Harris, this agreement to take effect only in the event of a Lefty Blossom victory. Samuel—now quivering with eagerness to close the wager—consented readily enough, and so all papers were signed and left with the attorney in escrow.

Alone at last, Rancid and Yodel stared at each other. They were elated, but also they were impressed with the seriousness of what they had done.

"Y-you reckon," inquired Rancid, "that anything might go wrong?"

"Shuh! Boy, 'tain't possible."

"But sposin' it did? Sposin' Johnny Spade is a better fighter than what we think?"

"He cain't be that much better," insisted Yodel, as though struggling to convince himself. "Diff'ence between good fighters an' bad fighters is somethin' tremenjous. Black Yancey will murder him."

They were confident, but terrified. While Mr. Lime was making final arrangements for the fight, they supervised Yancey's training. Yancey did not look very *forte*. He seemed, in fact, almost grotesque. The courage of his backers was ebbing swiftly. They inquired how he expected to whip Johnny Spade if he couldn't make a more impressive showing against an imaginary opponent.

"Tha's all a stall," grinned Black Yancey. "The worser they think I is, the more odder the betting will be an' the mo' money you will make."

"We don't crave to be no milliumaires. Just gittin' Samuel Lime out of town will be enough fo' us."

"Tha's piker talk. A'ready they is bettin' th'ee to one on Spade. Now you-all fellers go out an' put up some money on me an' you'll git rich."

"We is payin' you fifty dollars," observed Rancid. "Shall we bet it fo' you?"

"Nope." Yancey shook his head. "I never bet on my own battles."

Their principal's refusal to risk money on his chances did not fill Rancid and Yodel with any enormous enthusiasm. But in spite of that they bet an additional hundred dollars against three hundred.

The colored citizens of Birmingham were interested in the forthcoming battle only because they were amused. Even Florian Slappey came to witness one of Black Yancey's comical workouts, and was convulsed with merriment.

"There's one thing shuah," commented Florian: "You-all cain't say that you didn't bring this on yo' se'fs."

That was what hurt worst of all. The whole thing had been of their doing. But they were in it now, and they gritted their teeth and prayed, and hoped for the best.

The night before the bout Messrs. Johnson and Harris lay awake, staring wide-eyed into the blackness.

They felt that they were on the threshold of vital and disquieting discoveries. Within twenty-four hours the tale would be told, and they didn't believe they were going to enjoy the climax.

Miserably they rose at seven o'clock. More miserably they ate a frugal breakfast. Then they rambled across town to the boarding-house room occupied by Mr. Black Yancey, alias Lefty Blossom.

Yancey was not in. The landlady informed the visitors that the colored pugilist had gone out for breakfast. She invited them to wait in Mr. Blossom's room. The room was in disorder. Clothes lay strewn about. Several newspapers were spread on the tiny table and across the top of the locked trunk.

Rancid walked to the window and looked out into a dismal Thursday morning. The skies wept with him. He heard Yodel light a cigarette and pick up a newspaper. Then he heard nothing more for perhaps three minutes.

Suddenly the voice of Mr. Harris, shrill with pain, split the quiet of the room. The feet of Mr. Harris struck the floor and the owner of those feet struck Mr. Johnson.

"Whoa is us!" shrieked Yodel. "We is ruint!"

Rancid whirled. "What kind of misery is that you utters with yo' mouf?"

"It's the troof! Look heah!"

Mr. Harris shoved under the nose of Mr. Johnson the sporting section of a Chicago Sunday newspaper. One trembling finger pointed to a neatly headlined item.

"Read that!" he howled. "Read it an' weep!"

The item was brief and to the point:

One of the most interesting battles of this week will be fought at the Walton Stadium Thursday night between Black Yancey, the colored phenom, and Carl Gladden, the Akron Wildcat. Black Yancey, who is one of the best welters in the game today, has completely recovered from a hand injury sustained a few weeks ago, and is figured by the faithful to win handily, though not without stiff opposition from the tough Akron lad.

"Thursday night?" blinked Rancid.

"Tha's what it says: Thursday night."

"Tha's this evenin'."

"Of co'se."

"But it ain't possible, Yodel. How can Yancey be fightin' in Bumminham an' Chicago on the same night?"

"He cain't!" groaned Yodel. "Tha's just the thing that ruins us."

Mr. Johnson sank limply into a chair. "Y-y-y-you mean ——"

"Ezackly! Black Yancey is fightin' in Chicago tonight, an' this feller which calls himself Yancey ain't that feller at all!"

"Oh, my gosh!"

"Mine too! Suckers which we was! It looks like to me that us was in an awful fix."

"What can we do?"

"Nothin'," moaned the other, "an' we might as well start doin' it right now."

Yodel mopped his fevered brow. "What are we gwine say to Blossom?"

"Nothin'! Nary word! We don't want him to know we suspeck anythin', an' we can just hope a miracle happens. Maybe Johnny might foul him or somethin'. Or Mistuh Spade might even git sick."

"We is the ones which is gwine be sick."

Thoroughly desolated, the two unfortunate conspirators drew a large amount of cash from the bank and circulated through Darktown attempting to wager this money on Mr. Spade. They learned that the general public shared their own pessimism.

They met Lefty in Bud's place at two o'clock in the afternoon. He was eating lightly, but with enthusiasm, and he wished to know why his managers had not waited to see him that morning.

"We just coul'n't stan' to look at you," explained Yodel.

"How come not?"

"We was afraid we would be thinkin' what a swell corpse you would make."

Lefty laughed jovially and slapped them on the shoulders.

"Ain't you got confidence in how this fight is comin' out?"

"Uh-huh," answered Yodel, "I shuah has. An' that ain't no lie, either." He lighted a five-cent cigar and leaned forward earnestly: "You really is gwine try yo' best, ain't you?"

"Sholy."

"Even if he hits you hard?"

"Man, Ise used to bein' hit hard!"

"I bet you is," moaned the little man as he departed from Bud's place, closely followed by his melancholy partner.

At 8:30 a goodly crowd of colored folks had gathered in the Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise hall. A staunch ring had been erected and on the minute a first pallid preliminary was staged.

Rancid and Yodel were in the front row. They felt as though they were attending their own funerals, and missed only the sympathy of the mourners.

Two preliminaries and a semifinal were fought. Then Florian Slappey, who had been chosen as referee, leaped into the ring, waved gayly at his friends and winked at Yodel and Rancid.

Down the aisle came the arrogant Johnny Spade, incased in a gaudy bath robe, and followed by Samuel Lime, who was carrying a bucket and grinning from ear to ear. The spectators roared approval as Johnny placed one hand on a ring post and vaulted over the ropes. He clasped his bandaged hands and waved them over his head in acknowledgment of the applause. He even grinned down in friendly fashion at the unhappy faces of Yodel Harris and Rancid Johnson.

Then a chorus of laughter signaled the arrival of Lefty Blossom. Mr. Blossom wore an ancient robe and was followed by a dilapidated youth who had been intrusted with the job of chief second.

This young man ostentatiously carried a sponge and a bottle of smelling salts, and just before he reached the ring, Mr. Rancid Johnson intercepted him and forcibly took the sponge.

"You ain't gwine have no use fo' that," he snapped. "An' I'd feel better holdin' it."

Lefty half tripped as he clambered through the ropes. Johnny Spade minced across the ring and Lefty merely grinned foolishly. Rancid groaned.

"I knowed he was awful," he observed, "but I didn't think he was that bad."

Gloves were adjusted and Florian Slappey called the gladiators into the center of the ring. Johnny Spade radiated confidence; Lefty seemed somewhat uncertain what to do with himself. The men touched gloves and went to their corners to await the gong, mindful of the referee's orders to come out fighting. Yodel Harris closed his eyes.

"I cain't look, Rancid. You tell me what happens. An' talk quick!"

The gong! Johnny Spade leaped out of his corner, crossed the ring swiftly and planted two light lefts on Lefty's unprotected forehead. Mr. Blossom blinked. Johnny struck again, three rapier lefts which tapped against Lefty's face. Still no indication that Lefty might consider an attempt at retaliation.

Johnny appreciated the humor of the situation. The crowd was howling with glee as the local idol danced around his victim, cuffing him with light but accurate punches. Lefty

(Continued on Page 76)

HYGRADE
COLORED LAMPS
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LET HYGRADE Colored Lamp Bulbs spread Holiday light and cheer in and about your home.

Your porch, your living and dining rooms, your front windows, the evergreens on your lawns — all are places where you can use colored Hygrade Lamp Bulbs to make your family and community happy with the Holiday spirit.

Hygrade Lamp dealers everywhere are helping thousands to transform parks, shop windows, store exteriors, huge mills and whole streets into a blaze of color. See your nearest Hygrade Lamp dealer and ask him for suggestions for decorating your home.

Let Hygrade Lamp Bulbs turn light into Holiday Color.

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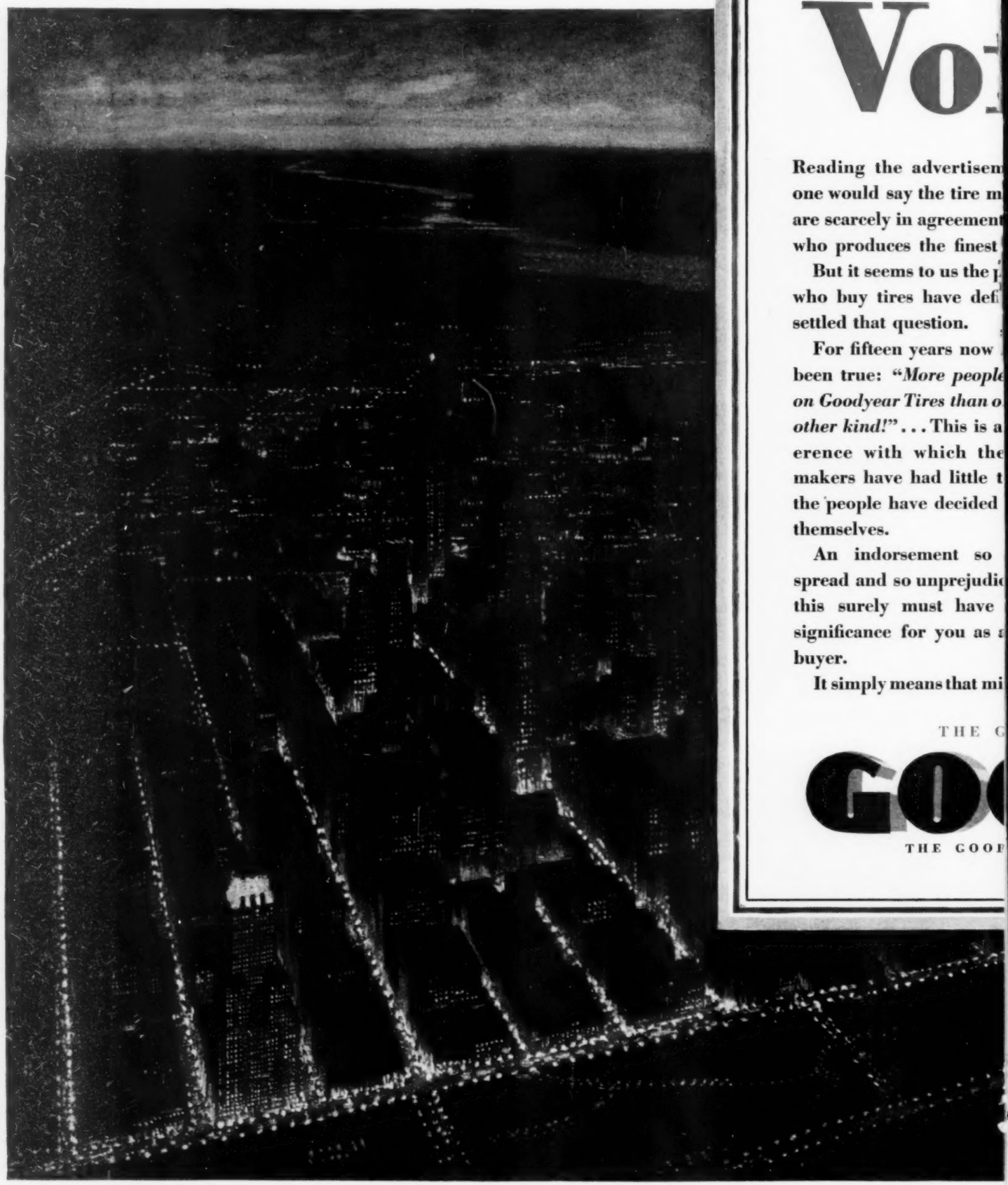

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makers have had little t
the people have decided
themselves.

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of car owners, over a period of years, have found in Goodyear Tires those factors of value which you yourself are seeking.

It means that every question of *performance, traction, long life, service* and *price* is satisfactorily answered in Goodyear Tires.

It must mean, also, that such questions are *not* equally satisfactorily answered in other tires, or such tires would rival Goodyears in popularity.

In view of all this, the inquiry comes naturally to mind, why does anyone ever buy any tire but a Goodyear Tire?

If you do not buy Goodyear Tires perhaps you can tell us.

You must have a good reason for acting against the experienced judgment of the millions of motorists who prefer Goodyear Tires.

Won't you, at your convenience, be so kind as to write us what that reason is?

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YEAR TIRE AND RUBBER CO., INC., AKRON, OHIO

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So many are hoping for this Christmas Gift

SINCE fresh fruit juices are a necessity for breakfast and entertaining, Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor is a Christmas gift eagerly received by everyone —family and friends.

It gets a glass or a gallon of orange or lemon juice —*quick! Better* juice, too—"aerated", and with all the healthful fruit pulp finely shredded. Saves time, labor, waste; gets *more* juice than hand methods without the mussiness.

There's just enough of luxury about Sunkist Junior to make it Christmas gift-like—and enough of the sensible to bring sincere day-after-day appreciation for its usefulness.

Sunkist Junior is guaranteed by the California Fruit Growers Exchange for use in the busiest households. It operates at a flip of the switch when plugged in on ordinary electric lighting outlets. Reaming bulb and alabaster glass bowl are instantly removable for quick cleaning under running water. Stands 10 inches high on its rubber feet; weighs 6 pounds. The price—$14.95—is much less than you pay for many household appliances used much less frequently.

$14.95

Check Sunkist Junior on your shopping list now, for the family—for friends who entertain—for friends with an orange-squeezing problem. And that includes almost everyone these days!

at department, electrical and hardware stores. If your dealer is sold out, send coupon now with money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95) and a Sunkist Junior will be sent to reach you before Christmas.

Sunkist Jr.

ELECTRIC JUICE EXTRACTOR

Mail Coupon to Nearest Address

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Div. 112-B
900 No. Franklin St., Chicago, Illinois or Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California
Enclosed is money order for $14.95 (Canada $19.95). Send Sunkist Junior.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from Page 73)

merely stared at his opponent in an uncomprehending way.

For one minute and ten seconds Johnny Spade made merry at Lefty's expense. He danced and capered and grinned, making it quite plain that he was enjoying himself hugely.

And then ——

Nobody ever knew exactly what happened. Even Rancid, who was staring straight at the ring in fascinated horror, didn't understand. But suddenly Lefty Blossom ceased to be awkward and idle. His muscles tensed, his face assumed a scowl, and he went up on his toes. He did not move swiftly, but he did drive with amazing grace.

Lefty's left hand crashed against Johnny's short ribs. Mr. Spade uttered an emphatic O-o-o-oof! and tried to cover. Tried! He might as well have attempted to stem the onslaught of a tidal wave. Grim, relentless, skillful and powerful, Lefty Blossom was on top of him. Lefty didn't box; he merely stepped in with head lowered, shoulders moving easily, and heaved punches at the anatomy of the astounded Mr. Spade. Terrific, pistonlike blows thudded against the quivering body of the once-confident Mr. Spade—jabs, hooks, uppercuts and short-arm jolts. Each blow harder than the last and each finding a vulnerable spot.

Then suddenly Lefty stood back. His narrowed eyes were professionally cold and calculating. He selected his target with the accuracy of an expert fencer and threw over his left hand. There was dynamite in the punch which exploded against the side of Johnny Spade's jaw. Mr. Spade's body stiffened and sailed through the air. But Lefty was not interested. Without a backward glance he walked to his corner and stood calmly, awaiting the word "Ten!"

The count was a mere formality. Florian could have added in fractions and had minutes to spare. The spectators were silent, awed by what they had seen. Samuel Lime squatted on the floor near his protégé's corner, his eyes popping and jaw sagging.

Rancid poked Yodel in the ribs. They looked mutely at each other, too overcome for words or action. And then, suddenly, Rancid leaped to his feet and uttered a shrill cry of victory.

"I knowed it!" he shrieked hysterically. "I knowed it all the time!"

The crowd dispersed slowly. Rancid and Yodel sat in the dressing room while Lefty donned his street clothes. They were trembling violently. Lawyer Chew had been in the arena and he had delivered to them their two hundred dollars, the bill of sale to the car which Samuel Lime claimed as his, Samuel's agreement never to dance again to their music and their own pledge to Samuel.

And now they accompanied Lefty Blossom to his room. For a long time they merely sat and stared. Then Rancid leaned forward.

"Brother," he said earnestly, "I don't want you to git no foolish ideas that us don't depreciate what you done. You licked Johnny Spade, an' a'ready we has heard that Samuel Lime is preparin' to leave Bumminham forever. But I has got one impawtant question to ask. It's this: Who is you?"

Lefty frowned. "What do you mean: Who is me?"

"I mean what is yo' right name?"

The fighter looked puzzled. "Crazy questions you ask! Ain't I done tol' you my real name is Black Yancey?"

"Uh-huh, you tol' us that. But it ain't. It cain't be that," said Rancid calmly, "'cause Black Yancey was fightin' in Chicago tonight."

The fighter appeared bewildered. "Where at did you git any such crazy notion, Rancid?"

Mr. Johnson took from the top of the trunk the sports section of a Chicago Sunday newspaper.

"I got my notion out of that paper," he announced. "Right heah it prescribes that you is tonight fightin' a main bout in Chicago."

Black Yancey stared at the newspaper. Then suddenly he threw back his head and gave vent to peal after peal of hearty laughter.

"If you-all ain't the two dumbest guys!" he roared.

"What you mean—dumb?"

"I mean just that," chuckled Black Yancey. "'Cause if you hadn't of been dumb you would have noticed that this newspaper is one year old."

Young Scot: "Wha's That, Feyther?"
"Never Mind. I Dinna Want tae Put Ideas Into Yer Head"

YOUR friend of a lifetime has been discovered making trouble for you! Petroleum jelly—that thick, jelly-like salve, well known to beauty experts, is the substance that makes your motor oil thicken in winter—makes you take chances on light oils which can't do a safe lubricating job!

Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil contains virtually no petroleum jelly. Sinclair refineries have modern refrigerating and separating equipment which strips petroleum jelly from Opaline at as low as 60° F. below zero. Opaline will pour at zero.

No longer is it necessary for you to change from heavier to "light" oils in cold weather. All grades of Opaline are refined for year-around use—(see Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet which the Sinclair dealer will gladly give you).

For full protection have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Opaline according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. This law is based on the fact that the space between piston and cylinder wall is widened by wear. The grade of oil that fitted this space at 3,000 miles cannot safely bridge the gap and seal your pistons at 15,000 miles.

Sinclair Opaline is refined from selected paraffin base crudes in various grades—one of which is designed to fit your engine according to its state of wear. Ask for Sinclair Opaline.

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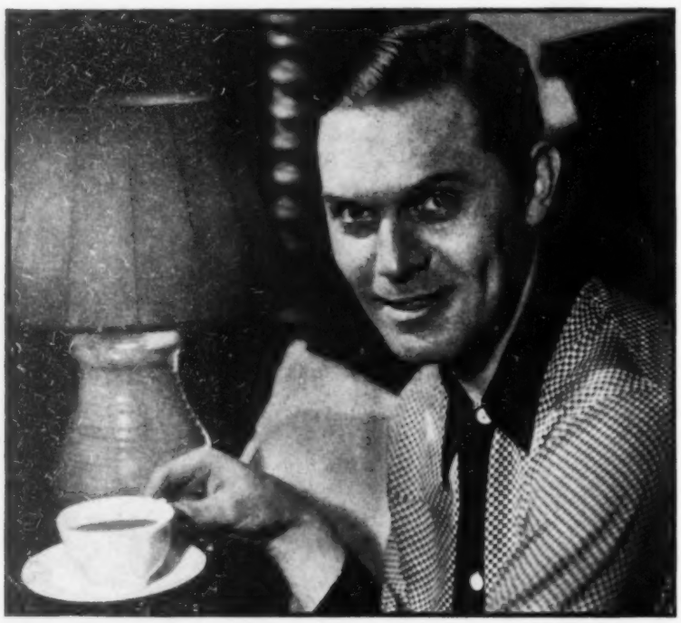
How to get

8 Hours Sleep Tonight

Utterly Without Drugs

Teeming Energy All Day Tomorrow



A Way That Not Only Brings Instant Sleep; But Builds New Energy While You Sleep!

YOU fall asleep almost as soon as you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctor's advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *This delicious food-drink actually rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after taking it.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides not only sleep, but the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates!*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs—but actually *build up* your health! So you teem with energy every day.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Try It Tonight

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and rundown conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue and restore vitality. Widely different from powdered, sugary chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures", its scientific standing is unquestioned.

A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel. Your whole appearance will show the result of restful sleep and vitality restored this natural way.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it*. Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just 'phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. 751

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Many people have asked us, "Does Ovaltine contain any drugs?" It is such a wonderful "night-cap" they feel it "simply must" contain something in the nature of a drug. In short, it works so well they sometimes "wonder" about it. So we wish to go on record here in public print, that Ovaltine has never at any time contained any sleep-producing drug of any kind whatsoever. It is made entirely from food and nothing but food. The government would not permit us to make such a statement in public print unless it could be proved beyond a doubt.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

THE HOUSE OF DARKNESS

(Continued from Page 5)

withdrew. Then he spoke slowly, making his voice distinct by a grim effort of the will:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

And he turned back to the poker table. Maring thought he was offended.

"I should beg yours!" he cried. "I only meant I was surprised. I didn't know anybody could speak positively of the back country of Quintana Roo."

The big man, shaping each word apart, said carefully, "It's . . . quite . . . all . . . right."

"It's not all right. My only excuse is that I'm very much interested. I'm an archæologist, Mr. ——"

"Kane," supplied Dawson. "Mr. Kane, Doctor Maring."

"I'm an archæologist, Mr. Kane. You say there are big ruins there?"

The drunken eyes were masked, wary, hiding an inner something. It was a moment before the deep voice answered, "Yes, sir."

"You have seen them?"

Again the pause, the dogged answer, "Yes."

"Are you an archæologist?"

"No, sir."

"The chicle business, perhaps?"

"No, sir."

"Please understand me, Mr. Kane. What took you there is none of my concern. Could you describe the ruins?"

"I'm not an ar . . : chæologist."

"Are there big pyramids?"

"Not where the —— No, sir."

"Would they be visible from an airplane?"

"I don't know."

"Could you locate the region?"

"North of the mountains."

Sylvester Maring cried in disappointment: "Man, you're crazy! There are no mountains in Quintana Roo!"

For a long moment the big man sat motionless, while that strange hidden something struggled in his eyes. Slowly they masked themselves again. Slowly the gold-brown fingers closed on the cards they held, crushing them beyond repair. Kane smiled, but his voice came through a film of huskiness:

"I—don't insist on it, sir."

"I mean," cried the little man, "there are no mountains on the map, and Lindbergh reported none. Ridges, perhaps? He did report an elevation only five miles from one known ruin, which nobody had observed; the jungle is too ——"

"If you will excuse me, gentlemen," said Kane, "I will cash in." He pushed his chips across the table without counting them. Then, peering at his ruined cards, he tore them slowly into little bits and piled them carefully before him. "Sorry. Tha's a new deck I owe."

"I must talk to you," begged Maring.

Kane shook his head and said in a level voice, "There are no mountains in Quintana Roo."

He got up steadily enough; said, "Thanks, everybody," and turned toward the door. He strode steadily enough, but he didn't seem to see Sylvester Maring's daughter coming in. Her head was turned; she was still talking to her escort in the door. She was a tall girl and not fragile, but she rebounded from Kane's moving bulk as if she were a featherweight. Her head cracked dully on the door jamb and she fell at her escort's feet.

II

LOIS MARING had no idea how she came to be lying on the floor, rain in her face and a complete if misty ring of other faces hung on a carved and gilded ceiling. She had never seen faces arranged in just that way. She had never known rain to fall from a carved and gilded ceiling. It had stopped, but she remembered the feel of it, and water still blurred her eyes and trickled into her ears. She heard fragmentary voices: "*Pobrecita! Que le ha*——"

"Give her air!"

"*Mira los ojos, que ya*——"

"You big clown! Why don't you look where you're ——"

"Lois! Lois! Are you hurt?"

That was her father's voice. Trying to find his face, she saw Bob Kuehner's. She seemed to remember that she had been dancing recently with Bob. But who was that other man who bent so anxiously, a man with bright, rumpled hair and golden beard? A physician?

"Hurt?" she said. "I don't think so. Why?"

It came to her that she must have fainted. Lois Maring was ashamed. She wasn't the fainting type; she had seen women faint, and she remembered how ridiculous and limp they looked. She struggled to sit up, and the faces swam, and her left temple began to throb and sting. She touched it and found her fingers stained with diluted red.

"Something hit me," she said vaguely. "Must have been a truck. Or a tank."

Bob Kuehner snarled, "Tank is right!" Bob was trying to help her up, but her muscles didn't work very well; she was too heavy for him. It was the golden-bearded man who hoisted her bodily to her feet and held her there till her knees stiffened under her. He was tremendous. His eyes were a deep and vivid shade of blue.

He seemed embarrassed to be clutching a strange woman. He said gravely, "I'm sorry!" and released her.

She remembered now. She had been coming to advise her father to go home. He'd have a headache tomorrow if he played bridge too long in that smoky room. She was ready to go home herself. The dance was dull; American Club dances were always dull. Most of the men were middle-aged, and they all wanted to get sentimental. American girls were scarce. It was no compliment to get a rush when you had no competition.

Her mind began automatically where it had left off. She told her father: "I'm ready to go if you are. You'll be playing bridge in your sleep."

The big man bowed and turned away. He wasn't in evening clothes; he was in rough, loose tweeds that made him look twice as big as these soberly black-coated men. She found herself remembering his eyes.

She said, "Who's that?"

"His name is Kane," her father said precisely. "You might have acknowledged his apology, my dear."

"Apology? Oh!" she said, recalling. "What did he do? Run over me?"

"He knocked you for a row of loops," said Kuehner savagely. "The big clown! Who turned him loose in here?"

Nobody seemed to know. They knew only that he could hold a lot of liquor and play poker, and that he claimed to have penetrated the impenetrable jungles of Quintana Roo. This last item was important only to Sylvester Maring. The little man said wistfully, "I'm sorry you snubbed him."

"So am I," said the girl flippantly. "He might have been amusing. It's rather a novelty to see a man so easily

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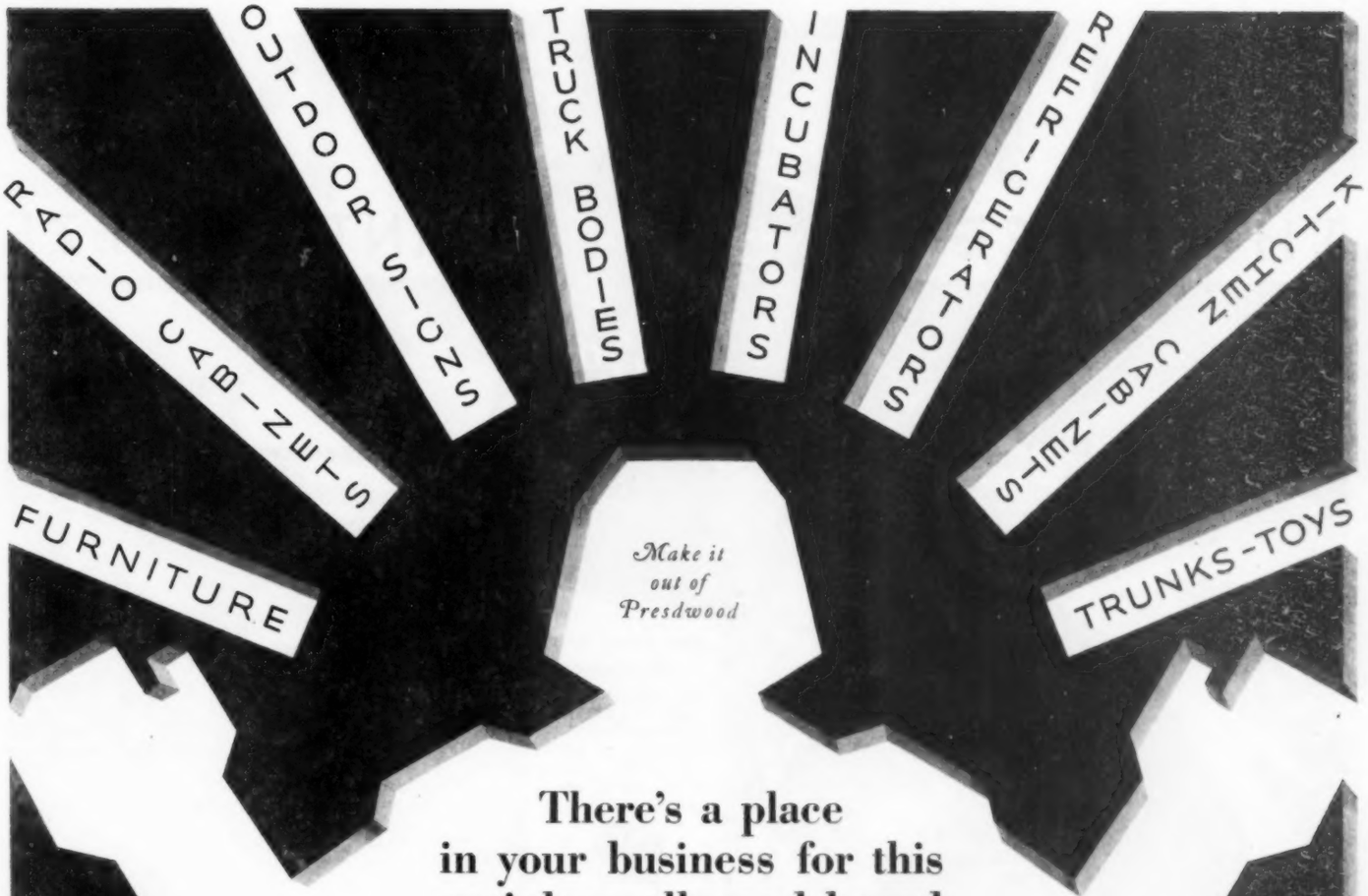

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(Continued from Page 78)

abashed—especially a human Juggernaut like that. Bring him back, Bob. Tell him I was too dizzy to know what he was saying."

"So's he," grinned Dawson. "Better let him go, Miss Lois. Work on him sometime when he's conscious."

"But he may leave town," worried Sylvester Maring. "If he's been where he says he has, I've got to talk to him. Do you think he was spoofing?"

"No," said Dawson. "He spilled something he didn't mean to spill. Didn't you see his eyes?"

"Doesn't anybody know where he's staying?"

"If it's important," said the girl, "why don't you look in the guest register? Somebody must have brought him here."

"Of course, of course!" cried Maring. "I never thought of that!"

He never thought of anything obvious or practical, his daughter felt; somebody had to do that sort of thinking for him. He could concentrate tremendously on long and obscure chains of reasoning, but he would forget to eat if she didn't watch him.

He looked on the latest page of the guest register, reading carefully from the top down; she glanced from the bottom up. So conspicuous a man, she knew, must be a recent arrival if nobody knew him. She found the name at once. It was a striking entry—the letters tall, eccentric, oddly compressed. Oddly she thought of the man's wary, vivid eyes.

"Christopher Kane, Belize."

Belize! Sylvester Maring's pulse quickened. That was in British Honduras, just below that unknown region of the Yucatan peninsula. It might be true!

The little man was halfway home before he realized that he had forgotten to note the man's local lodging or the name of his sponsor in the club. Indulgently the girl supplied the information, adding an observation on her own account: "He's cautious, idealistic and tremendously conceited."

"Eh?" said her father. "How do you know?"

"Didn't you notice his handwriting?"

"Bah!" said Sylvester Maring.

She didn't mind. She wasn't a crank on the subject of calligraphy—or on any subject; one crank in the family was enough. She only read odd books to fill her empty days, break the monotony of living in one American colony after another. They were all alike—a few dozen or a few hundred restless foreigners herding together in unnatural surroundings, in trying climates, with no common interest but a sentimental illusion about the United States. They called it God's Country, but they could never be contented there; could never be contented anywhere.

Sylvester Maring had no interest in a home with four familiar walls and a fixed place of being; all his mind was in the placeless mystery of time.

He said at breakfast, "What's that big fellow's name?"

"Christopher Kane."

"Where did you say he's staying?"

"134 *bis*, Calle del Rastro."

"That's down by the Thieves' Market, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Extraordinary place for a white man."

"Maybe he's an extraordinary person."

The little man took his stick and struck out across town to the Calle del Rastro. This was a narrow cobbled ramp that curled down from the slaughterhouse to the Thieves' Market. It was a neighborhood of squalor and strange smells. No foreigners but tourists ever came here; nothing of value ever found its way into the Thieves' Market; it was a trading place for poverty, such poverty as foreigners could never comprehend. Ragged, flat-faced children ran after Sylvester Maring, timidly begging, "Wan penny! Wan penny!" But he didn't hear them; so they knew he wasn't a tourist.

A naked, pot-bellied baby stared at him from a doorway. Gently, because the exercise and the cool mountain morning made him feel genial, he poked the little creature with his stick. But it didn't know the meaning of playfulness. It turned in terror and fell flat on its face and lay there, waiting helplessly for what might happen. It didn't cry. Long generations had taught it the uselessness of crying. You took what came, submitted and endured.

These were the people who had built great cities once; the jungle had them now. They lived in houses, but they built nothing, remembered nothing, hoped for nothing—lived as the jungle lives, in squalor, without dreams.

III

NO. 134 *bis* was a dark stairway next to a swarming *vecindad*. Men, squatting in the sun, stared at Sylvester Maring with their black, incurious, oddly Oriental eyes. He asked them, "Does a big American live upstairs?" He knew the irony of that—identifying Kane as an American to them, the oldest Americans. But they felt no irony. They knew nothing of their past. They didn't even remember their own language.

They answered in bastard Spanish, "He is taking coffee this little now, señor."

The upper hall was dark, but through an open door he saw the big man sitting at an open window, his bold profile and his golden beard sharply defined, his blue eyes looking off across tiled, tumbled roofs to the blue mountains. A bowl of milk and coffee sat before him on the bare board table. The room was bare; there was a bed, a washstand, an extra chair, a shabby duffel bag in a corner. But on the table, by the coffee bowl, a slant of sunlight caught a shining little column of gold coins.

"Good morning, Mr. Kane."

The big man turned his head inquiringly, without haste. He didn't recognize his visitor. He said inquiringly, "Good morning," and got up. "Won't you come in?"

"Thank you. I'm Doctor Maring. I met you at the club last night."

"Oh," said Kane, and grinned. In spite of his bearded dignity, Sylvester Maring saw, the man was young. There was no hint of last night's wariness about him; he was merely rueful. "I remember. I gathered that you knew the young lady?"

"My daughter. She didn't mean to ignore your apology, Mr. Kane. She didn't quite know what had happened."

"That makes it unanimous," said Kane. "To tell the truth, my memory is pretty foggy yet. Is she all right this morning?"

"Why," said Sylvester Maring, "I suppose so. She didn't say anything to the contrary." Vaguely, it came to him that he should have asked; but he was intent on his errand. "Do you remember what we were saying about the back country of Quintana Roo?"

The big man, moving easily, was reaching for the extra chair. Just for the smallest fraction of a second all his motion stopped. Then it continued, smoothly.

"Won't you sit down, Doctor Maring? Let me order you some coffee."

"Thank you, I've had breakfast. Would you prefer to finish yours before we talk?"

"About what, Doctor Maring? I'm afraid I exceeded my capacity last night. I suppose I said something foolish, but you mustn't hold me responsible."

The man was smiling, but his eyes were masked, wary, hiding an inner something. Sylvester Maring answered carefully:

"Please understand me, Mr. Kane; I have no wish to pry into your personal affairs. I think I told you I'm an archæologist. I shall be very grateful for any information you can give me about the Maya ruins you spoke of—where they are and what their nature is. My work is financed by the Carson Institute."

"You must have thought I was a fool," said Kane, his deep voice casual. "I don't know a thing about archæology. Forget it, shall we?"

"I thought nothing of the sort. If I was tactless, it was because I was surprised. What you said upsets a theory of mine."

"What did I say?"

"That there were many ruins in that district."

"What else?"

"You spoke of mountains."

The word brought some hidden feeling into those wary eyes, but the man mastered it; he smiled. "I seem to remember. I understand there are no mountains in Quintana Roo. I must have been talking high, wide and handsome."

"Please!" cried the little man impatiently. "Can't you see I didn't mean to be discourteous? Is that why you don't want to talk about your explorations?"

"Not at all, Doctor Maring. I'm no explorer; I'm just a jackleg engineer. I had no business butting into your conversation. I ought to know better than to drink so much. I do know better, of course. But ——" The massive shoulders shrugged. "Idleness is hard to stand."

"You are out of employment?"

"At the moment."

"What sort of engineer? Civil, mining, electrical? I may be able to help you; I'm known here."

"Thanks, but I have a job in prospect. Have you been in these countries long, Doctor Maring?"

"Twenty years. And you?"

"Oh, I'm a newcomer. Only eight."

"What part of the States are you from?"

"Kansas."

They talked of Kansas, and Kane's eyes were friendly now. He was like any engineer from Kansas, out of a job and living in shabby quarters till another job materialized. He wore the same tweeds he had worn last night, commonplace, unremarkable; they had been good tweeds once, but the clear light of morning showed them no longer new.

The older man had a kindly impulse to inquire if a loan was needed. Then, remembering, he glanced involuntarily at the little stack of gold.

Kane saw the glance and grinned.

"You think I'm ostentatious, Doctor Maring? That's my whole fortune, and it's a little heavy in the pocket."

(Continued on Page 85)

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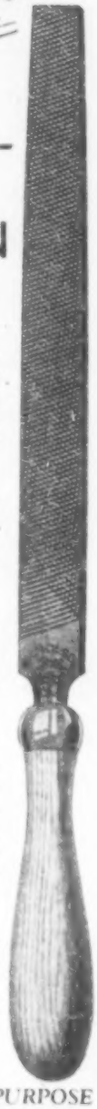

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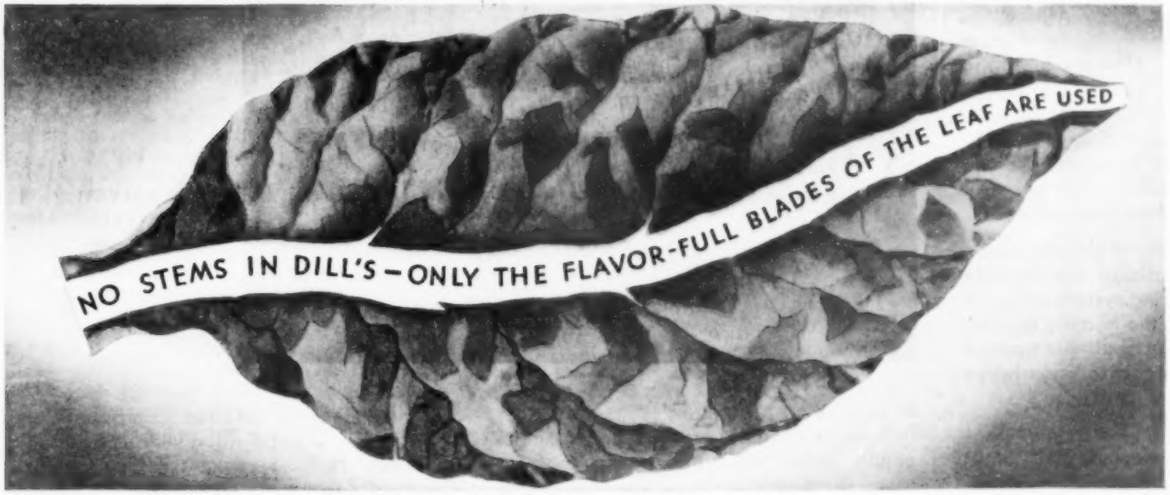

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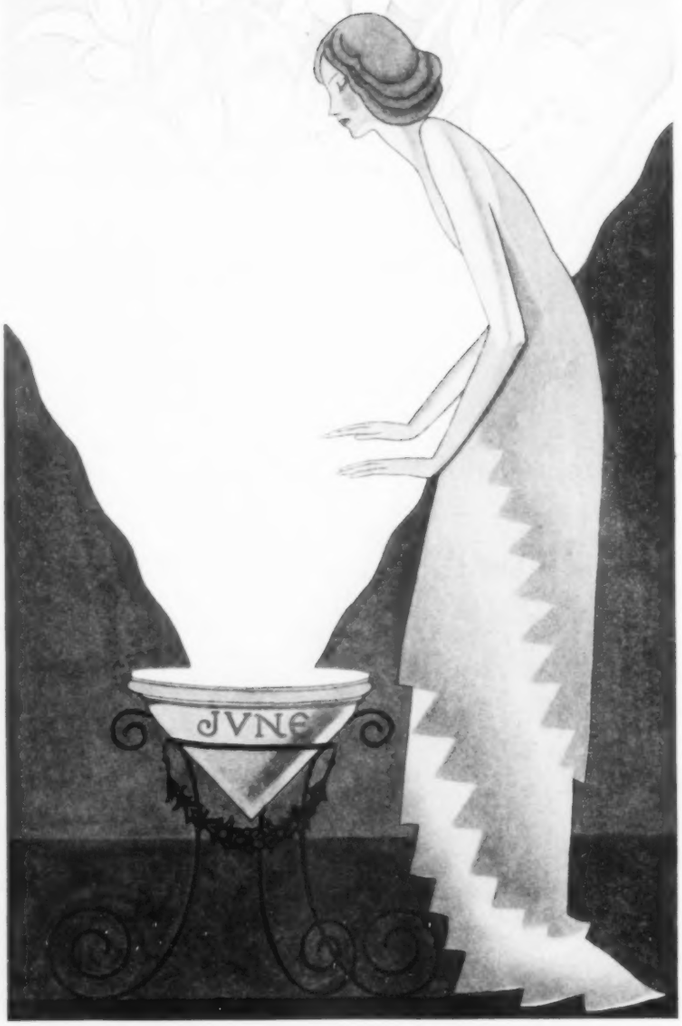

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(Continued from Page 81)

"Not ostentatious. Careless."

"Not at all," grinned Kane. "I'm watching you every minute."

"Aren't you afraid some native'll see it from the hall, and watch his chance to knife you for it?"

"No," said Kane.

And with that monosyllable, somehow, his eyes withdrew again. He was an engineer from Kansas, but those eyes had seen strange things that were not in Kansas; the golden burn on his fair skin was printed deep by fiercer, hotter suns. Without the movement of a muscle, sitting there, he had receded, made himself inaccessible. Sylvester Maring sighed.

"You've been very patient with me, Mr. Kane. When you know me better, when you learn that I'm responsible, you may feel like telling me what I want to know."

"I'm afraid I don't know anything that could be of value to you."

"Let me judge that. Meanwhile won't you come to see us? Drop in at teatime this afternoon, and let my daughter make amends for her ungraciousness."

Christopher Kane's blue eyes flickered a little, wistfully; the man was lonely, Maring saw.

But he answered firmly, "Thanks. Afraid I can't."

Sylvester Maring went directly from the Calle del Rastro to the office of the man whose name appeared with Kane's in the club register. That gentleman said readily, "Kane? Sure I know him. Why?"

"How well do you know him?"

"Huh?" said the other. "Why, I know he's all right. Mining engineer; a good one, from what I hear, though he seldom seems to stick anywhere long. Got a loose foot, I reckon. I knew him in Costa Rica, but the next I heard he was in Mexico. Six months ago he turned up at Belize. Said he'd come through the jungle from Campeche. What a man, huh?"

"Campeche to Belize?" cried Maring. "Then it's true!"

"Oh, I don't swear to it. Though I don't see why he should lie about it. He's not the type. He wasn't making any noise about it; seemed rather ashamed of it, in fact. A fool stunt, huh? Didn't even seem to have any object in getting to Belize; that's no mining country. Just took a notion to see if it could be done, I reckon."

"I believe it," said Sylvester Maring.

"He'd been somewhere, that's a sure thing. He was just out of the hospital when I saw him, and I hardly knew him. Thin and solemn—he used to be a kind of a jolly fellow. And that beard makes him look twenty years older. He said he grew it in the bush because he didn't have the water to shave with, but why he keeps it now, Lord knows. A beard's a nuisance in this climate, huh?"

"Do you suppose you could get him to talk to me?"

"Talk to you?"

"Last night at the club we were talking about Lindbergh's flight over that region, and he said he'd been there. He was a little under the influence. Said he'd seen big Maya ruins there. And mountains! You know there are no mountains in Quintana Roo."

"Who, me? I've never been there, and the map's mostly blank, ain't it? Or guesswork."

"There can't be! Geologically, I mean. The whole Yucatan peninsula was sea floor once."

"Well," said the other, "I'm no diver. There may be mountains in the sea, for all I know. Did you tell Kane he was a liar?"

"Not intentionally. I suppose I was rather incredulous. I went to see him this morning, and he wouldn't talk at all."

"He's not the type to keep shooting off his mouth just to hear his teeth rattle."

"No," said Maring sadly. "But there's some other reason, mark my word. The man knows something he's not telling."

"That's his business, ain't it?"

"Yes," admitted Maring. "But why does he stay down there in the peon quarter? He's got money."

"Not much, I reckon. He only worked a few months in Belize, and he was broke when he got out of the hospital. I know; I guaranteed his bill."

"Mark my word, there's something queer about that fellow."

"Humph!" said the other. "If there wasn't something queer about us all, we wouldn't be here. Huh? Speak for yourself, Doc; I'm not claiming anything."

Lois Maring would have agreed with that. Americans in the tropics were not like Americans at home. There was a seed of restlessness, a queer unbalance in them; they lived always half in motion toward some distant place. They had energy and courage, but they spent these with a sense of makeshift, of impermanence. Even the ones who had achieved a local success, dropped anchor in the shape of home and business, lived with their eyes on far horizons still.

They were all gamblers, or they wouldn't be here. Even Sylvester Maring, scientist that he was, dreamed of some stroke of luck that might break open fairways to the distant past—like the chance finding of one hidden stone that opened all the mystery of Egypt.

He trotted home in great excitement, talking about Kane.

"My dear," he said, "if the opportunity should present itself, please try to—er—win his confidence."

Lois said brutally, "Vamp him, you mean?"

"I mean nothing of the sort," he protested. "Just—er—make friends with him. He may be not so suspicious of a—er—young and attractive woman."

"A word in four letters," murmured the young and attractive woman, "meaning to charm, to disarm suspicion, for the purpose of extracting information."

"Well," snapped her parent, "you don't seem to mind charming and disarming most of the men you meet, for no purpose at all but to laugh at them afterward!"

"Why not?" countered the unrepentant vampire. "Don't you think they're funny? I've got to do something to amuse myself, haven't I? If I took them seriously I'd be running off with half the married men in town."

"Then why do you object to—er—making friends with Kane? I'm sure you'll find him to be a perfect gentleman."

"You discourage me," she sighed. "I haven't said I objected, have I? Maybe you're wrong; maybe he'll turn cave man on me—and what a cave man! I'll try anything once."

Sylvester Maring fretted, "Do modern young women think of everything in terms of sex?"

"Why, yes," said his daughter innocently. "Don't men?"

"Certainly not!"

"I must have misunderstood you," murmured his daughter. "I thought you counted on my sex to disarm the suspicious Christopher."

"I'm sorry I said anything about it!"

"Too late," she sighed. "The die is cast. Sacrificed in the cause of science!"

But the big man proved coy. She saw him in the club, but he went out immediately. She saw him on the street, saw instant recognition in his eyes, and smiled and spoke to him; he took off his hat and passed in unmistakable alarm. She said within herself "Aha!" and her eyes danced.

Then, crawling in her noisy little roadster up a steep and narrow street, she saw his tall bulk loom over smaller figures in her rear-view mirror. He had just turned a corner and was coming up the hill, his head bent. Quickly! She threw out the clutch and let the car roll backward, not too fast, loosing helpless horn squawks, yawing between ox carts and donkeys and leaping pedestrians; and between squawks, deftly, with her free hand she jerked at the wire behind the switch.

She hadn't dreamed that a wire of soft copper fibers was so hard to loosen. She braced herself and yanked, and the wire yielded, and the car banged into a rearing team of mules.

Men shouted; the mules plunged and kicked; the little roadster, propped on the pole of the cart, slued sidewise and leaped the curb, tilted downhill at the point of overturning. Lois Maring clung, a dark-eyed, lovely picture of distress—and that was genuine. She was near real disaster.

Then her face cleared with glad relief and she cried, "Mr. Kane! Quick, please. I'm turning over!"

That, too, was genuine. A hundred men saw her predicament, but only Kane knew what to do about it. It was his bulk that propped the toppling car while the mule driver disentangled his frightened animals. It was his voice that silenced the outraged profanity and called on men to push the roadster free. It was his hand that wrenched the steering wheel—a big hand, hard, decisive, cleanly alive under its glowing skin.

Her gratitude was genuine. She didn't have to make her voice tremble; it would have trembled anyway.

"The—the engine stopped. Do you know anything about automobiles?"

Disconcertingly, he did. He looked in the gasoline tank. He lifted the hood and bobbed the carburetor float. He told her to try the starter, and while the engine turned he tested the spark plugs with a huge jackknife and found them dead. Within three minutes he had found the broken wire under the dash.

"H'm!" said he, and felt behind the switch, and looked directly from the stretched, maltreated fibers to her guilty face. She reddened—knowing that other fibers pricked his exploring fingers.

Christopher Kane grinned.

"I've heard of it being done," he said, "but this is the first time I've been honored. What am I supposed to do? Take to my heels?"

"Please, no!" she begged, and laughed with impudent dark eyes, and pushed the dark hair off her temple for his inspection. "Look how you wounded me! Don't you think you ought to take a little interest in my convalescence?"

She had to look up at him, standing there, and she was perfectly aware of the effect it had. She knew just how her eyes looked, and how her soft lips parted, smiling a little, and how the perfume of her hair came to him. He was breathing faster.

(Continued on Page 88)

HANKSCRAFT
Automatic — Electric
EGG COOKER

HERE'S a new way to cook eggs—right at the breakfast table, electrically! No waiting for water to boil, for this new electric appliance starts the cooking in 5 seconds. When the eggs are done just right, the current shuts off automatically. Eggs are never too hard; never too soft.

A practical, popular gift, attractively priced at $5.50. In three colors, green, blue and yellow.

Wrapped In Gift Packages

Pictured at the left, the gift package ready for mailing. Sold by your electrical dealer, department store or light company. Fully guaranteed.

The Egg Service

The automatic electric egg cooker, tray and 4 egg cups, matched in a soft shade of green. A beautiful addition to the breakfast table. $11.50.

The Food Cooker

The new art of preparing food right at the table is made delightfully simple. Provides instant "just right" heat that never scorches. In green with contrasting silver-like base. $14.75.

Bottle Warmer

Automatically heats baby's bottle, then shuts off when correct temperature is reached. No waiting for hot water. No watching. Every feature automatic. Choice of blue or pink. $5.

Prices slightly higher West of Rockies

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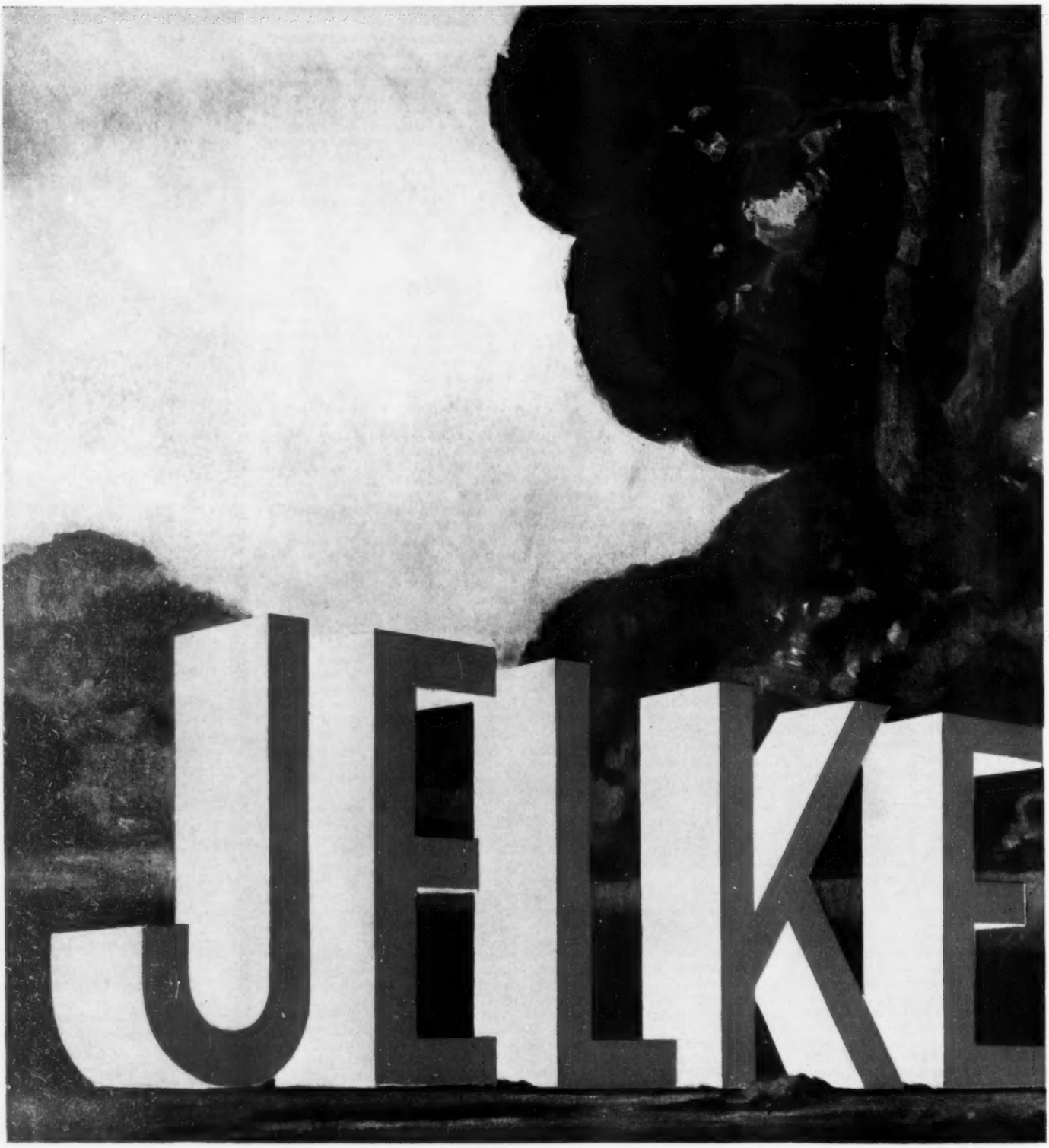

··The Modern Spread for Bread··That

New Style JELKE GOOD LUCK has proved to American housewives that a spread-for-bread can be superfine, *and yet be inexpensive.* Its fine sweet freshness and delicious flavor positively meet the most critical comparison. It is vitamin-rich. It is pure. Yet it costs much less! And it comes to you Ready to Serve. Buy one pound today—just test its taste against the most expensive spread-for-bread—*And Save the Difference.*

¶ GOOD LUCK comes in two styles—"New Style" and "Regular." The latter is for housewives in the states where white margarine is sold, and color capsules are provided. Capsules also may be had by any who wish to deepen the color of "New Style."

Costs Much Less

DISTRIBUTORS: Millions of new customers are being created by New Style GOOD LUCK because it offers housewives everything they can ask of a spread, in every way. It offers distributors a rare opportunity for tremendous sales, rapid turnover and steady profits. A few choice territories for responsible distributors still available. Write for our unusual merchandising plan.

John F. Jelke Co., Chicago

INSTANT HEAT IN BIG VOLUME

At the Touch of a Button the New Red Cat Power Heater Brings Driving Comfort On Zero Days!

N-O-W—you can enjoy Instant Heat in your car! At the touch of a button the new Red Cat Instant Heater gets into action! It delivers warm, comfortable air to all parts of your car at the amazing rate of 570 lineal feet per minute!

AMAZING NEW HEATING PRINCIPLE

The new Red Cat Instant Heater is powered by an electrically driven blower unit. It draws the cooler air out of the car—re-heats it over the hot exhaust pipe—and shoots it back again.

Because the exhaust pipe is the quickest heating part of your car, the new Red Cat gets started long before the radiator is even warm. The blower unit keeps the heat in continual circulation. New style heat deflector shoots the heat toward the pedals or in any direction desired.

The new Red Cat Instant Heater and also non-electric models (as low as $3.00) are available at leading garages and accessory dealers. If there is no dealer near you, write us for folder and prices.

Continual Circulation Maintains An Even Temperature

The electrically driven blower draws the cold air out of the car and shoots the hot air in. This keeps the inside air in continual circulation. An even temperature is maintained and cold air "pockets" are eliminated.

Be sure to write us if your dealer can't supply you.

G. A. Roth Mfg. Co.
Dept. 23
Hastings, Nebr.

Red Cat Instant HEATER

(Continued from Page 85)

"Guilty," he said, "as charged. I might have sent flowers, mightn't I? But ——"

She saw the cloud come in his eyes—the mask her father had complained of. Fear! He was afraid of something; there was something he was afraid somebody would find out. Deftly she shifted ground. She touched his arm, and her dark eyes were candid.

"I know," she said. "My father told me he tried to make you talk about Quintana Roo, and you didn't want to. You know what his interest is. If you ever feel like telling him anything about his precious ruins, it may help him. But I give you my word you shan't be bothered. Not by us. Now do you feel like taking to your heels?"

"I never did feel like it," he said gravely. "But ——"

"But nothing. Let's be friends. Shall we? You're lonesome and I'm bored. It's rather intriguing to know somebody who isn't anxious to tell all he knows."

He bent to rummage in the tool box on the running board. He found a pair of pliers and refixed the wire under the dash. He said impersonally, "Now see if it'll start."

She didn't move. He had to look at her. She demanded, "Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Is it a bargain?"

He said as if it were a reckless answer, "Yes!"

She laughed and nodded, and the little roadster burst into frantic life; racing the engine purposely, she shouted above the din. "All right! Get in! Or shall we walk and carry lizzie under our arms?"

He roared, "That depends on where we're going!"

She shrieked, "Tea! And that means tea! I'm not taking any chance of being knocked down today!"

He bellowed, "Tea? What's that?"

He clambered in, dwarfing their chariot, and they were gay. There was a curious excitement on him, a strange sense of recklessness, as if it were a rash indulgence to be gay.

Sylvester Maring wasn't at home that afternoon; no word of Maya ruins or Quintana Roo was spoken. Only as Kane was leaving, in the hall, she saw that cloud come in his eyes again. There was a mirror by the outer door. The girl glanced at it, womanlike, and found their reflection striking. She laughed, "We're a handsome couple, don't you think—Christopher?"

It was in the mirror that she saw his eyes. He had been smiling when he looked, but the smile faded; something desolate was there. She thought it was the name that disconcerted him. Certainly there was nothing wrong with what he saw—a tall girl, almost small beside his virile bulk, her own dark loveliness enhanced by his golden coloring.

"Don't you like to be called Christopher?"

"I'm honored that you feel like doing it. Nobody does."

"What do your friends call you?"

"Kane."

She saw his eyes, impassive now; but his deep voice had broken through a film of huskiness. Afterward, thinking of that grave syllable, she wondered. She wondered if those eyes saw it written, "Cain."

IV

SHE had been in the jungle with her father, and she knew what the jungle did. It shut off the sane reality of laws and streets and houses, lifted the sane compulsions under which men lived; nothing was very real but the instincts in you. Heat closed on you, and fatigue accumulated, and restraints dissolved.

Even grave scientists forgot the forms of courtesy. Even a woman found herself a self-dependent animal. Even in expeditions of few days or weeks, things happened that left men bewildered afterward.

And her experience was limited to trails already cut and known, with many laborers to hack away the growth of the last rainy season. There were no trails in that forgotten welter north of Guatemala; even the Indian chicle hunters never penetrated far; nothing was there to pay them for such toil. Why had Kane undertaken it? Alone? He had come out alone, his mouth shut and a mask before his eyes. What had he seen?

It was nobody's business to inquire. No news came from Campeche, and the man was liked; he fitted easily into the local colony.

Sylvester Maring fretted. "I don't care if he murdered his whole party. I don't care if he found a pyramid of gold. I'll let him steal it—yes, and I'll pay the freight—if he'll just tell me definitely what else is there, and where."

"You're sure there's something?"

"As sure as you're sitting there."

"Then why," asked his practical daughter, "don't you send an expedition to look for it?"

"Look?" fumed the little man. "In ten thousand square miles of jungle?"

"You could charter an airplane and find his mountains, and look north of there. One flight wouldn't cost too much, would it?"

"Too much," he grumbled, "to go looking for red herrings. I don't believe he saw any mountains. He just said that to throw me off when I asked too many questions. . . . How do you get along with him?"

"Not far," reported Lois flippantly. "I could be his weakness, and he knows it. He's not having any."

Kane was employed by a mining company a few kilometers from town, and he came sometimes to the Maring house. The girl could feel his yearning, feel the strange sense of recklessness with which he came, feel the strange fear that checked him. She never knew what word would stop his gayety and make him draw away—wary, aloof, impassive.

He would talk easily of Kansas and Costa Rica and the mainland of Mexico—the mainland only; never the Yucatan peninsula. He mentioned names and places known to Lois Maring, and he mentioned dates. Putting one conversation with another, she could have mapped his wanderings—with one gap only. There was one year of which he never spoke.

She kept her bargain; neither by word nor implication did she show her curiosity. But no human power could have kept Sylvester Maring from a hopeful hint or two.

One afternoon the three of them were sitting on the terrace of the Maring house. The garden fell away below, and the old city with its tangled, white-washed walls and mellowed roofs drowsing as it had drowsed through centuries. A slow Indian woman, padding on silent feet, was setting tea. And while they sat there, talking a little with the languor of afternoon, a faint and far-off drumming drifted to them, and a thin dragon fly appeared out of the timeless and immeasurable blue.

That was the air mail—Buenos Aires to New York. The sight of it was still a thrill to Lois Maring, a reminder of man's conquest of time and space. It had left Panama this morning; it would reach Mexico tomorrow, free over trackless mountains and dark jungles that had swallowed an old empire.

But the slow Maya woman only glanced at it with black, incurious, submissive eyes, and padded back into the kitchen. It was beyond her ken.

"I wonder," mused the girl, "just what they really think about it all—this white man's world."

"In the sense you mean," her father said precisely, "they don't think. If a thing doesn't hurt them they get used to it and pay no more attention. They're like children—less than children; animals. They don't try to understand."

"That's right," said Kane, his deep voice curiously somber. "Do you believe they're the same race that built those cities?"

Maring said, "Oh, unquestionably." He was going on to discuss the evidence, which was a commonplace to him, but the girl touched his arm and flashed him a glance of warning. Kane's unconscious eyes were fixed on that bright, man-made gnat that came over jungles like the jungles of Quintana Roo.

"Like animals. They've almost forgotten how to use their hands. They've almost forgotten how to talk."

A babble of soft garrulity from the kitchen proved that he wasn't thinking of domestic servants. Maring waited hopefully, but nothing came. The far-off drumming stopped; in the high sunlight the bright gnat was drifting down, down to the landing field below the city. Suddenly, mid-air, it vanished. It had touched the rising shadow of the hills.

"Magic," said Lois, "they must think it is."

"Why not?" said Kane. "What do we call a thing we can't explain? Illusion. Hallucination."

His deep voice was bitter. Where she sat the girl saw his massive head in quarter profile, his bright hair and beard touched with a metallic nimbus; his blue eyes, in the reflected light of the white walls below, were almost black. It gave her a strange impression—somber, fleeting, gone before she named it. Maring had to say, "For instance?" and the big man stirred and answered—groped for a ready answer, Lois Maring saw.

"Well," he said, "when the first airplane flew over those jungles, do you suppose they thought it was an optical illusion? They'd never heard of such a thing. They knew it was impossible. But they saw it."

"Probably," said the scientist, "they thought it was supernatural. That's the first recourse of simple minds."

"While we," said Kane, "know nothing is supernatural?"

"We know an airplane isn't."

"Do we?" said Kane.

The girl felt like crying out, "For heaven's sake, dad! Don't you see the man's not talking about machinery?" But it was too late. Sylvester Maring had a thought of guile.

"Unfortunately," he sighed, "we do. We know its very practical limitations. If it were really a magic carpet—if it could set you down just anywhere—the jungle would no longer be an obstacle. But it's got to have a landing place."

"May I have some tea?" said Kane.

"Lindbergh found one uncharted lake where he could land, but it was

(Continued on Page 90)

POWER WHERE YOU WANT IT

THE stubborn stump yields to the roar of the "Caterpillar's" motor and the bite of wide tracks! Power and traction combined for action! Here's a picture that should sell a "Caterpillar" not only to a man with land to clear—but to a farmer with plows or a combine to be pulled, to a logger with heavy logs to handle, to a contractor who profits from handling full loads. It is eloquent of efficient power where friction is conquered and slip forgotten. Power where you want it—and when—means profit!

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TEN	$1100
FIFTEEN	$1450
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THIRTY	$2375
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●

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You know how delightfully clean your hair is after a rainwater shampoo! Today's laundries use only rainsoft water to wash your clothes.

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FLOODS
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Present-day laundries flush away every trace of soap and dirt with four to six complete changes of pure, rainsoft water.

RINSING clothes properly is an art; an art today's laundries have mastered. Amounts of water—number of changes—temperature of each successive bath—all must be considered. Gallons upon gallons of purest rainsoft water flush away every trace of soap and dirt. Four to six complete rinses are used in the "multiple-suds, multiple-rinse" method to flood your clothes with cleanliness. And this same thoughtful care protects every laundering process.

At the American Institute of Laundering new and improved washday methods are constantly being studied. Exacting classification of every article by color and fabric . . . gentle yet thorough washing in 3 to 5 suds baths . . . non-scorching ironers . . . these are but a few of the amazing advances. You only have to try an up-to-date laundry to realize the difference.

Change to the laundry way this week! There's a special service for every purse and every family need. Phone today and win freedom from washday worries forever! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

(Below) Rainsoft water and the "multiple-suds" method used in present-day laundries, give you cleaner, whiter clothes, free from hidden dirt.

Let the
LAUNDRY
do it!

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(Continued from Page 88)

useless. There were no ruins near it. Er—might there be any lake near the ——"

"The mountains?" said the big man, and his wary eyes twinkled deliberately. "Sorry, doctor. No."

"Lay off, dad," said the girl, laughing. "Shop is barred."

By way of withdrawing the fruitless effort, the little man inquired, "How do you mean—supernatural?"

"Well," said Kane, "we know an electric spark explodes gas and produces power, but what is electricity? We know air can be made to support weight, but what is gravity? We know that speed saves time, but what is time?"

Sylvester Maring had no patience with metaphysical conundrums. He snapped, "What are you getting at?"

Kane laughed. "Oh, I'm just talking through my hat."

Outwardly he was his usual good-humored self, an engineer from Kansas, idle, talking a little with the languor of afternoon. But the girl saw his eyes, tortured somehow, hiding an inner something.

Tea was no social function here; it was an incident, a pause, a concession to a climate that enforced light luncheons and late dinners on the foreigner who couldn't learn to sleep in the afternoon. Sylvester Maring went back to his literary labors. Christopher Kane fell silent. Dusk was creeping up the hills, so that the girl couldn't see his eyes so plainly now; but she felt something.

"Christopher," she said, "do you feel like talking?"

She still called him Christopher, half flippantly; she couldn't shorten it to Chris. She made him call her Lois, but she couldn't make it sound familiar. There was a point past which she could not go. There was a wall, massive, impregnable, where something hid in loneliness. She didn't say, "Don't you feel like talking?" She said, "Do you?"

"I don't know," said Kane. "I think I've got to."

She touched his hand that lay immobile on the table, felt its strong sinews quiver and be still.

"Do," she said. "You've got something on your chest, and you'll feel better when you get it off."

After a moment, slowly, his hand withdrew. His voice came through a film of huskiness: "Do you think your father is interested enough to finance an expedition into Quintana Roo?"

She didn't leap at the opening as her father would have done. She merely answered, "Yes."

"Even if I can't answer all his questions?"

"Yes."

"I've got to go back. I've got to find out something." His voice had steadied, flattened to a monotone. "I've never been sure I could find my way by land. I had a compass, but I was—not well. Fever. It's hard to be accurate in the jungle, and you've got to be accurate. But from the air ——" His voice broke; finished under some driving pressure. "There is a lake. Not near the mountains, Lois. There are no mountains. Nothing but minor hills."

The girl assured him, "That won't shock dad. He felt sure you said that just to be saying something."

"No," said Kane. "There was—a reason. Nothing that matters for his purpose. Tell him that, will you? Tell him there are no landmarks, but I think I'm engineer enough to find the place. I kept my course as well as I could. If he'll provide a plane that can land on water, I think I can show him enough to judge if it's worth following up."

"Fair enough," said the girl calmly. "Shall I call him?"

Seeming not to hesitate but to weigh some grave condition, Kane said gravely, "Yes."

Sylvester Maring was not calm. He came. He crackled with excited questions. He knew the jungle, knew the chance of failure, but his mind leaped to the rich implications of success. What secrets might those ruins yield? What was their nature? Did they belong to the lost period of that vanished empire?

Christopher Kane said quietly, "You must remember, sir, that I'm no archæologist."

"But surely you can tell me what they look like!"

"Not much. They were big buildings once, but they're mostly buried now. The ones on the lake bank are just mounds of jungle rot—a few bits of parapet sticking out, a few carved stones in the water."

"At the lake?" cried Maring. "Near enough to examine in one visit?"

"Oh, yes. Though there's not much to examine without digging. The only ones I saw that aren't buried are a long way off—thirty or forty miles."

"Not buried? What do you mean?"

"The local Indians seem to use certain buildings to—to worship in. They're too ignorant to keep them in repair, of course; they just use them—like animals. But they don't let the jungle bury them. I imagine they think they're—of supernatural origin. Superstitious, I mean."

"Good Lord!" cried the little man. "In use?"

"Yes, sir. There's one temple that has stood up pretty well. The carvings looked magnificent to me. Most of the roof is on, and the long passages ——" Kane stopped. But he went on immediately, his voice expressionless. "It must have been well built. How long do you suppose it's been there? A thousand years?"

"Longer," said Maring, trembling. "When—when can you get away?"

"Whenever you like," said the dead-level voice.

"I'll cable for a plane. I'll try Belize. I'll try Havana, or New Orleans. I'll try Miami. Belize is the place to start from, isn't it? We can get supplies there—gasoline and all. Can you arrange your job so that you can start at a moment's notice?"

Christopher Kane sat silent, immobile, like a bronze statue in the dusk. His hands were clenched. After a moment he got slowly to his feet, looking at Lois Maring, and his voice jarred with some emotion stronger than his will.

"Job?" he said. "What do you think I care about a job?"

V

BELIZE, an outpost of the British Empire. A bit of low, flat land between flat jungle and flat sea; marshes behind it and a coral reef in front. White wooden houses perched on stilts in the white sunlight. And beyond the swamps, the forest—hot, dark, little known, growing so rankly that it takes back in a single season any space men do not fight to hold. Even with modern implements—axes and saws and plows of steel—men find it a grim adversary. They can believe that it has swallowed an older empire, one that had neither steel nor wheel to fight with, in the dim past when Saxons were still savages

(Continued on Page 93)

Clipper ships, Brazilian schooners, West Indian sloops bore COFFEE$ *for this Southern Gentleman*

HIS beloved hobby was coffee. He drank each cupful with critical understanding, and he could recognize —by its flavor—whether a coffee had been grown in the plantations of Jamaica or the fertile hills of Brazil.

Eager to create a new blend of matchless flavor, this Tennessee gentleman despatched to far corners of the world, seeking rare coffees. He created hundreds—thousands—of new combinations of coffees before he discovered the rare and mellow blend which today is known as Maxwell House, whose flavor is as unmatched in 1930 as in that hour when it was tasted for the first time.

Soon this fragrant coffee became the most prized of all the specialties of the Old Maxwell House in Nashville. Countless Dixie men and women, schooled since childhood in the gracious art of good living, pronounced this coffee incomparably fine, sent gifts of it to their friends, spread its fame from Sandy Hook to San Francisco.

Today this same rare flavored blend can be found at any grocer's. Millions of people whose tastes in soups, entrées, desserts, may differ widely—nevertheless agree in preferring the same rare and mellow coffee blend, and Maxwell House Coffee has become prized throughout America. Why don't you try it tomorrow?

"GOOD *to the* LAST DROP"

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A thrilling discovery puts new power in man's grip on life!

VITALITY to work hard and to play hard! Strength to resist many ills! Freedom to enjoy full, active, rich living!

Much more thrilling than what modern science has done to *lengthen* man's hold on life is the discovery of a way to *strengthen* his grip. To make it energetic, forceful, and effective.

This new knowledge springs from the remarkable discovery of vitamins, "life" factors now known to be essential for vitality, strength, and well-being.

So indispensable are the vitamins, that to many of us who are listless and lacking in vigor, they offer a chance for renewed energy and abundant well-being.

They keep appetite normal, for one thing. They aid digestion, too. Most important, they help build up resistance against many ills.

Colds, sinus troubles, constipation, intestinal and nervous disorders are among the many conditions which scientists now tell us might be prevented if we received an adequate supply of vitamins every day.

Essential as the vitamins are for well-being, many of us fail to get enough of them. How can we make up this shortage?

Nature, it seems, put an abundance of these factors into the coarse, plain foods she intended us to eat. But as soon as we found ways to make these foods more appetizing, we cooked and refined out of them the important vitamins.

That is why many experts on diet advise us to return to natural foods which are rich in vitamins—whole grain cereals, raw vegetables, fresh fruits, and dairy products.

But modern science has found a new, simpler way for us to obtain the vitality-giving factors. No longer must we limit our diet to certain foods. No longer is it necessary to deny ourselves the foods we most enjoy! Now we can add to them the essential vitamins—by means of a diet-supplement.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have made it possible for us to do this. With Squibb Vitamin Products.

Squibb Vitamin Products provide an abundance of the health-protecting vitamins in rich, palatable form. They are pleasant to use.

Added to the diet every day, they bring a new sense of well-being! Of vibrant health!

Squibb Vitamin Products may now be obtained at all good druggists.

Each of these products supplies a liberal excess of vitamins

FOR ADULTS

Squibb Adex Tablets—Now Squibb provides Vitamins A* and D*, the valuable factors of cod-liver oil, in new, concentrated form. Those who cannot take cod-liver oil will find Squibb Adex Tablets tasteless and easy to swallow. Take them regularly this winter to help build up resistance against colds. Remember the name—*Squibb Adex Tablets!*

Squibb Chocolate Vitavose—A new, rich source of Vitamin B* which aids good digestion and tones up the system. Taken in milk, Squibb Chocolate Vitavose makes a delicious addition to the diet. Drink it every day and just see how much better you feel!

FOR CHILDREN

Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil—Abundant in Vitamins A and D, the factors needed by children for growth, and for the development of sound bones and teeth. The cool, pleasant flavor of mint makes it a great favorite.

Squibb Chocolate Vitavose—This rich source of Vitamin B stimulates the appetite and helps children to grow. Delicious in milk as a "between-meal" drink. Children love it, and it's wonderfully good for them!

FOR INFANTS

Squibb Cod-Liver Oil or ***Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D***—rich sources of Vitamins A and D.

Squibb Vitavose or ***Squibb Dextro-Vitavose***—added to the infant's milk, they supply an abundance of Vitamin B.

Note: As the requirements of infants vary greatly, you should consult your physician on the proper use of these products.

*Vitamin A**—Too little Vitamin A brings susceptibility to colds, glandular and sinus trouble, and skin infections.

*Vitamin B**—A shortage of Vitamin B leads to poor appetite, loss of weight, low vitality, digestive disorders, intestinal trouble, and faulty assimilation.

*Vitamin D**—Lack of Vitamin D results in soft, porous bones, rickets, and tooth decay.

Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil · Squibb Adex Tablets
Squibb Plain Cod-Liver Oil · Squibb Chocolate Vitavose
Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D

SQUIBB VITAMIN PRODUCTS

PRODUCED, TESTED, AND GUARANTEED BY E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

(Continued from Page 90)

The world was vaster then. That empire, in its thousand years of greatness, spanned only a thousand miles; its distances were measured by slow human feet. No steel, no wheel, no beast of burden. There were great roads, built of cemented stone intrenched to solid rock, stretching from Guatemala in the south to the far Yucatan peninsula, that never knew hoof or wheel. It was Cortez who brought that strange, swift animal, the horse—too late. The empire was already dead. The jungle had torn up and swallowed those deep pavements.

There is no road; those distances are terrible today. But man has built a strange new animal, half fish, half bird, its feet of rubber and its ribs of stuff more wonderful than steel—scornful of roads, free over distances, able to play strange tricks with the old measurement of space by time.

"Call it five hundred miles," said Captain Davison—"five hundred miles to go and come, allowing for the necessary cruising. I understand the lake's position is not certain?"

"No," said Kane. "Estimated."

"Within what limits?"

"I don't know. Maybe twenty miles. Maybe fifty. Under the best conditions it's impossible to hold a straight course in the jungle; and my condition was—well, not so good."

The pilot nodded carelessly. "Call it two hours each way, and an hour or two for cruising—say six hours' flying. The ship can carry gas for nine if the load's not too heavy. You," smiled Captain Davison, eying Kane's massive frame, "count for about two passengers yourself. How much do you weigh?"

But Kane was musing soberly on the strange tricks that man could play with time and space. "Two hours!" he said. "It took me eighteen weeks."

"It took you—what?" said Captain Davison. "Is it that tough?"

"Tougher," said Kane. "There were some days when I didn't make a mile. I'd never have got through at all if some Indians hadn't found me when I was down."

"H'm!" said Captain Davison. "Friendly, are they?"

"No," said Kane.

"Just took pity on you because you were down?"

"No," said Kane.

That noncommittal syllable irked Captain Davison. He said with not too obscure irony, "I suppose, even when you were down, your size intimidated them?"

"No."

"I see. Just your personal charm."

Sylvester Maring put in hastily, "They're very timid, captain. No need to worry about them. You'll never see one if they see you first—and you may be sure they will."

"I'm not worrying," said the pilot shortly. "I'm here to fly the ship, and I'll fly it. It's none of my business what happened to the gentleman. But it is my business to know how much he weighs."

"About a hundred and five kilos," said Kane.

"Talk English, please," said Captain Davison, who knew perfectly the English equivalent of a kilogram.

"Two hundred and thirty pounds," said Kane. "Allow sixty more for equipment."

"Eh?" said Maring. "What equipment? We shan't need anything but lunch. We return here tomorrow night."

Kane didn't answer immediately. From the veranda where they sat they could see the gray amphibian drawn up on the beach, like some winged monster stranded there, its cabin windows blank, like misplaced eyes; the figure of an overalled mechanic on its nose was somehow an impertinence.

"I can reduce the weight," said the big man at length, "if necessary. But I won't take the chance of being stranded in the jungle without certain things. I've been there."

"I," admitted Captain Davison with too much courtesy, "have not. But flying is my business, and you'll permit me to decide how much weight I can carry. My concern is to lessen the risk of being stranded—especially," he said, smiling at Lois Maring, "with a lady."

"Must you go, Lois?" begged the big man, troubled.

"Must is the word," laughed the girl, "Christopher. D'you think I'd miss a gorgeous chance like this? I've never been up. Have you?"

"No," said Kane. "But there's always a certain risk, isn't there, captain?"

"Oh," said the pilot, "there's a risk in walking across the street."

His irritation passed; he was accustomed to this deference from groundlings. Kane inquired, "How much weight may I carry?" and the peace was momentarily restored.

There were distractions. Parties of exploration were no novelty in Belize; many an archæologist had started from this flimsy wooden town in search of vast, forgotten temples of enduring stone; it was from this same beach that Lindbergh flew. Maring was known here. There were good wishes from all hands, including His Excellency the governor. It was late sundown when they found themselves alone again.

"By the way," said Captain Davison, "I've been wondering. I gather that you're not an archæologist yourself. What is there in that jungle that's worth such a trip as you had? What were you doing there?"

"Hunting," said Kane.

"Hunting? Is there big game?"

"No. A few jaguars, a few *jabali*."

"Habalee?"

"Peccary. Wild hogs."

"And you took all that trouble for wild hogs?"

"No," said Kane. "I guess I'd better be explicit, Captain Davison. I have agreed to help Doctor Maring find that lake if possible. He is interested in the ruins; my own interest is my own affair."

He spoke coldly, evenly, his eyes impassive. Lois Maring tried to soften the rebuff. She laughed, "We should have told you, Captain Davison; our Christopher's a man of mystery. Otherwise he's quite human." But Davison got stiffly to his feet and bowed.

"Quite so," he said. "I withdraw the question. If you have any information to give me, Mr. Kane, you will be good enough to let me know."

There was no mystery about Arnold Davison. He was the subject of a wartime biography, authentic figure in the news of another day, veteran of the highways of the air when Lindbergh was not yet heard of. The poise of long experience was overlaid with arrogance that was his own. He knew his business, and he wasn't used to being told to mind it.

"We take off at five o'clock A.M."

He bowed to Lois and Sylvester Maring, turned on his heel and went down the veranda to the steps and down the beach toward that dim monster in the dusk. He marched in a mathematically straight line, sand spurting under his toes at every stride.

The girl said ruefully, "Touchy, isn't he? But you did cut him off pretty short. Be a good guy and don't do it. You'll spoil the picnic."

"Picnic?" said Kane.

"Sure," she said, patting his hand. "Don't be so solemn, big boy. We'll be there and back before you know it."

Then she called, "Captain Davison! Wait, I'll go with you," and ran down the beach. The pilot waited. When they went on, the sand no longer spurted under his feet. Sylvester Maring tried to make conversation, but Kane didn't hear him. He sat staring down the dim beach where they had disappeared, where a dim monster waited, a strange, modern beast that could fly back into a place of missing centuries.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE PROJECT

(Continued from Page 9)

Mahalabell give him a walloping. My father isn't logical. He tells Marcia that if she weren't so logical she'd be twice as charming. But Mahalabell says Marcia is worth a carload of poetry writers. I am telling you about us because it will be necessary for you to understand our idiosynerasies if we succeed in the project we have in mind."

This time Mr. Patterson put forth no objection to the project. "I see," he said. "But I'm one character behind. Who's D. F.? I hope he isn't what the name indicates."

"He just about is, sometimes. Marcia says his name is a great satisfaction. She can think what she pleases when she shouts at him. But Mahalabell didn't think of the letters, standing for 'damn fool.' She named him for a dear friend of hers. You see, 'dear friend.' He's a child of love, but his father's gone away. He's the only manservant we've got. We need half a dozen, but we can't afford them. D. F. does the best he can, but he almost drives Marcia distracted. Sometimes he forgets he's delivering flowers and just parks the truck in town and sits looking at people. And the flowers all wilt. . . . Did I tell you Marcia raises flowers to sell?"

"Not yet. You've really told me very little about Marcia."

"I know. Before I can, I must be absolutely certain you're not inebriated."

"But I think you said you've had no experience with inebriates. How'll you be certain?"

"I asked Mahalabell yesterday how to test intoxicated people. She said if they talked and walked straight, and didn't sing or have strong breaths, they were probably all right. Your breath is nice. I tested it while you were asleep. Now will you please say, 'Round and round the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran'?"

"'Round and round the rugged rocks the ragged rascal ran.' How's that?"

"It was good. But I expected it would be. Adam told Ye Scribe it was ridiculous to suppose you are as bad as you're painted. He said that anybody with a grandfather like yours must have a decent streak. But will you please walk a little bit?"

Mr. Rex Patterson, blasé and bored idol of idle women, got up and gravely walked in a very straight line, retracing his footprints accurately. The white cat, warily forgiving, rubbed, unkicked, against his bare legs.

"If Adam himself can walk better than that, he must be a tight-rope performer," he said. "Who is this Adam chap? He seems to have the milk of human kindness in his heart. Is he a brother?"

"He's father's friend. He's a retired capitalist. We don't know what we'd do without him. But some day Ye Scribe says he'll marry our rich, mean cousin, Cynthia Carlton. His brother knows you. In Baltimore and in Palm Beach too. His brother went to school with you. I think his brother's name is Jerry."

"Jerry? Jerry—Winthrop? Is this chap's name Winthrop?"

"Why, of course," said Jennifer. "Adam comes to our house almost every day and listens to Ye Scribe's manuscripts. He thinks this play Ye Scribe's writing about paleolithic man is the bunk. But Ye Scribe is too profound a scholar ever to make money, Marcia says. Marcia says I'm a heathen to love Adam more than I love my father. But I can't seem to help it. He's so rich and buys me such nice presents. He brought Marcia a lovely costume from New York to wear to the Christmas dance."

"He sounds very lovable," said Mr. Patterson. "Doesn't Marcia love him?"

"Not like she does Ye Scribe. Marcia has a very strong character. But Mahalabell, who's no fool by a long shot, says love isn't the handmaiden of duty. She says, 'Let your love tote you; don't you try to tote it. It'll bust your back.' Mahalabell advises me confidentially to love Adam all I want to. Marcia doesn't like to take presents. She's different."

"She must be," said Mr. Patterson with feeling. "Marcia is beginning to interest me very much. I've qualified myself now, haven't I, as being sober enough to be let in on the project?"

"You said you didn't want to see or hear or think about any female at all. Have you changed your mind?"

"Absolutely."

"I thought you would. The two days is up tonight. But you must give me your word of honor not to betray me."

"I give you my word of honor—on one condition. I must know how you learned that I wouldn't last more than two days without—feminine diversion."

"You wouldn't cause anyone to suffer if I tell you?"

"On the contrary, I'll reward them if it's in my power. Saving someone from a lifetime of unhappiness is a privilege I haven't often fulfilled. Besides, I shouldn't want to make anyone suffer who knows me better than I know myself."

"It's just your colored man. He told D. F. When I saw him coming up to our pier in your canoe, I thought I'd learn more about you if he and D. F. weren't embarrassed by my presence.

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So I went inside the boathouse before they saw me. He's such a nice old darky. He told D. F. he'd known you since you were a baby. He said some very nice things about you. What he said and what Adam said made me decide on this project."

"I'm grateful to Adam for endowing me with a respectable grandfather."

"Oh, I don't mean what he said about you. I mean what he said about Billy Eaton. You see, Adam's always right—about everything, even if he isn't a profound scholar like my father. You know I told you I heard some important things when I was listening behind the desk. Ye Scribe said it was a good thing Billy'd broken the engagement; he said Billy was a conceited young ass and that he wasn't half good enough for Marcia. My father was decidedly of the opinion that it was the best thing for Marcia in the long run."

Mr. Patterson's expression of rapt enjoyment was fading perceptibly.

"Just a minute, sand sprite—just a minute. If your project involves any romantic entanglements, you'll have to count me out. I'm not ——"

"Will you please wait, Mr. Patterson, until I tell you what Adam said?"

"But do you think your sister Marcia would like to have you tell me these things?"

"Undoubtedly not," said Jennifer with irritated dignity. "You've given me your word of honor not to betray me. Adam said to my father that Marcia's happiness is what matters. Nothing else. He said if there was only some other young fellow about, to be devoted to Marcia and escort her to the Christmas ball, that it'd give Billy Eaton a jolt and make the young fool realize his decorated Miss Gwendolyn Drummond is nothing but a—a false fascination. I think it was 'fascination' he said."

Mr. Patterson considered this with an unenthusiastic smile. "How old is Marcia?" he said.

"Twenty-four. But she hasn't any sense about men. She's too honest. Mahalabell says the only way to keep men interested is to deceive them. If you don't love them, make them think you do. And if you do love them, make them think you don't. But Marcia's let Billy know right along how much she loves him. She's written him a lovely letter every Sunday, just full of how much she loves him. It was a great mistake. She shouldn't have let him feel so sure of her."

"Didn't the young man reciprocate? I mean, hasn't he written letters too?"

"Oh, I understand 'reciprocate.' Yes, he reciprocated. You see, he's been away at Yale for four years. That's a college in Connecticut. And every vacation he and Marcia have had wonderful times. He didn't care at all if we were poor. Of course we didn't use to be so poor before the boom, but Ye Scribe speculated. Speculating is very uncertain. And my father has little or no business insight. Billy didn't write Marcia about Miss Gwendolyn Drummond till just last week. If Marcia had known sooner she wouldn't have been so crushed."

"I see." Mr. Patterson looked very much as if he didn't want to ask questions, but was compelled to against his will. "What do you think, Jennifer, of this Mr. Billy Eaton?"

"I was," said Jennifer accurately, "devoted to him. But I'm grievously disappointed in him. Of course it may be his mother's influence, as Adam says. Unscrupulous women have a terrible influence over young men. Adam saw Miss Gwendolyn Drummond and he told Ye Scribe she was only a pretty little trinket. But she has money, and Mrs. Eaton's one god is wealth."

"Do the Eatons live in this part of the country?"

"Just in the winters. They're as rich as you are, I think. But they've no family tradition. Adam doesn't think people need family tradition if they're decent and likable, but my father thinks it's essential, and Mahalabell says he's right for once. She doesn't often think he is. But I'm afraid she's prejudiced against Billy now because she's so angry at him. This morning when Ye Scribe and I were having breakfast, we heard Marcia singing in the garden. And Mahalabell slammed the waffles on the table and said, 'Them Eatons! The only difference between them and poor white trash is, they're rich white trash.' You see, we all knew Marcia was just singing to keep her heart from breaking."

"The breaking of women's hearts, Jennifer, is quite out of fashion. In fact, the modern girl's heart is unbreakable, like the modern doll's."

"You know nothing whatever, Mr. Patterson," said Jennifer, with the biting dignity of Elizabeth, her favorite queen, "about my sister Marcia."

"Why, I should say I know quite a bit about her, if you've been accurate, Jennifer." He counted off his items on his long, tanned fingers. "I know she's a very strong character, slightly too logical in your father's opinion, but worth a carload of poets in Mahalabell's. She raises flowers to sell, and loves her father more than she loves the family friend. She doesn't like presents from gentlemen, though she's accepted a costume for the Christmas ball. She is too honest, has no sense about men, and writes lovely letters, full of affection. She is twenty-four years old, and is temporarily in a crushed condition due to Mr. Billy Eaton's errant fancy for a Miss Drummond, named Gwendolyn. But she is a singin'-in-the-rain person who deserves a better break. And you tell me, Jennifer, I know nothing of your sister Marcia."

Jennifer, unsmiling, had tabulated his items with him on her own delicate little fingers, the white cat curled between her knees. "That's twelve things. Of course you make them sound silly, because you're not serious. Won't you please be serious, Mr. Patterson? It's terrible to joke about Marcia. And if you don't prove worthy of my—my confidence in you, I'll probably have an attack."

"An attack?" said Mr. Patterson, amusedly unalarmed. But noting an unmistakable appeal in the black-lashed eyes, and that her small hands, still held in their tabulating position, were tremulous, he asked in a different voice: "What sort of attacks do you have, Jennifer?"

"I'm most over them," she said. "I haven't had one for four months and seven days. Today makes eight days. They're most—lamentable. And I mustn't get one now—not for anything. They upset Marcia dreadfully. I'll be all over them when I'm a little older. I—it's not so serious as lots of people think. But it's—horrid to have. The name of it is chorea."

"I don't think I've ever heard of it, Jennifer," said Mr. Patterson in a quietly concerned way that made him altogether trustworthy.

"Its other name is Saint Vitus' dance. But we never say that. It sounds so much worse. I didn't think

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

I'd get one bit excited talking to you, but I—I'm afraid I am—some. And I simply mustn't be, because Marcia wouldn't even go with Adam and Cynthia to the dance if I have an attack."

A clear, troubled call came from the Severn beach: "Jennifer! Oh, Jennifer! Where are you?"

"Oh, dear, I am excited—I can't help being—and Marcia'll see it and be all upset. . . . Mr. Patterson"—she was scrambling to her feet, hurrying across the sand, her tall companion at her side—"Mr. Patterson, is my face all right?"

"One of the all-rightest faces I ever saw," said Mr. Rex Patterson reassuringly. "Simply silly of you to think you're excited. Your cat ran away and I—I caught it. Come on. We mustn't let the logical Marcia suspect our project. And may the shades of my grandfather sustain me."

"He must have been a most estimable man," admitted Jennifer, "for you're even nicer than Adam said."

The annual Christmas Eve costume ball at the country club was a very gay affair.

Laughter was everywhere—laughter and moonlight and music; they went dancing together down the long, tiled terrace at the water's edge; they escaped shyly into the soft shadows of the patios, wandered to the far fairways, and winged over the shimmering water where little boats rocked lazily with their lover twosomes.

Marcia Severn and Rex Patterson were in a drifting sailboat near the terrace, watching the dancers. That is, Marcia was watching them—watching Billy Eaton and the girl with whom he most frequently danced—a petite, pretty blonde with shining, golden hair. Billy had brought a party of six, all dressed cleverly as Christmas trees, lighted not only with electric stars but also with numerous cocktails encountered en route.

Marcia had been dancing with Adam when the party gayly arrived; they were near the door and there was no avoiding a greeting. Billy had flushed a little at seeing her, and his handclasp was close and tight. Gwendolyn had greeted her blithely:

"Hello, there, Marcia-ha-ha! Oh, but haven't I had to listen for hours to what a good Indian you are; and here you even dress like one. I've been aching to see the wonderful old girl of Billy's."

"And I've been aching to see the wonderful new one," said Marcia, grateful for Adam's steadying arm. "Now that I do, I can quite understand the transfer."

"And I can't," said Gwendolyn. "Believe me, I'll get him out of Florida as fast as I can."

"I hear you've something new of your own," Billy said in her ear as they laughingly parted. "May I have the fourth dance from this one?"

"Sorry," said Marcia with sustaining satisfaction, "even the standing room is taken. I'm a popular florist this evening."

At this propitious moment Mr. Patterson bowed himself into the group and flatteringly appropriated her, delivering the plump Cynthia to Adam's arm and reminding Marcia that their gondola awaited them.

Out in the boat, while Marcia's brown eyes followed Billy and his Gwendolyn, Mr. Patterson blew cigarette smoke seaward and watched Marcia's slender, serious, brown face. For the past two days he had done little else. Firmly launched by Jennifer in a sea of Severn affairs, he had quickly lost any idea of spending a solitary Christmas.

Marcia occasionally sent him her slow little smile. For a girl who had never given a thought to being provocative, she looked surprisingly so. Nothing short of inspiration had guided Adam in choosing the Indian costume he had brought her from New York, thinking she would wear it for the delight of Billy's eyes. The fringed leather slip held her slim body smoothly; and the bead headdress above the two long black braids made her an idyllic Indian maiden worthy of any poet's dreaming.

"It's depressing," said Rex Patterson, "trying to impress my admiration on a girl who's interested in nothing but a stewed Christmas tree. I wish Mr. Eaton would take his talking doll out for a walk."

"Mr. Eaton? Which would you have me think you are, Mr. Patterson—psychic or well informed?"

"Neither. Merely aggrieved and observant."

"I'm certainly in the hands of an expert. But heaven knows, Mr. Patterson, I'm grateful to you for this sacrifice."

"Sacrifice? Do I look like a martyr?"

"You look something grand. As of course you know. I'm glad you didn't wear a costume; your dinner coat makes you more conspicuous. You're the prize exhibit of the evening. Manna from heaven, water out of the rock—they weren't anything at all compared to what you are to my pride this evening. Do you mind telling me something?"

"I've been trying to, but I couldn't get your attention. I want to tell you you're the most charming girl I've ever known."

"We-ell, that's a trifle stereotyped, even from the prince to the poor girl from the provinces. Don't you think being wholesome and intelligent and capable is damnation enough, without adding gullible to the list? I know that I interest you about as much as a prohibition lecture, and that this party is a cold potato compared to the glamorous ones you usually play in."

"As I've repeatedly told you, most of the things you know about me are irrefutably wrong. Haven't you ever been warned not to believe all you read in the papers?"

"I don't read the papers. I only read florists' journals and seed catalogues. And your prominence and escapades aren't listed. Jennifer's your biographer, not I. But if you've really thought that ——"

"I know I haven't. I never think. It confuses me. I'm not used to it. I wish, this being Christmas Eve and no Santa Claus in sight for me, you'd let me call you Marcia instead of Miss Severn."

"Do. Often and audibly. Especially where Billy can hear you. Perhaps you might manage to say: 'Marcia, wonderful girl of my dreams,' or something similar just as we're dancing by Billy and my successor. Or we might sneak up behind them in the patio palms. Jennifer thought it would be certain triumph if Billy should catch you in a kneeling posture declaring your—adoration."

He grinned, making no attempt at evasion. "Merely as a matter of honor between Jennifer and myself, may I inquire how much of the project she has revealed?"

Marcia liked him better and better, just as Adam had told her she would.

"She hasn't revealed any of it, consciously. I've been terrified for fear she might. Then I couldn't have taken advantage of it. You see, the imp overheard Adam tell Ye Scribe a lot of ridiculous stuff about a little jealousy being all that was necessary to make Billy rearrange his life. I knew, from things she said to me, that her terrible little brain was in a desperate turmoil. Then, the day she ran away and drafted you into her plans, she nonchalantly remarked that you'd probably invite me to go to the Christmas dance. So I've been very careful not to let her reveal anything more."

"Why?"

"Because you're saving my pride and keeping me from being an object of pity."

"I'm doing a heap more than that. But we won't mention it till tomorrow. Don't you realize you're not in love with the benighted Mr. Eaton?"

"No-o," said Marcia, "I don't. I'm having a very nice time, when I expected to nearly perish of anguish. But if Billy'd begged me for the next dance, instead of the fourth from then, I'd be having an even nicer time than I am. He didn't even tell me I look well. And I've never looked better in my life. But he did make some remark about you. I suppose that's promising."

"Very. Adam knew what he was talking about. Jealousy has been greatly neglected, scientifically. It ought to be developed like electricity. That Adam is a wise chap. Too wise. The only part I regret about this project is its certain success with the lucky Mr. Eaton. He was visibly repenting before he'd seen you two minutes. Why are you blushing—except that it's attractive?"

"Because I'm ashamed for not being ashamed of myself. What I simply can't have you thinking is that I hold my charms responsible for your—apparent devotion. I've been trying to tell you that ever since we came out here."

"Don't you suppose," said Mr. Patterson, leaning forward so suddenly that the boat rocked warningly, "I'd have fled like the Arabs the other day if you hadn't turned out to be all and more than Jennifer led me to expect?"

"You—you're rocking the boat," said Marcia.

He laughed and began paddling toward the terrace steps. "And I've no right to do that till I'm honorably released from tonight's project. Look at me—no, not as an antidote, please, but as a human being just for a minute. . . . Thanks. Now, who are you thinking of—your Billy, or me?"

Marcia looked away from him quickly. "Neither," she said, flushing again. "I'm thinking of Adam. There he is, beckoning to us. This must be his dance."

Adam, austerely merry in a dark red domino, waited for them on the terrace.

"Let him dance with his Cynthia," ordered Mr. Patterson professionally. "This music is exactly right for us to begin rehearsing that 'wonderful Marcia, girl of my dreams' stuff that you suggested. I think I'm going to be good at it."

He was good at it. He was without doubt the most devoted and attentive escort ever present at a Christmas Eve ball. But Billy remained aloof and untouched, apparently content in his own little group of merry Christmas trees.

Not until home-going time did the project show any signs of prospering. Then, while Marcia stood waiting with

(Continued on Page 99)

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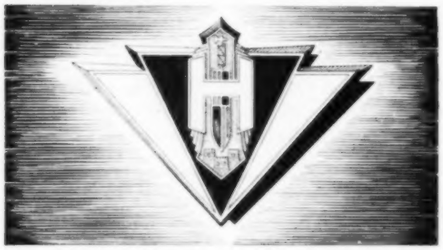

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This Christmas IT SHOULD BE AN RCA RADIOLA

Model 80—*Super-Heterodyne, Screen-Grid, 9 tuned circuits, new precision dial, magnified and illuminated, improved volume control, local-distance switch, push-pull amplification, improved electro-dynamic speaker, handsome walnut veneer cabinet. $142.50, less Radiotrons.*

Model 86—*combination radio with newest electric phonograph. Equipped for home recording, enabling you to make records of your own voice. Also has tone color control. Available with remote control. Gorgeous walnut veneer cabinet with brass worked handles. $285, less Radiotrons.*

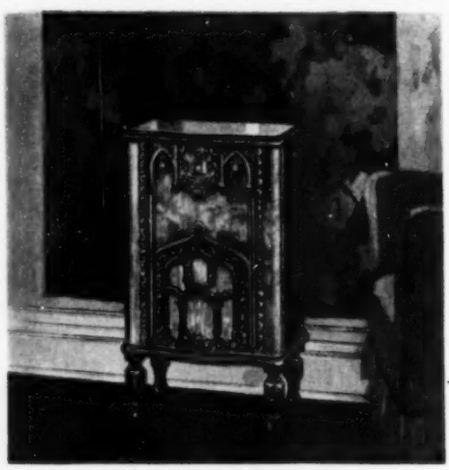
Model 82—*all the advantages of the "80" plus tone color control which enables you to adjust tone quality to suit your own taste. Beautiful highly finished walnut veneer cabinet with folding doors. $179.50, less Radiotrons. Also available with remote control at nominal extra cost.*

What a perfect gift . . . enduring . . . a joy to all the family . . . every day of the year! For so little money you simply cannot buy more lasting enjoyment!

What an amazing instrument—this sensational new Radiola Super-Heterodyne! So highly perfected that the inventor of radio—Marconi himself—has called it "a great advance in radio."

Here is the finest home instrument that ever carried the RCA trademark . . . the most highly perfected instrument that the world's greatest radio engineers and RCA's vast resources can build . . . the result of a 7-year development of the Super-Heterodyne by the recognized leader of the industry.

The new Radiola meets modern broadcasting conditions perfectly. The government has assigned to each broadcasting station a broadcasting channel of a standard 10-kilocycle width. The new Radiola is so expertly designed that it receives all of the program in the full width of the channel—no more—no less. Hence the remarkable tone quality, the startling realism, the exceptional freedom from overlapping, interference, noise and distortion . . . no wonder that this sensational instrument is the fastest selling radio in RCA Radiola history!



$112.50, less Radiotrons. *Despite its low price, the new 48 is the finest tuned radio frequency instrument in Radiola history . . . in a trim, compact cabinet only 3 feet high . . . ideal for homes where space is particularly valuable . . . a charming design . . . "trigger-touch" sensitivity . . . gorgeous tone . . . sharp selectivity . . . tremendous power . . . screen-grid, 4 circuits, 7 tubes.*

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Unless it bears this famous mark, it is not a Radiola.

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The new Radiola models offer all the latest features for home entertainment.

The combination radio-phonograph model affords all the fun of home recording—allows you to make actual records of your own voice! Remote control enables you to change stations from your favorite chair! Tone color control permits you to adjust tone to suit your own taste!

Never Before Such Value!

Four years ago a Radiola Super-Heterodyne cost $570. Today you can have a far superior, infinitely more beautiful model for $142.50, less Radiotrons.

And then at $112.50 there is the new screen-grid model 48—a full fledged, screen-grid radio cleverly contained in a compact cabinet.

See your Radiola dealer today. He's a dependable merchant selling the world's most dependable musical instrument—the Radiola. Look on the dial for the RCA trademark. Insist on this guarantee of satisfaction in the years to come.

RCA VICTOR COMPANY, Inc., Camden, N. J.
Subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America

(Continued from Page 96)

Adam and Cynthia for her gallant knight to get his checked hat and coat, Billy paused an instant, carelessly strolling by.

"Marcia, I've got to see you."

"I think it's better not, Billy."

"I've got to. I'm coming in the morning. What time can I come?"

"Don't come at all, Billy. I—I think she's lovely. Good night."

"I'm coming at eleven. Marcia, you're—you're ——"

"I'm going," said Marcia, nestling under the arm of the smilingly arriving Mr. Patterson. "Good night, Billy."

"Eleven in the morning," said Billy firmly.

"That young man," said Adam in the voice of a prophet, "is yours for the taking. But I hope discernment is being born in you."

On Christmas morning Mahalabell was singing in her fragrant kitchen, happily fortified for once against conscription to the garden. D. F. was whistling like a dozen cardinals down in the fertilizer shed, where the roly-poly pups had finally accepted his devoted ministrations. Adam had packed Ye Scribe and Jennifer off for a ride in his new motorboat. Marcia, in the lath house, was packing the precious dark red chrysanthemums into a great basket of wet moss for delivery to the Seashore Tea Room, her heart feeling like a balloon at the bursting point, defying all natural laws.

She had made no attempt at adornment. She wore one of her old big-pocketed garden smocks, and her cob-webby brown hair was twisted into a flat knot on her neck. She hadn't slept and her eyes were tired.

Billy's roadster skimmed through the drive and stopped with a nervous crash of brakes. Mahalabell's singing ceased. The screen door slammed.

"Merry Christmas, Mahalabell!" Billy's voice was like the returning of birds in spring. Marcia's ears pained with the pleasure of it.

"Well, fo' lan's sakes! Merry Chrismus yo'self, Mr. Eaton. I sho enuf thought yuh was Mr. Patterson."

"Sorry to disappoint you, Mahalabell. . . . Miss Marcia in the garden?"

"I spees she is; if she ain't done went ridin' with Mr. Patterson."

"That's good, Mahalabell. I deserve it. I'll take a look, anyhow."

Mahalabell's voice followed him with importuning melody:

"Know the truth, know the truth, know the truth,
If I never, never see yuh any more,
Take a stand, take a stand, take a stand,
I will meet yuh on Canaan's shore."

Billy came swiftly across the garden and into the lath house, his dark hair smooth and shining, his white sweater and knickers becoming and immaculate. Marcia turned at her workbench, both hands full of red chrysanthemums.

"Marcia, darling."

"Ex-darling, Billy; let's be accurate."

"Ex-nothing! Darling, I say! Darling. And I mean darling!"

He was there, close in front of her, pulling the bright flowers out of her hands. If he had ever loved her, he still did. His gay young face told the same story to her questioning eyes that it had used to. He bent and put a quick, hard kiss on her unanswering lips. And she was in his arms again. There was no thrill. She must be numb.

"I tell you, Marcia, you're the only girl for me. And you always will be. There's nothing else for it. Kiss me, woman."

"No. I don't kiss other women's men on Christmas. Does Miss Drummond know that you're here kissing me?"

"Not yet. But she'll know as soon as I get back. She and mother weren't up when I left."

"Oh! She's asleep—with your diamond on her finger. One nice thing, you've money enough not to have to use the same ring for all of us. Billy, I think it's pretty rotten of you to go frolicking along ditching girls for pastime. That girl's crazy about you."

"Don't worry about Gwen. She didn't waste any on you. She's got half a dozen chaps to keep her out of ditches. I've been under the impression you were a little crazy about me yourself. But you're rapidly dispelling it."

She had pushed him away and gone back to the chrysanthemums.

"Marcia, let's get out of this dank place. Come on, we'll take a ride along the beach. I can stand punishment better in the sunshine."

"D. F.'s waiting to deliver these. I'm a working girl, not the heiress. I've struggled with these chrysanthemums all year; there's fifty dollars' worth here, and my family needs food. We can't all play in the sunshine."

"Hasn't your father done anything with some of his plays?"

"Certainly. The same thing. Packed them away unfinished. He sold one poem—an ironic one about wealth—for twenty-seven dollars."

"Marcia, you're a brick. You're simply wonderful. Let's be married this afternoon and have an end to your slaving like this."

"Billy! Why—why, how can you think of such a thing?"

"How can I? Haven't we thought of it for more than three years?"

"I have, yes. And one week before Christmas you serenely send me a little note saying I'm a nice girl and you respect me, but you're marrying another girl on our wedding day. Now, you'd do even worse to Miss Drummond. Don't kiss me again. I think I hate you."

"Oh, no, you don't, Only Girl. But go on, say all you can think of. I know I deserve it. I was a blithering fool to think I loved anyone else. I thought the reason I didn't tell you about Gwen sooner was because I hated to hurt you. I know, now, it was because I loved you, and nobody else. I'm damnably ashamed, Marcia. On the square, I am. Don't you believe me?"

"I think I don't. . . . Please hand me that sprinkling can—no, the little one. And another bunch of moss. . . . I've thought so much this last week, Billy, that my brain's about worn-out. You don't want to love me—you've tried not to. Your mother's always been in despair about me—a plain poor little thing with a funny father and not one cent. What you need is a beautiful girl, full of laughter, with a rich father. If you hadn't come South you'd have gone on happily enough with Miss Drummond. I wouldn't last with you. I don't know that anyone will, for that matter. But being such a strong character, I must at least anticipate permanence."

Billy listened undismayed, and grinned.

"I expected all this, Only Girl. Go on. Get it out of your system. You lasted three years, didn't you? And believe me, Marcia, I've seen girls a plenty. So far as mother's concerned, she can't hold a candle to the way your father detests me. . . . Oh, hell!"

Mr. Rex Patterson, in gray flannels, with a red rose in his lapel and a short pipe in his mouth, stooped under the low lath-house entrance.

"Merry Christmas. Good morning, Mr. Eaton. Miss Severn, there seems to be trouble with your truck. D. F. and my man have given up on it. I thought, perhaps, I might help you with a little delivering before Mahalabell's ready for us."

"Oh, thank you. I'll—are you—did you come in your car?"

"No. I had John cut the fence. We seem to need a gate. But I'll get my car."

"I'll take you, Marcia," said Billy.

Behind Billy's back, a charming smile lingered on Mr. Patterson's lips.

"Why, Mr. Patterson's being here for dinner, Billy, so it won't inconvenience him. And it might make you late for your dinner."

"Back in ten minutes," said Mr. Patterson, blithely departing.

Billy glared after him. "Make it fifteen!" he called. "Marcia and I are arranging our wedding date!"

If Mr. Patterson heard he made no answer. Probably he didn't hear, because Mahalabell was shouting a cordial greeting to him.

"Marcia, what right has that guy to act as if he owns you? He certainly advertised property rights last night, all right. You know what that ritzy redhead is, don't you? The most notorious collector of girls' scalps in the country!"

"I know all about him. His family and Adam's have been friends for ages. He's Adam's brother's closest friend. And you must admit, Billy, he does at least marry some of the victims."

"I'll say he does. If you're stalking alimony, he's the right guy. Marcia, does that society bloodhound mean anything to you?"

"A great deal. He's saved me from everybody's pity and curiosity. And if it weren't for him you wouldn't be here."

"How do you mean?" said Billy less savagely.

"If I'd gone to the dance last night with Adam and Cynthia Carlton, and sat around praying for partners, you'd be at home this minute, having breakfast with your Gwendolyn. You were jealous, that's all. Just as Adam said you would be. He said if you were jealous you'd realize you loved me."

"Well, thank God for Adam," said Billy buoyantly, kissing her ear. Still there was no thrill. Marcia wondered if she were perhaps subnormal, going into a serious illness. Her mind continued to grind out astonishing facts as steadily as a gristmill. Being in Billy's heart again wasn't making her happy. His careless assurance irritated her. His light unconcern for hurting the other girl distressed her. She went on laying the bright blossoms in the basket, one after another, wishing Rex Patterson would come back.

Billy was saying something about Adam. Just as he finished, what he had said caught her attention, and she went back over his words while he craned behind her and kissed her other ear.

"He certainly deserves better than the persevering Cynthia"—that was what Billy had said. "I wish the good old guy could have found as grand a girl as I have."

"Cynthia?" said Marcia. "What guy? Who are you talking about?"

(Continued on Page 101)

"See--he packs his oysters so they can't drip"

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(Continued from Page 99)

"Adam—Adam and Cynthia. Hasn't he said anything? Cynthia told mother they'd probably be married in the spring."

"Adam? Why, I—I can't believe it. Married!"

"Most of us come to it sooner or later. And when an old bachelor once starts falling, he's glad to land any old place." Billy lifted the basket of chrysanthemums from the bench to the ground. "Listen, Only Girl. I'll take these in to the Tea Room on my way home. Then after you've fed the ritzy bluebeard, get rid of him, and I'll come get you for the evening. We'll have dinner at the Lighthouse and drop in at Enright's dance. Now ease up on the discipline, sweetheart, and give me one decent kiss."

Bewilderedly but definitely, Marcia knew she was in the wrong place, and got out of it. Billy, still undismayed, grimaced good-humoredly at the skill with which she slipped out of his embrace.

"Billy, go home and kiss Gwendolyn. I'm the wrong girl, really. Oh, yes, I am. Oh, do go on. I'm so muddled I'm miserable. Go on, Billy, please!"

Billy stepped back slowly, one step, several steps, for the first time apprehensive. "Marcia, don't look like this. I love you, Marcia. Can't you forgive a guy when he knows he's done wrong?"

His grin was a little pathetic. He held his arms out more humbly.

"Thanks, Billy," said Marcia, retreating. "I can't care to."

"Marcia, can it be possible you've let this red-headed bluebeard turn your head?"

"Yes," said Marcia steadily, "and in the right direction. Here comes Adam and my family. They'll be so overjoyed at seeing you that it may be very embarrassing. Please go before they come. Please."

Several missing laths let them look across the garden to the pier where Adam's new boat lay shining on the blue water of the bay.

"Marcia! You—you can't ——" His face was flushed; his voice loud.

"If you'll go now, quickly, Billy, before Jennifer sees you, I'll telephone you in an hour."

"I—I won't go till you kiss me. And I'll be back after dinner."

"Oh, well, then, hurry! There!" It was the sort of kiss that she often bestowed resignedly on the naughty Jennifer.

"Ouch," said Billy, and went.

Down at the pier, Adam was tying his boat. As he bent over, the sun shone brightly on the round bald spot on top of his head. He wore old brown knickers and a soft, new, brown sweater.

Jennifer, with a pup under each arm, waited for him, a bright sprite in a new red Christmas dress. Ye Scribe, who loathed boats, shuffled ahead toward the house, eager to be back to his manuscripts. Marcia prayed that they wouldn't see Billy. They didn't, until his engine started. Then Jennifer ran for the driveway, but Billy, unwaving, had gone.

Marcia went slowly through the lath house. There was the noise of another engine, not distant. Rex Patterson would be coming for the flowers. Marcia went back for the chrysanthemum basket.

But instead of carrying it toward the drive, she started across the garden toward the pier. The basket grew heavy. She set it down in the forget-me-nots. "Adam," she called, "please come help me with this basket."

Blue jays chattered round the lily pool and a dozen quail walked unhurriedly out of Adam's path.

"Wasn't that our old friend Billy's car? What's his hurry?"

"Adam, are you going to marry Cynthia Carlton?"

"Wha-at?" Adam pushed his round glasses back on his nose with a long forefinger. "Why, good Lord, not—not that I know of."

"I didn't believe it could be true. Billy's—gone."

"So I see. You don't mean to tell me that young Patterson's changed your ideas about husbands."

"No, not Mr. Patterson. . . . Adam, how old are you?"

Adam's round face reddened slightly. "Forty-one."

"I've thought you were somewhere between sixty and seventy until ten minutes ago. Adam Winthrop, tell me, do you love anyone at all—any woman, I mean."

"Yes."

"It's—I, isn't it?"

"Yes, Marcia, it's you." Adam no longer had a voice, only a hoarse whisper. He stood quietly in front of her, tall and a little stooped.

"Well, heavens, Adam, isn't there—something you can do about it?"

Jennifer reached them by the time Adam had done something about it. It was an embrace whose quality there was no mistaking, even for Jennifer. She dropped one pup with a soft plop into the delphinium bed and squeezed the other until he howled with woe. Approaching from the other direction, but likewise temporarily stopped from shock, was Mr. Rex Patterson. Adam and Marcia saw neither of them, nor heard the unhappy pup.

Jennifer finally dropped it also and inserted herself into the oblivion before her. "Marcia Severn! What are you doing, Marcia?"

Mahalabell's voice suddenly filled the garden with happy song:

"Take a stand, take a stand, take a stand,
I will meet yuh on Canaan's shore."

"I'm taking a stand," said Marcia—"a very much delayed one. Do go 'way, Jennifer."

Mr. Patterson was beckoning, so Jennifer relented and joined him. "Oh, Mr. Patterson, isn't this exciting? Don't you think it looks as if Marcia might be going to marry Adam?"

"I regret to say it looks very much that way," said Mr. Patterson, seeming not in the least elated. "What do you think of our project now?"

"Well, anyhow, it worked on Billy just like we thought it would. I think it was a success. Don't you think it was a success, Mr. Patterson?"

"Perhaps. But not a sweet one."

"They're still kissing each other," said Jennifer. "Aren't you surprised?"

"Not agreeably," said Mr. Patterson.

"Why. Don't you like Adam Winthrop?"

"Yes. But I like Marcia too."

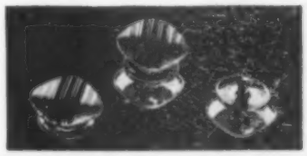
"Oh," said Jennifer, and took his hand by way of comfort. "I was just thinking," she added, for further comfort, "that I'll probably be very much like Marcia by the time you're as old as Adam is."

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

A Porto Rican Scene

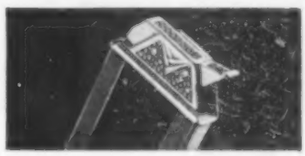
They please men because they are•

•conservatively smart



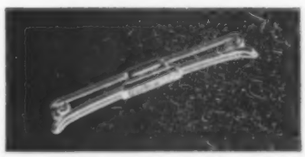
When men are freed from the restraints of evening-dress, Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons combine style and smartness with the last word in convenience. Slip them in—*snap!* When you want them open—*snip!* Guaranteed to keep on snipping and snapping for a lifetime. 50c to $25.

•intricately simple



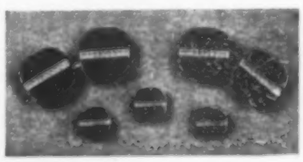
Like a fine watch, the new Carlton Automatic Lighter is unbelievably thin. All working parts are completely enclosed, but "snap the lever—there's your light." It's infallible. And Carlton's smartness of design is unquestionable. A pleasing and unburdensome ornament to vest-pocket or lady's handbag. $5 to $15.

•pointless and significant



Unlike collar-pins, which have an objectionable way of intermittently puncturing neck and thumb as well as collar, Swank is pointless. It looks like a pin, but isn't. Just slip it on and slip it off. It lends the ultimate air of distinction to the collar. 50c to $10.

•smartly conservative



Guided by the restraint which good taste dictates for evening-dress, Swank Evening Sets of shirt-studs and cuff-links add a note of authority to the formal turnout. Priced from $3 to $6. Carlton dress sets, $5 to $20.

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Smart New Styles on Sale Everywhere
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MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 30)

frightening and depressing him with the remorseless rhythm of this great machine.

He delivers a subdued Russian wildman back to SOL SCHMILLICK, *who is paid half a million dollars a year, and returning alone from* SCHMILLICK'S *office,* JAKE *encounters a distracted* DOROTHY, *lost on Stage X, in a crazy wilderness of cameras, scenery and electrical apparatus.*

DOROTHY: I'm awfully sorry, but could you please tell me where I could find Mr. Gordon?

JAKE: Did you ask at the gate? They'd know where he is. What does he do?

DOROTHY: I did ask, and they said to go to the model stage. He's an artist. He designs scenery here.

JAKE: Scenery? Gordon? Oh, yes. Now I remember. I picked him up in Chicago. You'd better ask them at the office. They don't let visitors run around loose on this stage. This is where we keep all our secrets—do our trick shots, and so forth.

DOROTHY: I'm not a visitor. I'm Mrs. Kiley. And I have to see Mr. Gordon right away. It's important.

JAKE: Mrs. Kiley? Well, I'll send a boy back for you and see if we can find him. Kiley? That reminds me of something. Oh, yes, I guess you've been reading about that comic artist, Kiley, in New York, too, haven't you? Everybody has—Mister Noodle—the one that had that wild party. No relation, I hope.

DOROTHY: He's my husband.

JAKE: Oh! . . . Oh, I'm sorry. I mean —— Say, boy! Go back in the art department and see if you can find Gordon and tell him to come here. He's one of the artists. . . . Gee, I'm sorry, Mrs. Kiley. Look; suppose I walk back with you and see if I can find Gordon for you. . . . Huh? Wait a minute. They're making a shot. We can't cross. See that little boat they're pulling across that puddle of water full of toy figures? Well, when you see that on the screen it'll be a boatload of Heidelberg students going down the Rhine River in Germany. Those fans hidden there make the waves. Clever, eh? We'll shoot the songs later and synchronize them in the cutting room. They're shooting the castles on the sky line now at the same time too. You know how they do that? I'll show you. They paint 'em on glass and leave a clear space in the middle for the action and shoot the picture through the glass. That's all. We can cross now. See? There it is—all on the glass. Pretty, ain't it? Seems kind of a shame to paint such a pretty picture to be used for only a few seconds and then throw it away.

DOROTHY: Isn't that pretty? It's beautifully done.

JAKE: Oh, we do some good work here. When you see it on the screen you can't tell it from real. . . . That's Mr. Gordon over there, isn't it? Do you know him when you see him?

DOROTHY: Yes, he's my father.

JAKE: Oh! . . . Oh, excuse me. Well, well, I guess I'll be going. . . . Gee! Gee! . . . Well, good-by.

DOROTHY: Hello, daddy. Caught you that time. What are you doing?

GORDON *(startled):* Dorothy! Didn't I tell you never ——

DOROTHY: Daddy, I had to come. What are you doing there?

GORDON *(guiltily):* Oh, I'm just retouching this a little. You can't come here, you know. I told you that, didn't I?

DOROTHY: Daddy, brace yourself. I'm going to New York.

GORDON: What?

DOROTHY: I'm going to New York.

GORDON: When? What for? Why?

DOROTHY: I've got to find out about Chic. What's happened to him. I just got a wire from MacAdam—said he opened my telegrams because he couldn't find Chic—didn't know where he was.

GORDON: Drunk, probably. Out on a bat.

DOROTHY: No, something's happened to him. He couldn't be drunk and completely disappear for nearly three weeks.

GORDON: Oh, he couldn't, eh? You don't know him yet, do you?

DOROTHY: Well, I've got to know. I'm going tonight. Maybe something's happened to him. He got killed or something.

GORDON: Nothing's happened to him. He's just out on another party. You'll read about it, with pictures—from left to right, Chic Kiley, Flossie Dimple-knees and the Scotch twins, Haig and Haig.

DOROTHY: Don't laugh.

GORDON: Laugh? Why should I? He's brought enough grief into my life. Yours, too, for that matter. And now you want to go back to him. Why, in heaven's name?

DOROTHY: I want to find out about him. I'm worried.

GORDON: Well, you'll find out about him all right, and then you'll really start worrying all over again. When are you going to grow up, anyway? Are you always going to be just a silly little sentimental fool? Haven't you learned anything? Don't you know it doesn't make any difference what has happened to him? Suppose he is in trouble. Do you think you can get him out of it? And suppose, by some great stroke of luck, he isn't in any trouble; he soon will be again. You couldn't keep him out of it before. What makes you think you can do it now?

DOROTHY: Maybe he's learned a lesson. Maybe he's changed.

GORDON: Listen, Dorothy. You love me a little bit, don't you?

DOROTHY: Why, certainly, daddy. I love you lots.

GORDON: And you have some confidence in my judgment, haven't you?

DOROTHY: Sure I have, but ——

GORDON: Remember, we had a long talk about Chic once, and I tried to tell you what he was, and what he was like, and what you were letting yourself in for if you married him?

DOROTHY: I know, daddy, but I was in love.

GORDON: Exactly. You were in love, and that was some excuse for being foolish. But now you're not in love. You know that, don't you?

DOROTHY: I don't know, daddy.

GORDON: You know you're not. You're just feeling sorry for him. You're being sentimental. And that's not being strong; that's being weak. And you think you can come back to him with your weakness and add it to his, and that will change everything. Well, it won't. You can't change Chic. You can't change yourself—not really.

DOROTHY: Oh, I am changed.

(Continued on Page 105)

38,000 *Willard Dealers*

HELP YOU GET SERVICE AND SATISFACTION

The service and satisfaction that car owners find at their Willard dealers' begins with the battery itself. The dependability and long life so characteristic of Willards are the result of long years of battery making . . . of engineering experience that has taught Willard how to build these qualities into every battery. And, to help the car owner get out of his battery all that Willard built into it at the factory, 38,000 Willard dealers offer a service of skilled battery care. Millions of car owners help themselves to the utmost in battery performance by getting Willard service regularly. That Willard ownership is a recognized advantage is suggested by the fact that Willards are the choice of more car owners every year than any other make of battery.

Thread-Rubber insulation unites the electrical insulating value and durability of rubber with the porosity of cotton threads. You can get it only in a Willard.

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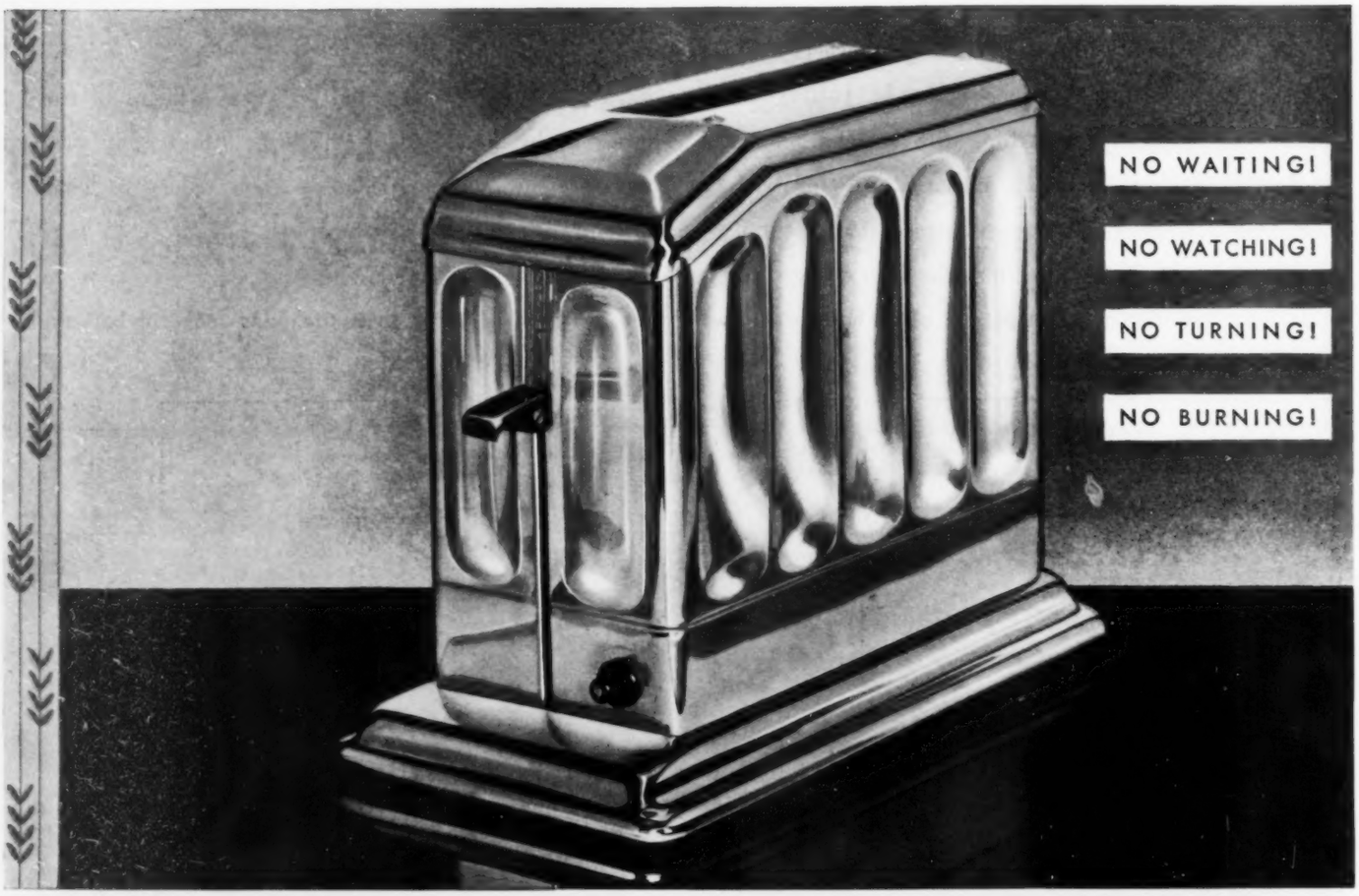
The Smartest Gift of the Season

the New and Improved Toastmaster



IT'S by far the smartest gift of the season—this new and improved Toastmaster! See it by all means—this utterly new model of the famous toaster that "Pops Up The Toast!"

It works *automatically*. And—it won't burn toast! It comes in 1 and 2-slice sizes and is a revelation in simplicity and smartness.

Of the hundreds of thousands who saw the remarkable first model which revolutionized toastmaking in America, not one would have believed it could ever have been improved upon.

Yet—that has been done!

It is even more simple, more amazing, more beautiful!

Whole Operation in One Lever

With the new model, all you do is drop in the bread and press but a *single* lever. And *forget* about it!

In a minute—a piece of evenly browned toast pops up, *automatically*.

TOASTMASTER

The Automatic Electric Toaster
That Pops Up The Toast

Works Automatically—Won't Burn Toast!

That's all there is to it. No waiting! No watching! No turning! No burnt toast!

And by simply setting a small, new-type indicator, you get the kind of toast you like—browned to the exact shade.

Won't Burn Toast, Won't Burn You

Another point about a Toastmaster—it won't burn the toast. For when the toast is done, it turns off the current *automatically*.

For the same reason it can't overheat, or ruin your table-top.

A Toastmaster can't burn you—it pops the toast up on the top where you can reach it *safely*. And now it comes with cool-type carrying handles that permit you to move it about without danger of burning your fingers.

See the New Toastmaster

If you want the easiest way to have perfect toast—see the new and improved Toastmaster. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

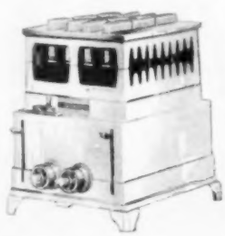
Now on display both in 1 and 2-slice sizes, at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 North Second Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota

A Division of
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY

BIG PROFITS IN TOAST

Write for Facts About Commercial Toastmaster



Today many leading Restaurants, Cafeterias, Sandwich Shops and Counter Services rate the Commercial Toastmaster as one of their best profit-makers. Over 40,000 now in daily use. Made under Strite patents in 3, 4, and 8 to 12-slice models. Send postcard for complete information. No obligation, of course. 284

(Continued from Page 102)

GORDON: Oh, you are, are you? You invented one Chic Kiley and married him. He was a genius and he loved you and you were going to be supremely happy together. Well, he wasn't a genius and he didn't love you and you weren't happy. He was a big accident and he loved only himself and he broke your heart. And now, when you were just beginning to see things clearly and realize the truth, you get another brainstorm—three thousand miles away, you are inventing another imaginary Chic Kiley—all washed clean and pure and glorified by your great love—also imaginary. Isn't that so?

DOROTHY: Well, maybe; still ——

GORDON: Dorothy dear, listen once and for the last time to an old man. All of us have the capacity for deluding ourselves. And for most of us, it is only our illusions that are real. We won't look at facts, or if we must look, we refuse to see them. I once had the illusion that I was going to be a great artist—that I was a great artist, in fact—and some day, when I didn't have to work for a living, I would sit and paint beautiful pictures and all the world would shout, "*Hoch!* A genius!" And it was this dream, this illusion, that kept me from going mad through all the years of drudgery, teaching a lot of blockheads who thought they wanted to be artists, who had no business trying to be artists, who could never be artists—like your Chic, for instance. And then, one day, they fired me because I wasn't modern, because I couldn't teach commercial art.

Well, I was glad. I didn't want to teach commercial art. It never occurred to me that the only art I respected and admired and loved was, once upon a time, just commercial art. The tombs of the Medici, the rose window of Chartres, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the frieze of the Parthenon, were all subsidized jobs, done to order by good workmen who took pride in their work and never heard the word "art." There weren't any books about art for them to read, so they couldn't get self-conscious. There weren't any newspapers. There weren't any critics. Old man Gutenberg and his movable type turned a lot of good artisans who might have been contented into a lot of lousy artists who are miserable.

DOROTHY: But you aren't miserable, daddy. And you're a good artist.

GORDON: I'm a good artisan. I know it now. And I'm contented. I was a bad artist, and I didn't know it, and I was miserable. That horrible trip through the Middle West where I was going to electrify them with my masterpieces, most of which I had to leave hanging in cheap hotels to pay the bills—that taught me something. But still I thought I was a great artist, only they were too stupid to appreciate me. So I came back to Chicago and sat around and brooded and painted more pictures and tried to sell them, but nobody would buy them. Then at last came the big opportunity—a motion-picture company sent a representative all the way from Hollywood to engage me to design scenery that would revolutionize the industry. It was a bit commercial, I thought, but, after all, here was an opportunity to elevate the drama and enlighten the masses. Did you ever hear what John Higinbotham told the young lady who announced that her little group of players was elevating the stage? He said, "Lady, you are suffering from an optical illusion. You think you are elevating the stage, but you are really depressing the audience."

Well, anyway, to make it short, I came to Hollywood, and here I am. I didn't tell you what I was doing, because I didn't think you would understand, and your pride might be hurt. Now I am going to tell you. I am not designing scenery that will elevate the drama and enlighten the masses. I am painting glass shots, just like this one. But I am painting them better than they were ever painted before. I've been working for two weeks on this one, and when I'm finished, they'll take it out and photograph it once and then smash it.

DOROTHY: But, daddy, that's horrible.

GORDON: It isn't horrible. I'm doing what I like to do, and they let me do it as well as I know how, and they pay me for it. I am proud of it, they're proud of it; I've just signed up for two more years at a big increase, and as for posterity—I agree with Mr. Dooley, who said, "Why should we do anything for posterity? What did posterity ever do for us?"

DOROTHY: Well, maybe you're right, daddy.

GORDON: I may not be entirely right. None of us are. But we can be entirely wrong. And we're never so wrong as when we go right on kidding ourselves when experience is trying to teach us better. And that's what you're doing, Dorothy. Think it over this time. Don't go back to New York tonight. Think about it long and hard before you do go. You're jumping back into the fire again, and you may not be lucky enough to come out of it this time. Are you going to listen to your old daddy just this once?

DOROTHY: Yes.

GORDON: And you won't go to New York tonight?

DOROTHY: No.

GORDON: And you won't go till you've thought it all over?

DOROTHY: No, daddy, I promise.

Office of the Meteor Syndicate, Times Building, New York City.

SECRETARY: There's a Miss White outside to see you, Mr. MacAdam.

MACADAM: White? White? What White? Who is she?

SECRETARY: She just said to tell you her name was White—Miss Betty White.

MACADAM: Betty White—Betty—Betty? Oh, now I know. Send her right in. Here, take this file with you and I'll call you when I'm finished.

SECRETARY: Yes, sir.

MACADAM: Heard of the Loop-A-Loop Sisters, haven't you?

SECRETARY *(thrilled)*: Oh, is that the Betty?

MACADAM: That's the Betty. Take a good look at her and remember it if ever you should be tempted by a handsome boss.

SECRETARY *(coyly)*: I try to remember things only when they are in the line of duty. . . . Mr. MacAdam will see you right away, Miss White.

MACADAM: Hello, Betty. Here, sit down here. I didn't know who it was, or I'd have had you come right in. How do you feel?

BETTY: Oh, all right, I guess.

MACADAM: I'm sorry about everything. But you know that.

BETTY: The flowers were beautiful. I didn't thank you because ——

MACADAM: That's all right. . . . Now, now; don't cry. Things happen, you know—but after all —— Well, it's tough, but what can we do? Huh? Just sort of got to take it on the chin and come up smiling. Isn't that so?

BETTY: I guess so.

SIMONIZ makes CARS SPARKLE LIKE NEW

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Simonizing is real beauty insurance for it keeps cars looking bright and new for years.

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When cars are dulled and discolored use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener to thoroughly clean the finish and restore the lustre. It is certainly quick and easy to use. Just wipe over the finish with Simoniz Kleener, rub it off and, as if by magic, all grime, discolorations and blemishes disappear. And, Simoniz then provides the hard, sparkling surface of protection that keeps cars looking new and beautiful.

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MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, 2101 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

MACADAM: Sure. Life is like that. Sometimes it's a bunch of roses; sometimes it's a club over the head; for no good reason at all. I gave up long ago trying to figure it out. What're you doing now?

BETTY: I'm working. Same place. You know—Marty's. He's a rat, but he was good to Bobbie and he's been good to me since—darn decent. I worked so long with my sister that I can't work alone. Don't know how. Haven't any routines. Not even if I felt like it, but he said, "Never mind; you go right ahead and do anything you can, and I'll pay you the same salary until you get sort of straightened out."

MACADAM: That's fair enough. I didn't know he had it in him.

BETTY: Oh, I guess everybody's got it in 'em, but you can't always find it.

MACADAM: I guess that's right too. *(Fidgeting with papers.)* I suppose you came in to see me about something. Huh?

BETTY: Yes.

MACADAM: I wanted to see you too. Didn't know where to look for you. We've been trying to find Chic for three weeks. That's what I wanted to see you about.

BETTY: That's what I came to see you for too.

MACADAM: Do you know where he is? Telegrams and letters have been piling up here for him. He was to be here at an important meeting three weeks ago Friday and he never showed up.

BETTY: I know.

MACADAM: Well, we're through with him anyway. We had to notify the few papers Kiley had left that we had no more of his strips on hand to send out. So they canceled their contracts with us.

BETTY: He's been sick.

MACADAM: He could telephone us, couldn't he?

BETTY: He's been too sick.

MACADAM: Yes, he's been sick like that before. But this is the finish.

BETTY: He's all right now. He's weak and feels terrible. He's had a dreadful time.

MACADAM: He's been on a dreadful drunk.

BETTY: He's all right now. He's sorry. He was terribly upset by everything and he couldn't help it. And I couldn't do anything with that sneaky Jap of his. The minute my back was turned, he'd give him another drink. I tried my best to get rid of him, but I couldn't. And when I had to leave to go to the club or get a little sleep, the Jap would go out and get another bottle, and every time Chic would wake up he'd fill up a water glass for him and give it to him. Well, he's gone now.

MACADAM: How did you get rid of him?

BETTY: I didn't. He took all of Chic's money and everything he could lay his hands on, and cleared out. Well, it was worth it to get rid of him. But I've had an awful time getting Chic on his feet again.

MACADAM: Did he send you down here?

BETTY: No, I just came. I didn't know where to go or what to do. Chic's broke. Hasn't got a cent. So I thought I'd come and tell you and bring him some money.

MACADAM: He hasn't anything coming from us. We've been advancing him money for months. He owes us at least a couple of thousand dollars.

BETTY: But what is he going to do? He hasn't anything and he's sick. Can't you advance him a little more?

MACADAM: Just a minute. I'll show you something. See this letter? We've been trying to find Chic for the last two weeks to give it to him. Do you know what it is?

BETTY: No. How should I know?

MACADAM: It's a legal notification of the cancellation of the contract between the Meteor Syndicate and Chic Kiley. It means that Mister Noodle is finished and Chic is no longer connected with us. Take it. You can give it to him when you see him. Where is he?

BETTY: He's in one of those little one-room kitchenettes. Registered under another name. He hasn't been out of bed for three weeks. And now he hasn't even enough money to pay his rent. Sato took everything.

MACADAM: Listen, Betty; I've been in this comic-strip business twenty-five years, and it isn't much older than that. I've met them all and I'll say some of the artists have been cuckoos, but the worst of them had some sense. Chic hasn't any. Maybe this will knock some into him, but I'm not optimistic. I feel sorry for a lot of the poor devils who come in here all day long, willing to work at anything. Big stars only a few years ago, always worked hard and still want to work. Why, I could name a dozen comic strips and pages that were sensations in their day. And then, almost overnight, the public taste changed; the tide went out and left them on the beach. That wasn't anybody's fault. But this is different. Mister Noodle was the biggest comic strip in America and Chic Kiley was sitting on top of the world, and he could have stayed there if he hadn't been such a complete fool. Tell him I said so, when you see him. Tell him I'm not even sorry for him. I'm sorry only for his wife, whose heart he broke—all those telegrams are from her, you can give him those, too—we opened them and had to wire her we couldn't find him. And I'm sorry for his mother, who has been writing us frantically, trying to find out what became of him; and I guess I'm sorry for you, too, because you seem to like him, and all you'll get out of it is a broken heart like the rest of them.

GUM SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR MR. MACADAM: I thank you very much for finding out for me where my boy Charlie is, as I have been worried sick, not getting any word from him, and all those dreadful newspaper stories which his wife Dorothy clipped out and sent to me from California; although I know perfectly well Charlie is not a bad boy and he couldn't help it, except for the drink, which I have always told him he should never let pass his lips. But now that I know where he is, thanks to your kind letter, and that he is sick and has no one to take care of him; although it certainly is his wife's bounden duty to be with him now, though God knows he didn't treat her right, if I do say so as shouldn't, I feel you should get him to come home here, or else, if you don't think he would do it for you, I will come to New York myself and bring him home; although the thought of the long trip and all those nights on the cars and the dreadful roar and racket of New York frightens me half to death to think of it. Awaiting your reply, I am, respectfully,

MRS. MARY KILEY.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

MR. RICHARD DILLON,
HOTEL BERMUDIANA,
HAMILTON, BERMUDA.

DEAR DICK: Well, I just got back from Topeka, and I signed Willie Timmerman and the Muddle Family to a three-year contract, with the usual clauses and jokers. I think, if we work fast, we can get the old Noodle accounts to take the Muddles. I am working on a broadside and a big campaign now. Boy, I think we've got something here. I think it's better than Mister Noodle, and Willie isn't going to be so hard to handle. He wanted to come to New York right away, but I said, "Listen, baby, you stay right out here, next to this silo, and if I ever hear of you starting East, I'll have you shot before you get to St. Louis."

I'm glad you're enjoying your interrupted vacation. As it turned out, you needn't have come, but how was I to know Chic would fire himself? Well, it only goes to show you never can tell what a comic will do. I thought I knew them all, but I met a pip of a new one the other night. He comes, like Willie, from a little inland town out West somewhere and is crazy about the sea. So, when he gets snozzled, he doesn't try to pick fights, or go to sleep, or sit around and talk about himself all night, like other comics, but he goes out and buys himself a great big fish, and then he carries it around with him tenderly and proudly, everywhere he goes, until he sobers up, and then he has it cooked and eats it.

Speaking of big fish, I suppose you'd like to know what Chic Kiley is doing these days. Well, he's in a little room in one of those brownstone walk-ups in the West Seventies, and he sits by the window all day and looks out at nothing. And he doesn't shave or comb his hair, and he doesn't even bother to dress—just sits and looks and waits until Betty comes in and makes some coffee and warms some beans. She has a little room across the hall from him, and babies him like a mother. Crazy about him. Can you beat it? And half the time I don't think he even notices she's around. You never saw anyone so completely licked. All that cocksureness he had when he came down here from Chicago is gone. Well, I've seen New York take a lot of them, but I've never seen anyone taken so fast or with such finish. I felt sorry for him, and Betty, too, but I couldn't get him to rouse up or take an interest in anything. And I know Betty has all she can do to keep herself going. So, when I had a chance, I took her aside before I left and slipped her a fifty and told her not to let Chic know, because he might get a cock-eyed idea he had it coming to him.

I've had a couple of letters from Chic's mother, and I finally wrote and told her I thought it would be a God's blessing if she'd come and get Chic and take him back down to the country with her, away from what the boys call "All This." I gather from her letters she's a sweet old thing, but with a mind of her own, just the same, and very religious; and I bet there'll be fireworks when she comes and finds Betty hovering around her boy. A night-club hostess in a gunman's cabaret. Well, it does sound bad when you say it slow, but I hope she'll be keen enough to see Betty is a darn sight more of a gentleman than her precious Charlie has ever been. But just the same, I hope she gets him out of here and takes him back home to the apple orchard. It's a dirty trick to play Betty, I suppose, or rather she will think it is; but, as a matter of fact, I'll be doing her a good turn, and she'll thank me for it some day. Or rather, she won't. Who ever comes back with a thank you for anything these days? Only a movie usher.

Severely yours,
MACADAM.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 26)

drums and bugles that bring headaches, should be classed as a benefactor is a mystery. These are the methods by which Claus sublimates his hatred of children. A powerful, bitter work, this Teufel Claus. It should be in the hands of every child on Christmas morning.

—JEROME BARRY.

Ballade of Procrastination

WHEN holiday dreams by the summer sea
My workaday worries were clarifying,
When hands were idle and thoughts were free,
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying;
But I wait, poor fool, till the year is dying,
And winds are freezing and snowflakes dropping,
Till aisles are crowded and prices skying—
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

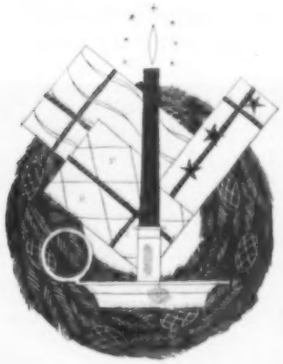
When tea rooms neighbored each wayside tree,
A wealth of delectable junk supplying,
When peddlers flaunted their broiderie,
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying.
Now lists are long and the hours are flying;
Once more, alas, through the sleet I'm slopping;
The milk is spilt, and it's late for crying—
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

When fair booths flowered with lingerie,
When gifty gadgets galore were lying
In the boardwalk shop of the Japanee,
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying.
I curse my weakness, there's no denying,
When nerves are frazzled and brains are popping,
But I never reform, for all my trying!
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

ENVOI

Procrastination, thy end is sighing!
There was time and to spare for the Christmas buying;
Our best resolves have a way of flopping—
Then hey! for a flurry of frenzied shopping!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*



Give Telechron time this Christmas!

WHAT gift is as acceptable—or as permanently useful—as a Telechron* Electric Timekeeper? Every minute of every hour, day and night, it's on the job—keeping fresh by faithful service, grateful memories of the giver.

Give Telechron Clocks and you give to the entire family. They compensate for a good many neckties, carpet slippers and boxes of candy. They eliminate many sources of family friction—the alarm clock that fails father because he forgot to wind it—the mantel clock that makes the children late to school—the kitchen clock that brings dinner to the table too soon.

Telechron means convenience, accuracy and efficiency to the most absent-minded household. It never needs winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating. Plugged into the nearest electric outlet, it transforms impulses of alternating current into time that can't be questioned. Its uncanny precision is the result of Telechron Master Clocks, placed in America's power houses by the Warren Telechron Company.

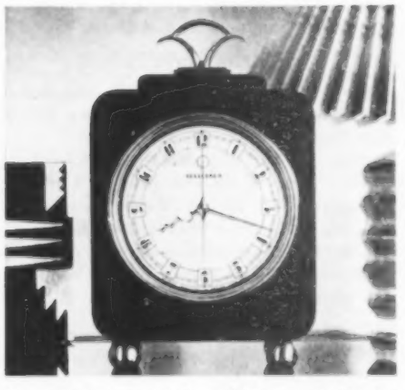
Give Telechron, because it is the true, the original electric time. Because it offers the greatest variety of models (for every room in the house). Because it provides the widest range of prices ($9.75 to $55). You may be sure you *are* getting genuine products of the Warren Telechron Co. when you see the word "Telechron" on the dial of a clock.

The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors—at prices ranging up to $1200. There's an authorized dealer near you, listed in your classified telephone directory. The Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in U. S. Patent Office, of Warren Telechron Co.

No. 558—Case of finest Honduras mahogany with maple burl panel. Seventeen and three-sixteenths inches wide. $15

No. 325—Mahogany finish. Six and three eighths inches high. $11



No. 357—Modern. Black and Chrome finish. $15

Telechron

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DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste *gives you a perfect and delightful helper for the famous brush—in keeping teeth clean, gums healthy, mouth happy ✣ ✣ That's why it is the most sensational success in dentifrice history*

Best possible results, say dentists, come from having and using two brushes: one for mornings, one for evenings

Pennies or Teeth:

which shall you save?

This famous brush stops unconscious neglect

FRIEND TO MILLIONS. Servant and guardian to the cleanest, brightest teeth in Christendom. *There, in few words, you have the fame and story of* DR. WEST'S Toothbrush.

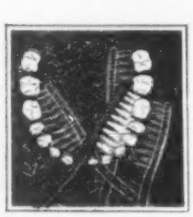
It cleans teeth thoroughly. It brightens teeth regularly. It does this for *anyone* who uses it. And so it has won a greater army of users than its five nearest competitors combined.

REAL worry-chasers

Unconscious neglect of teeth—brushing that doesn't cleanse—is immediately ended by a DR. WEST'S Toothbrush.

Being 20%-50% smaller than awkward old-type brushes, and of modern design, it reaches and cleans all teeth, sweeps all crevices clean.

Using only the world's costliest bristles, it *always* cleans. Few other brushes are even partly made of such bristles. And inferior bristles bend, mat and *fail* when wet (see test).



FITS EVERY PART OF EVERY MOUTH:

cleans inside as thoroughly as outside; sweeps the crevices clean; bristles stay always erect—polishing as well as cleansing. These are the benefits of correct, modern design in DR. WEST'S.

Specially designed for the purpose, DR. WEST'S Toothbrush makes correct brushing easy.

Thoroughly sterilized, and doubly sealed, it comes to you *fit for your mouth*—surgically "clean," untouched by other hands.

Two valuable hints

All modern dentists advise these two things, in keeping teeth clean:

ONE: Brush teeth always away from gums, toward cutting edges—going with the crevices, never across. This is easy with a DR. WEST'S.

TWO: Get a new brush each 90 days. This much wear naturally diminishes the finest polishing and cleansing ability. Or, better still: have and use *two* brushes; one mornings, one evenings.

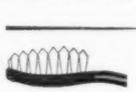
Our bond—to you:

If any DR. WEST'S brush proves defective, take it to your dealer—and he will instantly replace it. This is our guarantee to you.

All good stores have DR. WEST'S Toothbrushes: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "Professional," 50c. Husky, rigid handles—six gem-like colors, for identification.

You pay for neglected teeth in the precious coin of health, appearance, success, even happiness. Risking this, to save pennies, is dangerous! Get DR. WEST'S brushes, today, for each one in the family. Stop even the risk of unconscious neglect. Make sure of the results you are right in desiring!

Dr. West's TOOTHBRUSH



TOOTHBRUSH TRUTH

in a 5 minute test

Put two toothbrushes into a glass of water, to soak for 5 minutes—one a DR. WEST'S, and the other any inferior brush. Take them out and see what has happened to the bristles. Then with your thumb mash the bristles down, and *again* note the difference. There you see *why* a DR. WEST'S *always* cleans; why the inferior brush *can't*. (©W.B.M.Co.,1930)

BUT I'D LIKE TO GO A-ROLLIN'

(Continued from Page 13)

"Of course it's all right. I just didn't know you were interested."

"Not! I ran into her, and she looked rather pathetic. The man she's engaged to has gone off to the North Woods to shoot Eskimos, and she was all at loose ends. She'll find somebody here to play with, won't she?"

"Yes," said Sheila.

They drove along a motor rôad and turned presently into a lane. "There's the place," she said, nodding toward a rising elevation. Near the hilltop was a big house with four big chimneys and a widow's-walk effect on the roof. The ground rose gradually on this side, but evidently fell sharply off on the other, in the manner of some New England hills.

Their lane branched and became a drive. She whirled up to the front door of the house.

There, instead of stopping, Sheila swung around the next corner of the house.

"Sheila!" Court gasped.

"Like it?" She laughed softly. "Shall we have a look?"

They stood on a promontory which seemed to overlook the whole countryside; there was no horizon but the far-away meeting of purple ridges and winter sky. Stark above them, towering against the sky, was the trestle. And almost at their feet, the pointed evergreens stark upon it, was the dazzling, snow-clad slope. The ski jump of wild dreams.

"Sheila, you didn't —— I don't know what to say!"

"It's what I was thinking about that day we had tea."

"But I feel as if you'd done it all on my account."

"Oh, Court! I did it to please me. I like to have a party that's a little bit odd and exciting, don't you?"

They mounted the trestle, the Coney Island effect, and reached a platform above the housetop. It was like standing on the rim of the world!

"Look," she invited. "It's to specification. Ivor arranged that." She was straight and eager, pointing. "The foot of the landing hill is three hundred feet below us. That gives a three-hundred-foot approach to the take-off at a forty-degree drop. You jump over the tennis court down there and out"—with a quick sweep of her hand—"over the edge."

"The edge," he said huskily. "It looks like the edge of everything, doesn't it?"

"I know. Because you can't see from here where you're going to land. The landing hill drops below your line of vision. But you can see the tops of the trees, and that gives you an idea. You can see where it runs out to the dead line—those two flags."

Her small, gauntleted hand touched his, closed firmly on it. "Court, it's only if you want to try it."

He was gazing downward in silence. Sheila stole a glance at his rapt face. Would he want to? She hoped so, but she could not urge him. Simply she offered the experience if he still felt the adventurous ardor for it. Teeth gritting would spoil it, and she was troubled with that concern—that he might regard the jump as a thing now expected of him.

"You can't help wanting to," he said. "That does something to you."

He meant the lure of the still slopes below. Each glance down over them was like a draught of a heady wine. You could look into a clear pool and want to dive; you could watch strong surf and feel the tug of the desire to plunge through it; but those emotions were as nothing to this clear vertigo of delight and awe.

"Court!" she cried. She was suddenly sparkling with joy. "Imagine! Think!" There was a catch in her voice, and a ringing overtone of ecstasy. "You soar in the air. You're above the tree tops, above the world. When you come down to that landing hill you're going a hundred miles an hour! You can't think, you can't breathe. You're just speed. You're out of control. Beyond control. Court, the sensation!"

It was as if her words swept him down the approach and out over the edge, and his blood raced with the speed of them. Her voice and her self were inciting. Above the bright muffler, her face glowed to the touch of the winter air. Tiny torchlights burned in her eyes.

Sheila had given him a glimpse, almost a promise, of herself. She would bring him strange wild joy, if his heart would have it.

He might have caught her in his arms and kissed her then, while the mood held them both, and have known the eager response of her lips. There was almost expectancy in her breathless nearness.

But something, as he whirled to face her, bade him wait. Try the hill first! It was not a dare or a test; it was an emotion to seek. To live dangerously was to draw near Sheila. In the flame of a wild new joy he would find her. This—in the moment's enchantment—he knew.

He said: "I'll try out my skis this afternoon. Run some of these other hills first, to get back the knack of it. Then ——"

The house, when he went up to unpack, hummed with life and merriment. In the huge living room a hickory log burned in the great fireplace; a piano was going, joined by voices and stringed instruments. Friends waved to him as he went by the door. "Don't ever —— Hi, Court! . . . Now that you're here —— Da-da-da-da tya-tya ——"

He whistled exuberantly as he unpacked corduroys and a flannel shirt, boots and a cap with a short low visor. Voices reached him from all sides, identifying people he knew.

"Who just came in? . . . Court Forsyth? . . . Hi, stick your head out!"

Shouts went back and forth between doors ajar, up and down stairs. It was like being back at a college house party.

"Is there anybody here named Moanin' Lowe? Well, a girl wants him on the tellay-phone!"

"Hi, Precious, lay off that hot water for a min-ute, willya? I gotta shave!"

"Has anybody got any sodium bicarbonate?"

Leaving amenities for later, he clattered downstairs and pushed off for the outlying hills. Squash, he was glad to discover, had kept him fit, and the new skis were wonders. The side irons and heel strap were much better than the harness on his old ones, and the skis themselves were so beautifully sprung and balanced that they imparted an *élan* to him.

A technic he had never possessed came to him. A Telemark swing and some jump turns that had always bothered him were easy today.

On a snowbound farm he came upon a hill with the profile of a roller coaster. Halfway down, someone, apparently with nothing in particular in mind, had labored on a meaningless earthwork and long ago abandoned it. As a ski jump it was a natural. By stamping over it a few times Court smoothed out an excellent take-off.

The jump, though in no way up to the appalling thing on Sheila's place, was the longest and fastest he had ever had.

A farmer who watched him for a time said, "Cracky! All the fools hain't dead yit."

He went back to the house elated by his progress, ready now for the big one. Outside he met Sheila.

"How did it go, Court? . . . Oh, Anita's come."

"Has she?"

"Yes. Court, will you keep your eye on her for a little—see that she gets what she wants, and just steer her around when you can? I expect there'll be some tobogganing tonight; there's a full moon."

The words, natural enough coming from a hostess, dashed him a trifle. Moonlight tobogganing. The rush and laughter of it, the luminous slopes and mauve shadows, the biting air and frost plumes of breath, the intimacy and the long talks on the climb back. He wanted Sheila for all that.

She was saying, with animation, "Oh, wait a minute. Here comes Ivor."

She was always bringing Ivor up. Who the devil was Ivor? A tall chap with long skis slung across his shoulders was coming toward them. He was evidently somebody. The first sight of him gave an impression of cool repose.

"Ivor Gage."

Here, Court saw, was a person who disturbed him. This Ivor had eyes like ice with a flame in it, set oblique above accented cheek bones, in a face the very oddities of which were strength. His glance seemed to draw Sheila's and hold it, until at last he turned his head and gave Court a moment of his attention.

"You jump?" he inquired. The voice was curt, but amiable.

"Don't know—yet. Never tried."

Ivor smiled pleasantly, showing strong white canine teeth. "If you try," he remarked, "you're sure of something."

Court glanced aloft. "So I'd imagine."

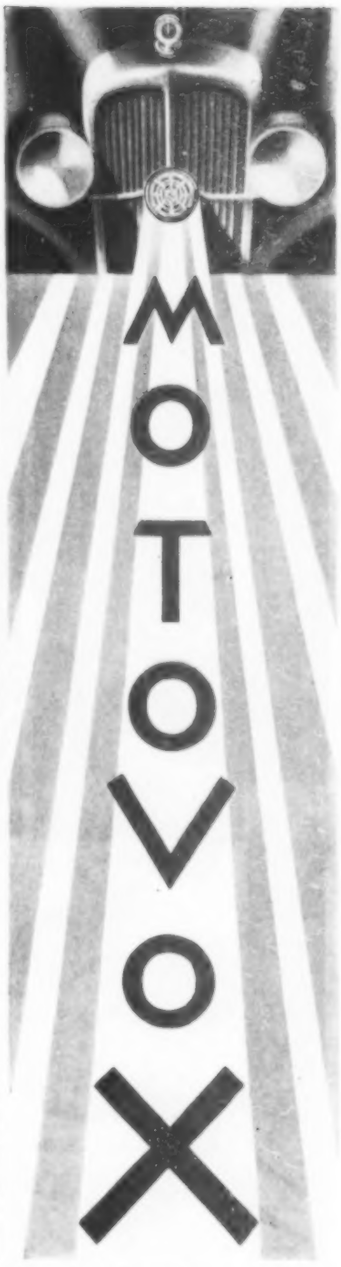
The cool glance swept him again. "You'll like it," Ivor stated. Whether this was irony or conjecture, it was hard to tell. Then he smiled into Sheila's eyes again. "Thought I'd catch a practice one or two before dark."

"Do, Ivor! Court and I'll watch you."

Down on the knoll—the tennis court here—a wooden stand commanded a close view of the take-off. In silence Court took up his position beside Sheila there. The trestle approach loomed high above them and the landing hill sheered off below.

Ivor filled him with a cold dismay. The fellow was so admirable, so devilishly fascinating. His eyes communicated with Sheila's; there was a camaraderie and attachment between those two. A vitality that drew them to each other, isolating them. They made Court feel incidental. A chance glimpse of his own shiny new skis was disenchanting; Ivor's were seasoned and

(Continued on Page 112)



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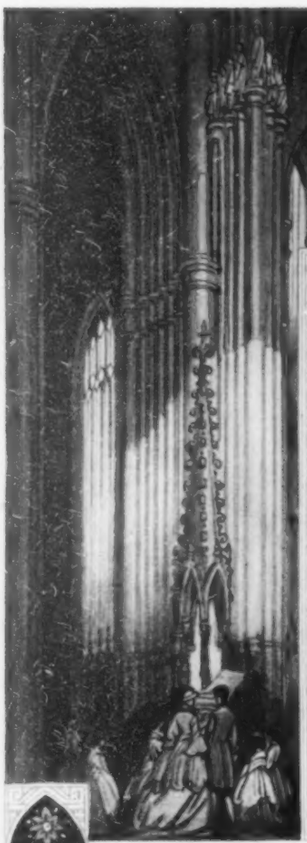

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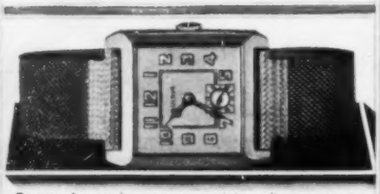

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(Continued from Page 109)

scarred, rubbed with dopes and polished by the snows of many jumps.

"Ready, Ivor!" Sheila had caught a signal from the starting platform and replied with an eager wave of the hand.

Ivor shoved off, and instantly the acceleration of the hill had caught him. In the space of a drawn breath he was down to the take-off, yet every impression of him was swift, sharp, clear. A bearing easy, but intent; unperturbed, yet alert. One ski advanced. Then skis even. Knees flexed for the spring.

The take-off. They could hear the sharp intake of breath, sense the sudden unleashed power as Ivor lunged upward into space with outflung arms. Over their heads in a beautiful, prolonged parabola. Even at his terrific speed he gave an instantaneous effect of floating, poising in mid-air. Then he swooped downward on an invisible hurricane. His skis touched the snow far down the landing slope. His figure wove and swayed, yet never lost its innate balance. He shot across the dead line like a thing in a witchcraft tale and again upward with undiminished speed. Violently he stopped at last in a fishhook stemming turn.

"Oh-h!" Sheila's low cry held a note of despair; there was no possible utterance for her delight. But she turned to Court with her astonishing calm, and said, "He's good at it, isn't he?"

"Yes, isn't he? As faint praise, that crack just about takes the pie. Did you ever hear of form? While he's doing it he makes you think of Russian dancers and soaring gulls. A man could jump like that and look like a fleabitten ostrich doing it, and he'd still be good."

"And you don't mind saying so, do you, Court?" She was laughing at him a little, yet regarding him with a quizzical, half-wistful expression. He could make nothing of it.

Gage came up from below to join them then, and she cried: "Ivor, how do you do it?"

The fellow took it well—with a shrug, a smile. "Lean into it," he replied, "all the way. That's all there is to it. It's all you have time to think of." He slanted his body in a forward rake to illustrate. "Just lean into it."

To Court he said, "Getting dark. Too bad. Guess that's about all we can have for today."

He was an absolute sportsman; there was no flaw in him anywhere. No wonder Sheila was adoring!

By evening, Court Forsyth was worse sunk than he had ever been in his life. Sheila was in love with Gage. Her adoration of ski jumping was the mere overflowing of her emotion for Ivor. The party was simply a background for their idyl. And he, Court, was the merest incident to her—a man whom she had taken an offhand impulse to make a little more like Ivor.

Losing Sheila was a calamity he could hardly grasp, a thought that became unendurable the moment it took form. It came over him in waves, leaving him dazed between times. There was such an infinity between losing her and never having wanted her! He might have found at least a vegetable happiness, but now he would never be the same. She would haunt him with a thousand remembered attitudes and intonations.

A few short hours ago he had thought —— But the recollection of what he had been fatuous enough to think turned him hot with mortification. Remembering his emotions as he had stood on the starting platform with her, he felt sick at his own idiocy. What had he said that day at the Ritz, and what hadn't he said? What had he mooned about since? He tried to remember, and then, for the sake of the shreds of his self-respect, he tried not to.

One thing was certain—he would not try the jump. By some chance he had not yet exhausted the possibilities of making a fool of himself. He would avoid, if he could, those limits. Ivor could be admirable enough without a clown for a foil.

That night, as Sheila had intimated there would be, there was tobogganing. He had presumed that the crowd would be neatly packed like mints in a box on one or two large toboggans, but the latter turned out to be little two-place things a depot wagon could carry uphill between coasts. Sheila and Ivor were off on one of them.

Anita Selby drifted into his consciousness and became clearly herself, lifting troubled blue eyes and asking: "Aren't you taking me out there, Court? Sheila ——"

"All right," he interrupted. "Come on."

"Court," she cried, "have I done something or said something, or something?"

"No, you haven't. I'm just in a dirty mood. Sorry. I won't take it out on you."

"I wonder," she said musingly, "if you're not maybe a little bit jealous of Ivor Gage. Because ——"

"No," said he. "Oh, no. No-o."

"Because I didn't think I'd done anything or said anything, or anything, so I wondered if you were jeal——"

"No. No, because if it's jealousy, the other fellow's always a wet smack, and I don't feel that way about Gage at all. You see?"

"Well, anyway, he's nothing but a ski jumper."

"You can't say that. He may be a physicist in his odd moments, or a lion tamer, or almost anything. Who knows?"

"A fizziz——" She shook her head. "N-no. He just ski-jumps. And I don't think that's much. It's like playing a bull fiddle, don't you think, rather? I mean, he has to have miles of space and all those gadgets and things or he can't be himself at all. Most times he's hardly anybody."

"This is his lucky week, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's why I wondered if you're not maybe a little bit jealous of him, because ——"

Da capo. "No," he said. "But if you want to wonder about it, don't let me talk you out of it, will you?"

"—— because I'm probably a little bit jealous of her."

"Of her?" he exclaimed. "What's Ivor to you?"

"He's just another ski jumper to me. Nothing. I wasn't even thinking about him. I was thinking something else. You wouldn't understand."

"Oh. . . . Well, let's risk our lives on this thing and forget it for a while, shall we?"

The toboggan slide was a good one. For half a mile it ran, down sharp grades and over knolls, around banked curves, through patches of moonlight and aisles of shadow. It improved as toboggans slithering over it smoothed out a track of shining satin. Anita laughed with delight, while the wind brought tears to her eyes.

He thought of her as a child, although she was not one; was really no younger than Sheila. She had a child's demonstrative ways; her affections had never intensified; they were the joyous mood of a moment. On the curves she pressed against him, her head flung back against his shoulder. Her cool cheek touched his face, and when she turned her head her lips instinctively encountered his.

"Am I bad, Court?"

"No." Her kisses had hardly that cardinal quality.

"And you don't think I'm promiscuous and horrid?"

"No."

"Because really I'm not. I was so excited and happy, and you are so nice to me, and you smelled like new razor blades and nice soap and a pipe, and I couldn't help feeling terribly fond of you just for a minute, because it's so lovely out here and I'm miserable."

"Of course," he said. "I know."

"I mean, it doesn't mean anything, does it?"

"Not a thing."

She mused very gravely, and at length she said, "Yes, it does!"

"No, Anita. It's just that you were happy, and ——"

"But I'm not!" she wailed. "I'm not a bit happy. I'm in a terrible situation that you don't know anything about."

She took off her glove and looked ruefully at the emerald on her left hand. Slipping the ring from her finger, she knotted it furiously in the corner of her handkerchief and dropped it in her pocket. "There!" she said, as if to herself. "I couldn't go on wearing it. It was a lie."

Her air of recklessness troubled him. "Anita, you mustn't do things like that. You're too impulsive, too ——"

"Court, please. I don't want you to worry about me. I didn't love him, and I thought it didn't matter, and now I think it does. That's all. And you mustn't blame yourself the least bit, because it's all me." She could not have been sweeter or more dignified. "Oh, I wish I'd never come here!" she said with sudden intensity.

Tobogganing in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Cal.

(Continued on Page 114)

INCREDIBLE

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L&N

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 112)

"So do I. Wish I never had, I mean. If anybody ever caught the wrong train, I'm the guy."

"Am I making you so unhappy, Court? I am so sorry. I don't want to. I wouldn't have for anything."

"No. That isn't what I meant."

He thought: "What do I mean? Is she in love with me? How could she be? Well, does she think she is? What makes her think she thinks that? Oh, Lord!"

She troubled him; she was a mystery, a contradiction. A person about whom there seemed little that was real, she could sometimes affect him poignantly. Her chatter hardly made sense, yet could give him an impression of sincerity, and could certainly upset him thoroughly. Though she bothered him, he felt an odd tenderness for her. She already had the air of belonging to him. Where would it end?

He wondered unhappily about Sheila and Gage. Did moonlight tobogganing hold the same emotional potentialities for them? Quite probably. He had scarcely seen them all evening; he seemed to be out of phase with them.

The butler of Sheila's temporary ménage was looking for her in some anxiety the next time he came up to the house. Springfield, it seemed, had been on the wire with a storm warning—for Western Massachusetts, slowly rising temperature with rain or snow, probably rain, tomorrow.

"The skiing will be dished," he said to Anita. "I'll have to let Sheila know. Excuse me?"

She came up the hill presently with her companion. Court called her name. She delayed answering until she had finished some animated words with Ivor. Then she said, "Yes, Court?" and came toward him. Her behavior stung him.

They moved a little aside from the other people. He coldly repeated the storm warning and saw her face cloud with dismay. "But what shall we do?"

"Let it rain, I should suppose," he said. "What else?"

"Don't you care if it does?"

"Sheila, I don't care if it snows ink!"

Her eyes suddenly glistened before her dark lashes hid them. She spoke quietly, rather sadly, with disaffection in her voice certainly, but no bitterness.

"I realize," she said, "that you're so happy in this new attachment for Anita that nothing else seems very important to you. I can understand that. She's—adorable. You're enchanted with her, naturally, and completely bored with all this skiing now."

"You know very well ——" he began furiously, and could not go on. Did she believe what she was saying? He could hardly credit it. Certainly she herself was—to use her word—enchanted. She had used her prerogative here to throw him into the company of a girl whom he liked only casually. Now she maintained that he was infatuated with Anita, and he could not retort.

She was saying: "Isn't it rather heartless, Court, just to say you don't care? The others are disappointed—Ivor, and a Norwegian chap who comes way from Burlington, Iowa. And some college men—at the inn—whom I invited to compete."

Her loveliness tantalized him, and in sheer bitterness, he knew, he had said a thing that was rude and not even true. He did care. Deep in his being was a longing for the thrill of the jump; it had never left him; Sheila, Anita, could not touch it. Apart from that, it was Sheila's right to love where she found love. If that hurt him, he must take it with an equanimity that matched her own.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was a dumb remark. I was sunk. It slipped out. Forget it, will you, Sheila?" He turned and called: "Gage! Could you jump," he asked when the other joined them, "by the moon?"

Ivor shook his head. "Some men might; I couldn't. Light's too deceptive. Can't see where the take-off is, or the landing."

"What about rigging lights? We have several hours."

Somehow, he resolved abruptly, he would get illumination. The moon was becoming blurred, as if vignetted in gauze. What about motor-car headlights? No. What about seeing the contractor who had put up the trestle? "Let me try him," Court begged, and saw a faint hope dawn on Sheila's face.

In five minutes he was dashing to the village in a station wagon. In fifteen he had located the contractor—McGarry.

"Have you any acetylene flood lights?" he demanded breathlessly.

McGarry had a few and was willing to do anything if properly urged. But the gas tanks were heavy, and whether a gang could place them tonight was a question. It looked dubious.

"What about flares, now?" he asked.

"Great! Have you any? Who has some I could get?"

McGarry had none. He had no idea who had. His idea was entirely abstract. Somebody in Boston or New York, no doubt.

"McGarry, I ask you! Boston? New York? Really!"

Well, Hobart might have some. Court made another dash down the highway to see Hobart, who had no flares and saw no reason why anyone should expect him to have any. But Bronson might have a few.

And Bronson, by a singular break, had a ton of the things. He managed a flying field and had a supply of flares left over from a night air show that had fallen through last fall. Court scrawled a check and loaded the car with hundreds of steel-pointed sticks that would burn for ten minutes each with a brilliant flame.

At midnight he yanked the car to a stop before the house on the hilltop and leaped out. "Sheila! I've got flares enough here to light up the whole state."

"Court, I could hug you! It will be gorgeous! And we'd given it up, almost! Are you going inside? Will you tell Ivor? Will you tell him to get the crowd from the inn right away?"

"You bet!" he answered her, and went in the house.

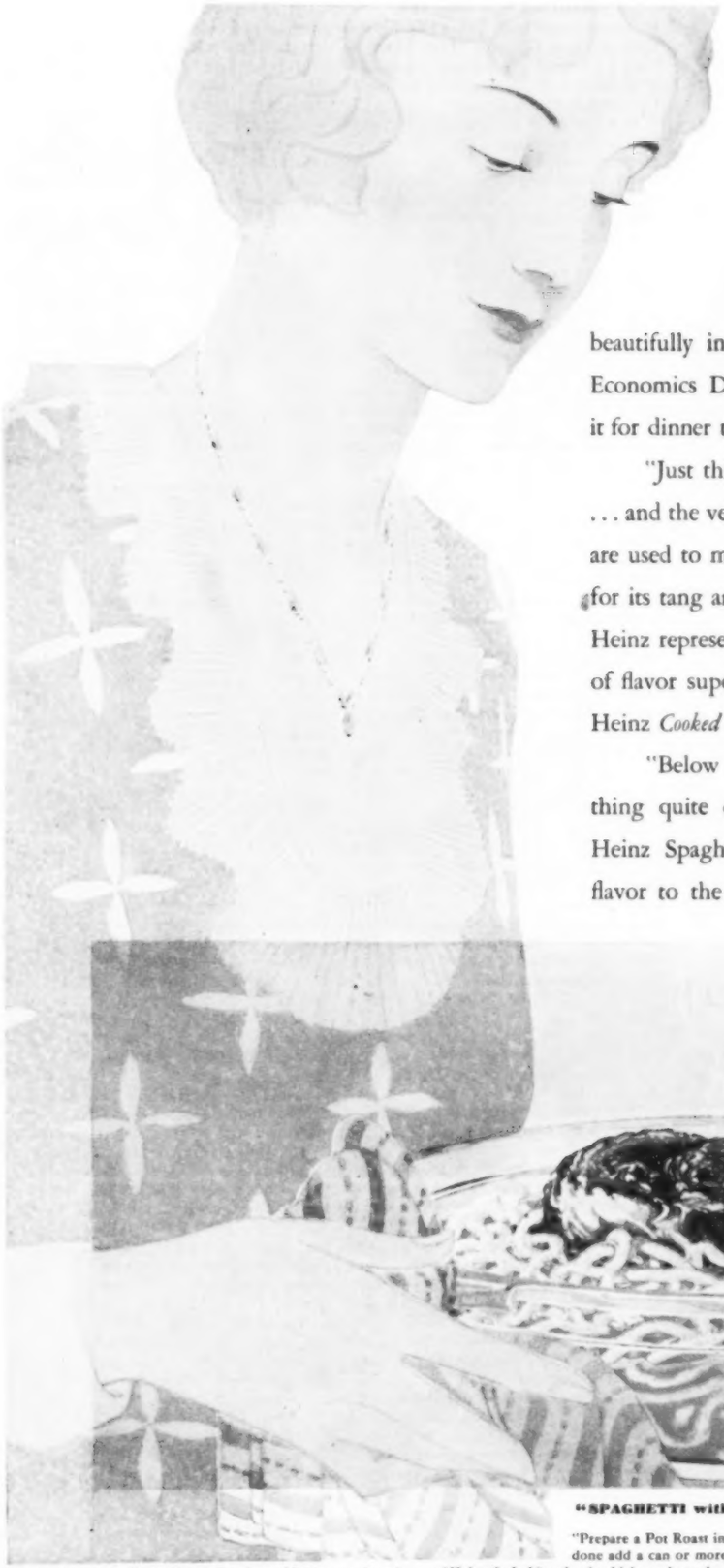
The living room was deserted. In the smaller room beyond, Ivor stood facing the fireplace, apparently alone, in an attitude of reverie. A shout was on the tip of Court's tongue; he had all but spoken, when something stayed him.

Ivor, after all, was not alone. A person completely hidden by the ski man's tall frame suddenly flung her arms about his neck. Ivor's head was lowered until he might have appeared to be more deeply rapt than ever. A breathless silence hung upon the room. Then a voice of a lilting sweetness said: "I mean, don't you think it's wonderful to find out something wonderful you never dreamed?"

"I'll say it is!" Court told himself, and took the stairs three at a time. From above he bellowed: "Ivor! Lights!"

At last the riddle of Anita no longer troubled him. She was what is known as a one-man girl. The one man could

(Continued on Page 116)



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HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

STYLE

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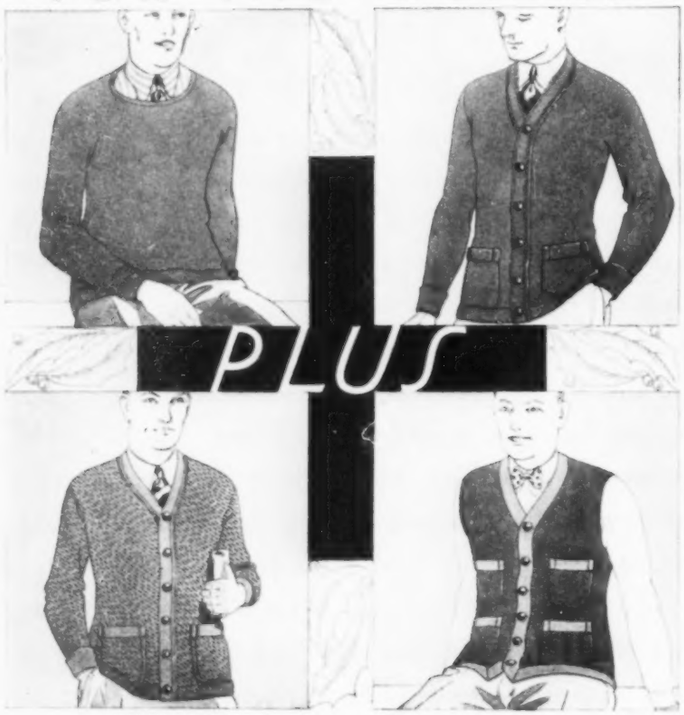

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(Continued from Page 114)

be almost any one, but while he was there he was the one. Ivor now. To Ivor had come the curious experience of holding—or of imagining he held—the threads of her destiny.

In a frenzy of haste, Court wriggled into his skiing togs. The truth was beginning to dawn on him—a man who loved Sheila might make unpremeditated love to Anita, if controlled by the exigencies of a house party. But the man Sheila loved never could. She was not, never had been, in love with Ivor.

She had turned to Ivor, as a partner merely, because she would never compete, or divide any man's allegiance, with Anita. Court knotted the last shoe lace and went galloping down the stairs. Outside he saw strangers with skis moving across the snow in the fading moonlight. And around the corner of the house he came upon a scene of such eerie and fantastic beauty that he stopped, held his breath, and then quickened his pace.

The whole sky was ablaze as with an Arctic aurora borealis. The whole hill was a dazzle of light. Raw, fierce rays of ruby, emerald and incandescent white pulsated in clashing radiance along the slopes. The pointed firs glowed black and arsenic-green and nameless red, their silhouettes etched in the sharpest detail. People moved among the flares and cast gigantic, wheeling shadows. Luminous clouds of smoke drifted and filled the air with a piquant, carnival smell of powder.

Someone touched Court's shoulder: "Are you having some of this, Forsyth?" It was Ivor. The two went up the trestle together.

The big Norwegian was making his jump. At a bugle note he went plunging down the approach, shot outward into space, passed out of sight beyond the rim of things. In each hand he had held the spike of a lighted flare—a perilous feat, beautiful to watch. The flames darted and guttered, leaving a trail of sparks on the wind.

"Forsyth! Take it next?" said a voice.

Court nodded, bent over to examine the buckles of his heel straps. Someone said, "Naweh'l'nee, fella. Just lean into it!"

There was this about a ski jump—the nerve it took, the hazard, the thrill, were out of relation, confused. From the starting platform it looked like death, yet it very rarely meant serious mishap. You could tell yourself it was a nice safe thrill, but it looked like jumping into eternity.

There was this also about it, Court reflected—once you started, you had no cause for further worry. All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't help you. You had only to meet the emergencies of a few brilliant seconds as best you could.

And a bugle note sounded for him: Ta-ta, ta-a-a! Strident, imperative, stirring.

One vigorous running push and he was off. Then an interval of serenity, of purely accelerated motion. The track under his skis was so frictionless, so perfect, that there was no chance of a tumble save from sheer funk, and he felt none of that. Only a wild anticipation. But the speed was becoming terrific. He had never dreamed of anything like it. The take-off was rushing up to him; the wind whined about his ears, whipping the tears to his eyes, blinding him.

A second of confusion. With a toss of his head he flung off the tears on his lashes, and his brain cleared with his vision.

A second would seem too brief for mental processes, yet in his state of excitation his mind worked clearly, minutely, and with odd detachment. He thought: "Lean into it—into it." He thought: "Let go with everything just as your ski points reach the edge." And he was aware of joy and solitude and wild laughter in his throat, of irrelevant things—people and glaring lights and a wraith of Sheila.

He crouched a little, the take-off was upon him, and he flung himself upward and outward with all the spring in his body, knew that he had done it evenly, that his body soared. And again he was aware of things beyond his own delirium of speed. The blinding, garish lights. A cry of "Oh-h-h" from the crowd—as if he were a skyrocket. And while he fought the hurricane that strove to toss his skis, he knew that he had held them parallel to his line of flight and his body normal.

"Court!"

The yell reached his ears and was snatched away by the wind, and he heard it go past him on a falling pitch as he flew over the knoll.

Now he was dropping down on the landing hill with a falling sensation that brought his heart to his throat. His skis flicked the snow, but he still seemed to ride on air.

Now, literally, he dared not breathe, dared not think. His balance was so delicate, so precarious! If there were hazards, he could not see them. The landscape was dark fog, the snow a rushing blur. Just an instant longer, just an instant. He advanced one ski with infinite caution and bent forward against the shock of the level ground at the come-up.

Over. Two red flares of the dead line careened past him. He breathed again as he raced upward on rising ground. Now he could make his turn. He banked his body into a long Telemark swing and doubled back in a swirl of snow.

As he stopped, the landscape gyrated. It slowly composed itself, and then at last his senses ran riot with joy. Hardly seeing, he started back toward the hill.

A slight figure emerged from shadow and called his name. She said, "Tell me ——"

"Sheila"—wildly—"it's champagne, it's hashish! I can't describe it, I'm cockeyed with it. It was like breathing raw oxygen. But you know, Sheila, I love you; I ——"

She stood very close to him, her face tilted up, lovely and strange in the flickering light. He caught her up in his arms, swept by his own intense mood, but Sheila's lips were like the warm petals of some heady, exotic flower. His mind reeled a little at their touch on his mouth.

He said, "I thought —— And then I didn't know —— And then I thought ——"

"I know. So did I."

"I was afraid that Ivor ——"

"But it has always been you, Court!" fervently. "Couldn't you tell? I've been so consistent! I wanted you to have what you wanted. Especially this. And especially me, if you wanted me. And especially this way, and not over tea at the Ritz, or driving home in a cab, or like that."

She reached up and took his face between her two hands. "Kiss me, and then run along! I'll wait, and the rain won't."

Watching his tall figure recede in the distance, she thought: "Ivor. But Ivor just jumps! It doesn't mean much to him. He does it better than Court ever will, but he'll never have Court's flare."

She thought: "Now it can snow ink!"

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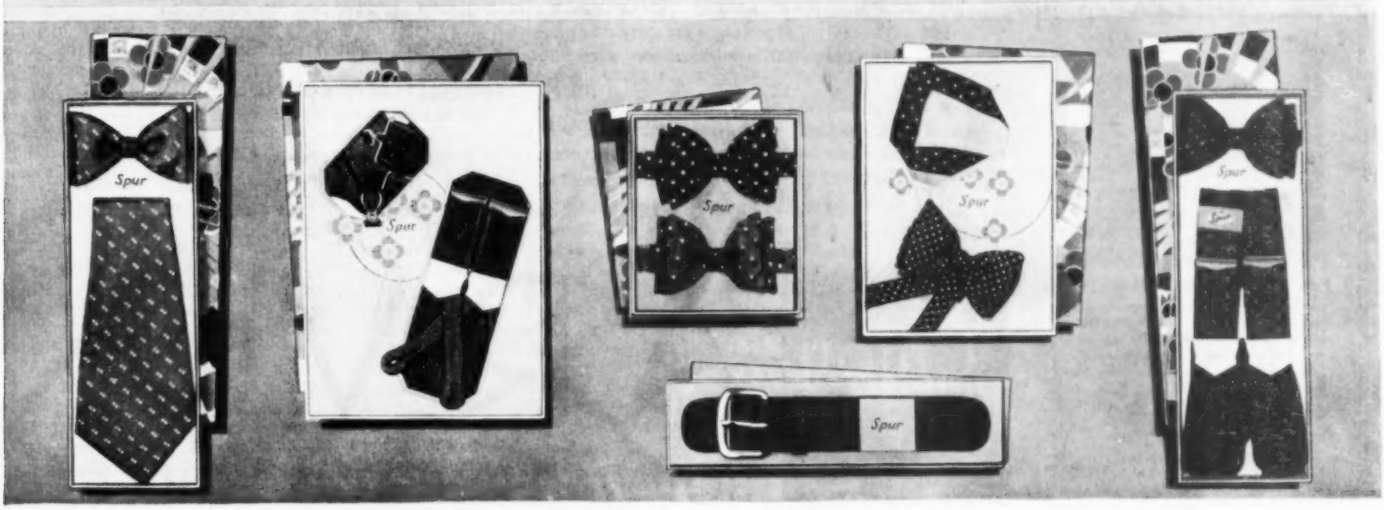

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ARVIN

HOT WATER HEAT IN YOUR CAR

DRAW BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Bridge at ten cents a point's too active for my assets."

"Also without me," I tells her. "I wouldn't play cards with a mob, unless I'd met 'em in Sunday school, had their nails filed down, did all the dealing myself and then played for nothing."

"Not even with me?" she smiles.

"Not even with you," I retorts. "For all I know, you're Cold-Deck Dora who took the Maharajah of Kapurthala for the crown jewels in an innocent game of cooncan."

"You're right," says Miss Williams, "except that it wasn't cooncan and it wasn't the Maharajah of Kapurthala and it wasn't me. Well, I've got to be buzzing along."

"Stick around," suggests Digit, "and save money."

"No can do," she returns, flippant. "I promised Hoover to keep it in circulation. Bye-bye, boys. See you in chapel."

"What do you think of her?" I asks Donovan as she ankles away.

"A smart skirt," he replies, "and those rocks on her are real."

"Same old Digit," says I. "Always taking inventories."

II

A STORM that afternoon flattens me out and it's late in the evening before I dares myself to go up to the smoke room for a shot in the arm. Passing by the lounge, I pipes several card tables in work, and at one of 'em, Donovan and the girl friend!

Playing against them are a sharp-faced, horsy-looking hombre and a flashy gal with a lot of yesterdays scrawled under her eyes. Three or four folks are kibitzing around, and I joins 'em, parking myself behind the boy friend. Over his shoulder I pipes the mitt that's just been dealt him.

It's a darb—ace, king, six times in spades; the ace, king of hearts; the ace, eight of diamonds and three little clubs. The other guy, who riffled the cards, passes.

"Two spades," says Digit.

The opposition hen goes by.

"Four spades," offers Miss Williams.

"Six," ascends Donovan. "Let's keep out the grocery clerks."

"I beg your pardon," says the horsy-looking hombre in a stiff British accent. "Are you referring to me?"

"No," comes back Digit. "I was referring to Sir Thomas Lipton. 'Keep out the grocery clerks' is just an American expression. In England you'd probably say, 'Keep out the costermongers!'"

"Hardly," returns the Britisher. "It would not be necessary. Costermongers do not play bridge. Your bid again, please?"

"A little slam in spades," repeats Donovan. "Want to crack it?"

"Crack it?" eyebrows the Briton.

"Double," simplifies Donovan.

"It's quite an idea," says the overseaer. "I think I shall."

The hand Miss Williams lays down is nothing to wake the children up for. In it are three little spades, the king-jack five times in clubs, the queen three times in diamonds, and so much riff-raff in hearts. Digit looks the layout over without batting an eye, though many a happy home of years' standing has been broken up for less. If there's a two raise in that mitt there's deep-sea fishing in Arizona.

Donovan loses three clubs and a diamond for plenty set, seeing that he's that way on the score, but nary a word of criticism has he for his high-stepping partner. Miss Williams, however, has a few qualms.

"I'm afraid," says she with a smile that'd melt rocks, "that I went a bit strong."

"Not at all," Digit assures her. "It's my fault. I should have bid three and shut you out."

"You should have," returns Miss Williams reproachfully.

"Perhaps," horns in the Britisher, "but your partner was too busy shutting out some imaginary green-grocers' clarks."

After two more deals, the rubber ends with the Williams-Donovan combination deep down in the deficits and Digit's cut out. I takes him by the arm and leads him off to a drink.

"Through and went, eh?" I remarks, sarcastic. "Hell, you couldn't keep away from a card game."

"I'm not playing for myself," says Donovan.

"No?" I comes back. "What are you doing?"

"I'm lending Miss Williams a hand," replies Digit.

"She certainly needed one on that spade make," says I. "Does she know anything about the game?"

"Some," answers Donovan, "but I can't imagine anybody waking her up out of a deep sleep to settle an argument between Lenz and Whitehead over a play made by Foster. She's a swell kid, though, and I like her."

"She can't like herself very much," says I, "playing bridge with her equipment for ten cents a point. How much is she in?"

"Nearly a grand," Digit tells me.

"Whew!" I exclaims. "Plenty pesos for two days' play. You don't seem to have been much help, either."

"Not so far," admits Donovan, "but the cards'll start running right before long."

"They'd better get a hurry on," says I. "The Plutonic's a three-day skiff now. Can't you make the cards behave?"

"Out of my life!" growls Digit. "This is an honest game and, besides, too many popeyes are looking on. I'm even taking chances cutting Alice pretty regularly for a partner."

"You sure are—both ways," I agrees, "and the greatest of these is having to play with her."

"Perhaps," shrugs Donovan, "but I'm going to stick around until I get her even, anyhow."

"It's your bank roll," says I. "Burn it. But you're the last guy I expected to go Galahad. What do you know about the frill?"

"Not a great deal," returns Digit, "but I refuse to have an American girl taken by a couple of Yarmouth bloaters."

"Why, God bless our home!" I exclaims. "The punk's gone patriotic! What do you mean—taken? Has she been given the run-around?"

"Not so far as I can see," says Donovan. "I hawkshawed around the table for an hour or more before I cut myself a piece of cake, and everything seemed to be of wool and the regulation width. The Englishmen in the game are high-class laddies. The bloke you heard me bandying badinage with is a Sir Somewhat-or-Other ——"

"Yeh," I cuts in, "and you're Joseph P. Hoskins, of Peru, Indiana. Who's the dame—the Princess of Pless?"

"There may be some resemblance," comes back Digit, "but she was introduced to me as a Mrs. Ferguson, of New York and Lakewood and other points on the Central of New Jersey. I understand she's a widow with dough enough to high-hat a head waiter. Want to meet her?"

"Too late," says I. "Five years ago I might have interested her in a corporation engaged in making Siberian sables out of sea water, but the best I can do with rich widows now is outlie them on their operations. . . . They're wigwagging for you over there. Don't hurry," I adds as Donovan gets to his feet. "Wait and they'll send a taxi for you."

Mrs. Ferguson's cut out this trip and Digit again draws Miss Williams for a partner. In the widow's place squats a loose-jointed, unhappy-faced beefeater who looks as if he'd been born with a set of fourteen hundred and a game against him. He has the deal and I catches a flash of the layout he slips himself, despite the fact that he squeezes the pasteboards together like a suspicious poker player in a suspicious game.

In the mitt's the ace, queen and two little clubs; the ace, queen and a couple of inconsequential hearts; no spades worthy of the name, and diamonds of even less importance, a grand hand for a Trappist on which to try out his vow of silence. But it's apparently a big something in England.

"One without," announces the chappie after some study.

"He means without tricks," I whispers to a fellow kibitzer.

"Or without thinking," whispers back the F. K.

"Three," says Sir Somewhat-or-Other, after Miss Williams passes. Donovan also fades, and I turns my attention to the dummy's laydown.

It's the meow. Among the cards are the ace of spades and the ace of diamonds; the king, jack and another club; and the king, ten and two little hearts; the two hands combining into ten tricks, no matter how you play 'em.

"A very reckless bid, sir," snaps Sir Somewhat. "Where should we have been had my two aces been with the opponents?"

"I thought it was rather sporting myself," comes back his partner.

"Spare me such sportiveness hereafter," scowls the noble lord. "On a no-trump bid I expect at least a vestige of one. A vestige, sir."

"Oh, come on," says Digit impatiently. "Give him a vestige, or even a whole vest, and let's get on with the game. Deal 'em, Alice."

I strolls away from the table thoughtfully. There'd really been nothing to arouse my suspicions, but it does seem strange for a ten-cent-a-point British bridger to climb out on a limb and find spare parts for all the rifts in his lute in the partner's hand.

The idea of anybody putting anything over on Donovan in a card game, of course, sounds like a laugh, but better men than the boy friend've looked into a Lizzie's lamps and lost their marbles.

On a sudden impulse I motions over the lounge steward, whom I'd oiled plenty in the past few days.

"Who," I inquires, "are the two gents playing against the young lady back there?"

(Continued on Page 121)

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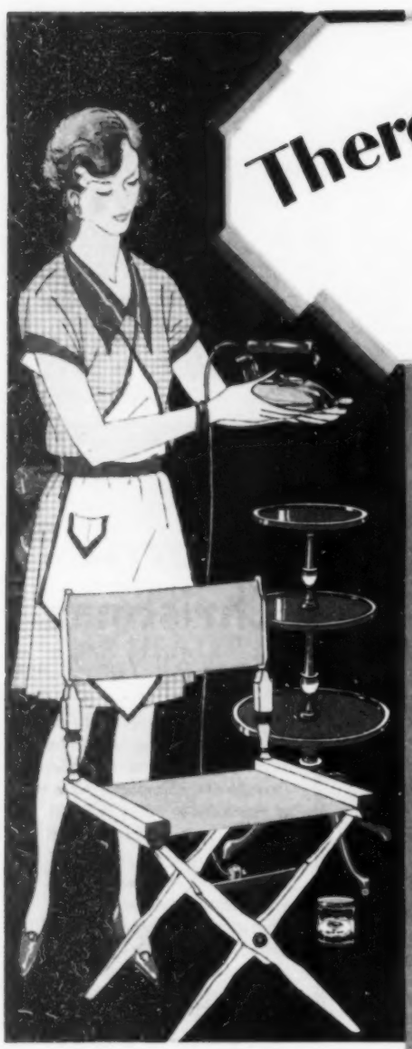

ANYONE CAN APPLY "ROGERS"— IT'S EASY

ARTISTIC THINGS FOR XMAS GIVING

Even in this day of never-ending marvels, Rogers Brushing Lacquer is an outstanding example of what modern science can do.

This amazing "quick-action" finish has greatly simplified the art of home beautifying.

Also, it has "brought out" the talent of thousands of artists and *artistes* in the homes of America—who now get a real thrill in doing artistic things with their own hands.

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No experience necessary

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Dries while you wait! Dries fast, but not too fast. Dries smooth, free from ugly laps and brush marks. Dries before flying dust can spoil your work. Dries to a hard, lustrous, porcelain-like finish that wears and *wears* and WEARS—and is easily cleaned.

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The easy-to-apply Rogers Brushing Lacquer comes in twenty-six beautiful, modern colors. Among them are the colors you like—colors that are the vogue in home decorating. Also, six deep, rich shades fortified for hard outdoor usage, and white, black and clear.

Sold by leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere in the famous "Oriental" container with "Money-Back" Guaranty.

Distributed and guaranteed by: ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS, Detroit, Michigan; LINCOLN PAINT AND COLOR COMPANY, Lincoln, Nebraska; THE MARTIN-SENOUR COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois; PENINSULAR PAINT AND VARNISH COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Montreal, Canada; LEWIS BERGER AND SONS, LTD., London, England, and Sydney, Australia; THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., London, England, and Sydney, Australia.

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Sold by leading paint, hardware and department stores everywhere

OUR "MONEY-BACK" GUARANTY

Try one can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer. If not more than satisfied, return what is left to your dealer. He is authorized to refund the entire purchase price.

(Continued from Page 119)

"The short one," he replies, "is Sir Kimberly Droops. The other is a Mr. Marcus Oviatt."

"Old-timers on this tug?" I goes on.

"I never saw either one of them before," answers the flunky, "but it's a part of my duties ——"

"Sure, sure," I cuts in. "How about the young lady?"

"A stranger to me," says the steward, "but"—and he lowers his voice—"the gentleman opposite her ——"

"You mean Mr. Hoskins?" I interrupts.

"Yes, sir," he returns. "I should be very careful about indulging in card games with him. On a trip about a year ago there was considerable talk about a large ——"

"Thanks," says I. "That's all. Order me a lemon phosphate and cancel it on your way out."

"I beg your pardon," stutters the servitor.

"Never mind," I tells him. "I've changed my mind. What I want's the library. Where is it?"

He lets me in on the secret—and it is a secret on most boats—and I takes myself thither.

"Isn't there some book," says I, bracing the boy at the desk, "that gives you the low on lords and ladies—a sort of Who's Who and Is That So?"

"Debrett, perhaps," he suggests, and, reaching behind him, passes me the reference volume.

I turns to the D's, and there, sure enough, is Sir Kimberly Droops, with a town house in Cadogan Square and a country seat at Stymie-Under-the-Wormeast, Hants. Judging from the K. C.'s that trail his moniker and those of the other Droops in the write-up, Sir Kimberly's either a big bug in the Knights of Columbus or in Kansas City; probably in Kansas City, Missouri, there being a K. C. M. O. in the list. The bimbo at the bridge table checks up O. K. as to age with the lad in the book.

However, all this proves nothing. If I were traveling under the name of the Dowager Duchess of Ducksworth, I'd have provided myself with some dope on the duchess, just as Digit had gone to the atlas for a load of Peru, Indiana. There's nothing in Debrett of Marcus Oviatt, but that doesn't prove anything, either.

From the library I wanders out to the promenade deck, and there, leaning against the rail, is Miss Williams. In the moonlight she looks strained and a bit weary.

"Through?" I asks.

"No," she returns. "Just out for the rubber—and that's not all I'm out, either."

"Luck still bad, eh?" I remarks.

"It took a turn a while back," says Miss Williams, "and suddenly got worse."

"You might do better," I suggests, "if you pivoted more. A change of partners sometimes ——"

"I'm willing enough," she interrupts, "but I practically always get your friend Hoskins. If I draw a high card, he cuts one, but he's a darling at that, even if he doesn't play so very forte."

"That so?" I exclaims. "I've been given to understand that he's exceptional—that the cards virtually eat out of his hands."

"Well," shrugs Miss Williams, "they're not hungry tonight. At any rate, they seem to prefer kippered herrings and kidney pies to American food this P.M."

"Listen," says I, "I'm just shooting at the moon, but has it occurred to you that Droops and Oviatt might have gone to the same public school with the playing cards? In other words ——"

"Save 'em up," she cuts in. "There's nothing in that. These lads are just shot through with horseshoes."

"Have it your pretty way," I surrenders, "but let me give you one piece of advice—don't segregate your suits."

"Don't what?" frowns Miss Williams.

"When you pick up your cards," says I, "don't separate 'em into suits. Any eagle-eye can tell by the way you move 'em around and hesitate between colors just what you have in spades, hearts, clubs and diamonds. Even if he only gets the length of the suit you're bidding on, he's got the hooks in you. The sharks stack the cards as they come."

"Aren't you likely to renege doing that?" she asks.

"Maybe," I returns, "but it's better to take a chance than give the enemy a surety."

"Thanks for the reading lesson," says Miss Williams, and departs for the lounge.

I wanders around the deck for an hour or more and then drifts in for a final peep at the players before hitting the hay. Except for Donovan's foursome, the room's deserted. Even Mrs. Ferguson's vanished. A rubber's just being finished as I reached the table.

"Miss Williams is tired," says Digit, with the last trick. "That'll be all tonight."

"Very well," bows Sir Kimberly, "and may I hope it'll be all for the lady the remainder of the trip?"

"What's that?" demands Donovan.

"You'll pardon me for saying so," says Droops suavely, "but Miss Williams' game's hardly strong enough for ten dollars a hundred and ——"

"Oh, yeh?" sneers Digit. "When'd you find that out? After you counted up your winnings?"

"May I also add," goes on the Englishman, coolly ignoring the dig, "that your playing, too, scarcely justifies such a stake?"

"Think so?" snaps Donovan, his neck swelling red. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll take Miss Williams for a partner and go against you two for a dollar a point."

"Oh," gasps the gal, "I couldn't ——"

"Don't you worry," cuts in Digit. "I'll pay your losings if these limeys will take us on."

"You must be joking," remarks Oviatt languidly.

"Joking, eh?" scowls Donovan. "Take a look at this and laugh." With which he pulls a thick roll from his pocket, blanketed with a thousand-case note. A distinct glitter creeps into Sir Kimberly's eyes.

"If you insist," says he, "my friend and I will be pleased to oblige you, but not tonight."

"No, not tonight," agrees Digit. "How about tomorrow afternoon in your stateroom? There's too much of a mob around here and I can't stand kibitzers blowing advice down my neck."

"As you wish," returns the noble lord, and departs with Oviatt.

"You're wonderful," coos Miss Williams to Digit, and kissing him lightly on the forehead, she, too, oozes off.

"You may be wonderful to that gazelle," I snorts, "but you're the ship's sap to me. Digit Donovan, Prince of the Pasteboards, letting himself be rooked by a couple of bubble and squeaks. Gosh, I'm beginning to think you are Joseph P. Hoskins, of Peru, Indiana."

"Rooked, nothing!" squawks Digit. "Just tough luck. Can you imagine anyone doing me dirty with a deck?"

"Not when you're looking," says I, "but you've taken the eyes out of your head and pasted 'em on that giggler. For all you know, she may be bowling 'em down Sir Kimberly's alley."

"The bunk!" growls Donovan. "You've got a mind like a mudhole. Alice is as straight as a string. I know all about her."

"Admitting," says I, "that you do—which is about the height of generosity in admissions—where do you head in playing contract for a dollar a point with a dame who throws you?"

"She won't throw me tomorrow," promises Digit. "Not in the privacy of a stateroom."

"What are going to do?" I asks. "Give her some lessons in the better bridge?"

"No," he answers. "I'm going to give 'em to the cards."

"Ah," says I. "Getting off the Straight and Narrow at this point, eh?"

"Just a detour for the day," returns Donovan.

III

FROM a knowledge of Digit's past performances in speed contests between the hand and the eye, I've no doubt of his ability to do deviltry with the decks, but just how he's going to cash his carries without coöperation is a trifle beyond me. Obviously, he's not considering using Miss Williams as a stooge. However, a little worry of my own keeps me from giving too much time to Donovan's problems.

"Feller," says I, when I meets him on deck around noon, "how far are you going with your educated cards this afternoon?"

"How far," he comes back, "would you consider far?"

"Not very," I tells him. "I've been seen quite a lot with you around this trireme and I'm likely to partake of any jam you get yourself into. I've got a past, as you know, and I've no desire whatever to have my present meet that past in public."

"Have no fear," says Digit. "If things break right I won't even lay a finger on the customary sequence of the cards. At the worst, there'll be no more legerdemain than is necessary to get Alice and myself even. You don't think I want her to get hep to my peculiarities, do you?"

"How," I asks curiously, "are you going to work her into the act if an act there is?"

"I'm not going to," he returns. "She'll just stand around and look pretty while I swing with my teeth from the flying trapeze. Alice won't even have to heave me a handkerchief."

"Lovely," says I, "but isn't she likely to gum the works if she isn't in on the know?"

"Not a chance," Donovan assures me. "The hands she'll have dealt to her'll play themselves. . . . Drop in and look us over this afternoon."

I've no intention of doing so, but along about three in the afternoon I'm passing through a gangway on B Deck when I hears Digit's voice. It's coming from a stateroom, the door of which is partially open, and, despite the sternest rebukes to my curiosity, I can't resist the temptation to peek. Well, you know how it is—give a guy a peek and he'll take the whole proscenium. I'm inside before I'm aware of it.

The Britishers greet me with scowls, but the pleasant smile Miss Williams aims in my direction takes the curse off of that and I sticks around. From the score card it appears the game's just started, the only mark being a hundred and fifty set against Digit and the girl friend, probably representing a little overreaching on their part. From the tally sheet I turns my attention to the hand Alice'd just dealt Donovan. It's a nice spade layout and Digit bids a couple over Sir Kimberly's heart make.

"Four hearts," says Oviatt. "Let's keep out the drapers' assistants, also the fishmongers' wives. What?"

"They're out," returns Miss Williams. "Four spades."

The Britishers finally get the bid at five hearts, which Digit doubles. He leads his singleton ace of diamonds and follows with a small club which Alice takes with the ace of that suit. Then she leads a spade and, Oviatt having none of them there things, the fat's in the fire.

"I led the ace of diamonds and stopped," remarks Donovan to his fair partner. "Why didn't you come back? We'd have knocked 'em down."

"I took a chance of making a couple of quick tricks with spades," explains Miss Williams.

"Never speculate with a set," says Digit, and I detects a trace of annoyance in his tone.

Donovan wins the next frame with three no trumps. As far as I can see, everything's been on the up and up with the game, but on the next deal, with both sides vulnerable, it's different.

Digit distributes the cards with unusual rapidity for him. I looks over his shoulder. He's got the ace, queen, ten five times in hearts, a string of diamonds and blanks in clubs and spades. My jaw drops in sudden reminiscence and I leans over for a flash at Sir Kimberly's mitt. He's got it—the Mississippi heart hand! They're all there—the ace, king, queen of clubs; the ace, king, queen of diamonds; the ace, king, queen, jack of spades; and the king, jack, nine of hearts.

"Two hearts," opens up Donovan, while I'm still holding my breath. Both Oviatt and Alice pass without hesitation. For some seconds Sir Kimberly studies his hand intently.

"Three without," he announces at length.

"Four hearts," retorts Digit.

"Four without," ventures Droops mildly.

"Six hearts," comes back Donovan.

"The same six without," offers Sir Kimberly.

"Seven hearts," rasps Digit.

"I rather fancy," says the Englishman, after another survey of his picture gallery, "that I shall double."

"Redouble," yelps Donovan, and turns to Oviatt. "Play!"

"Just a second," chimes in Miss Williams, and while Digit gazes at her with open mouth and graying gills, she peers into her hand, her lips puckered in indecision. Then she speaks:

"Seven spades!"

Digit jerks forward as I imagine men do when straining against the straps of an electric chair. For a moment he stares straight at Alice, who's smiling inscrutably. Then he leaps to his feet.

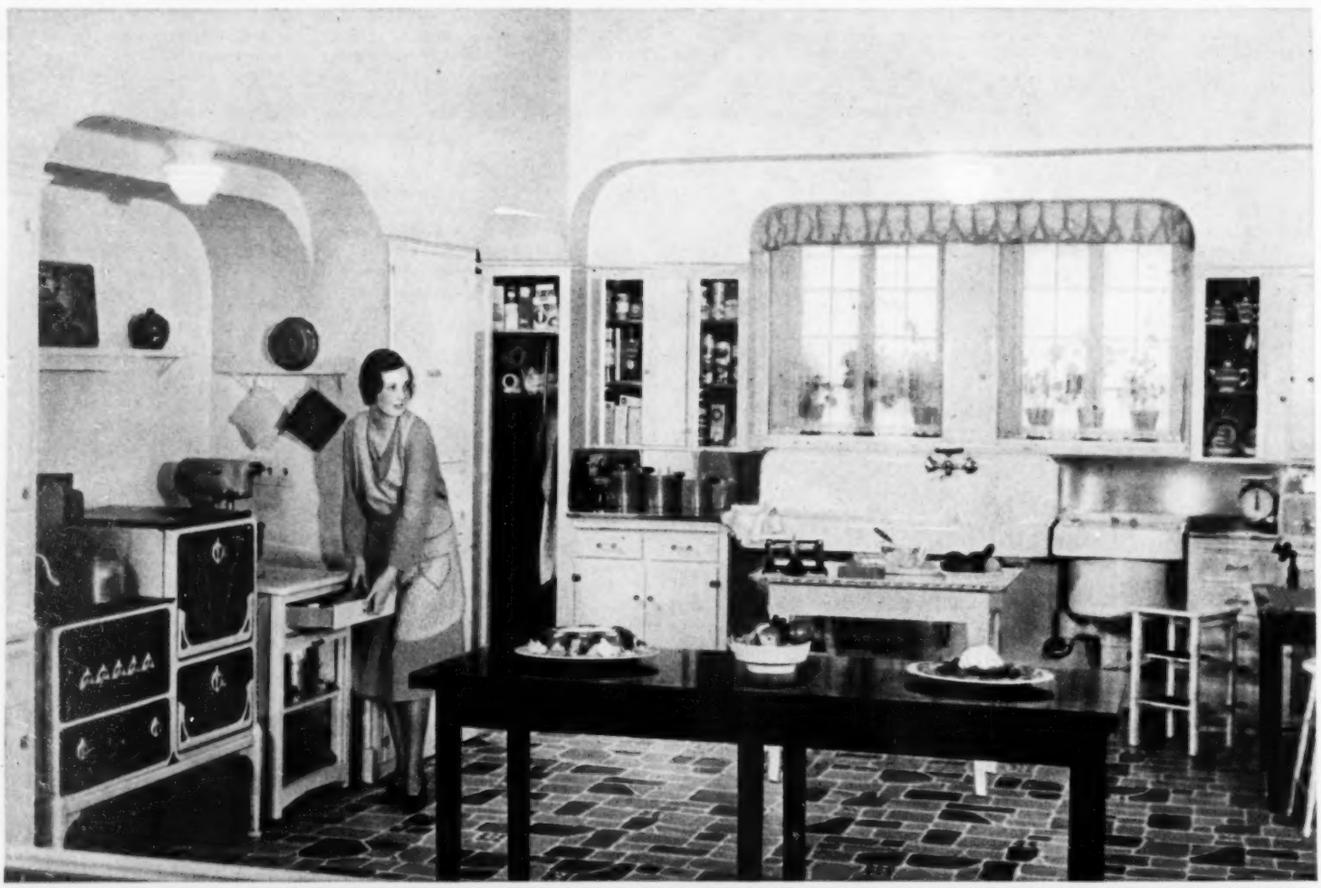
"Throwing me, aren't you?" howls Donovan. "Been throwing me from the very start, you thieving ——"

"Sit down!" snaps Sir Kimberly. "Sit down, Donovan, and play."

"Damned if I will," snarls Digit, dropping his cards. "You can't crook me, you ——"

"Sit down," repeats Droops, and I gets the glint of a gat as it rises above the table edge. "It's your hand, Donovan. You dealt it. Play!"

(Continued on Page 123)



THE FINE ART OF COOKERY

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LEADING ·WOMEN· EVERYWHERE READ THE

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 121)

Digit sags slowly to his seat and takes up his cards. Sir Kimberly lays his, face down, and leads a high spade from memory, one of his lunchhooks being too occupied for use in the game. The deal's played out in silence, Alice smiling throughout.

"Down seven, Eddie," says she to Sir Kimberly.

"Eight, Dora," says he to Alice Williams, "and we shall regard it as having been doubled and redoubled. Any objections to the procedure?" he flashes at me.

"None whatever," I assures him hastily. "As a matter of fact, I've been on deck the last hour reading the Life of Sophie A. Anthony."

"Quite so," returns English Eddie amiably, and, dropping me at this point, he addresses himself to Donovan. "Shall we finish the rubber? No? Very well, then, let's settle, and don't forget your sportsmanlike offer to pay Miss—er—Williams' losses."

While Digit's peeling 'em off the bank roll, I fades out of the stateroom. On the stairway to the open air I runs into the lounge attendant.

"Just a moment, sir," says he. "Remember asking me last night about those folks at the bridge table?"

"What about 'em?" I growls.

"According to the smoke-room steward, Mr. Hoskins is really a Mr. Donovan who's frightfully clever at cards. He always wins—always, sir."

"Oh, yeh?" says I.

Getting On in the World

Out Walked $3,000,000

WHATEVER success I have attained in business I owe directly to my first and only employer's lack of appreciation for the personal ambitions of his assistants. Because of his shortcoming, I not only was able to muster the courage to quit my job and chart my own way, but I likewise was able to avoid that same error in my own business.

In those early days when I began working in a drug store, there were few short cuts to learning in the field of pharmacy and drug merchandising. Acquiring a knowledge of the profession and business was a long and tedious process, demanding long hours of work and study. But I was determined to be a druggist, and that determination was strong enough to bolster me through my apprenticeship.

I worked for a druggist of the old school, who maintained that a drug store was a place to buy drugs, and, little else, and that whatever little he paid a man was too much. Yet he was an honest merchant and a tireless pace setter. During my training and the immediate years that followed, many young men came and went through that drug store, and a few of us stuck.

One at a time—and once three of us together—during those years, the five of us who remained with the merchant for any appreciable length of time asked him to sell us a small working interest in the business and expand it to take care of the small additional capital. One and all he turned down, raising our salaries now and then, but not once offering us any opportunity to share in any manner in the profits which were accruing from our work.

Forced to be Millionaires

And one by one we left the store to seek expansion for our modest ambitions. Today the five of us whom I especially recall as having made an effort to become partners with our employer are worth something more than $3,000,000. We have made our money right in the same town where we started with this merchant years ago. Personally, I take some pride in the chain of twenty-nine retail drug stores I own, which, with the real estate I have purchased out of profits, recently elicited an offer of $1,000,000.

I believe that I would have been content the rest of my life with my old employer, if he had sold me a small interest in his drug store, and I think the other four men would have. I know that I would have exerted the same effort there that I have in my own business to expand the enterprise and make money, and I feel certain that the others would have. We would have made money for ourselves and at the same time enriched our old partner, who still is, by the way, the owner of one drug store that is making him a fair salary, and that is about all.

With my employer's mistake still clearly in mind, I determined at the outset, when I started my first drug store, that every man who diligently worked for me and had ambition to make more money would have an opportunity to do so without having to quit and go out and compete with me. Today there is not a man or a woman employed in any of my twenty-nine stores who does not have an opportunity to make extra money any day in the year in return for extra effort. The greater the effort the more money he or she makes and the brighter the future.

Boys Who Deliver the Goods

One day recently a customer of mine asked: "Where do you find those live-wire delivery boys you have working for you? Why, those kids are better salesmen than a lot of men and women who work behind the counter and make selling their only job. I hardly ever have one of your boys deliver an order to my house that he doesn't sell my wife or myself something else."

The incident is typical of my organization. Those delivery boys "sell something else" because they make money by doing so. Every day there is some special item on which the stores offer them a bonus for sales. The boys' job is to deliver the merchandise sold by someone else, but that does not prevent their doing an average combined business of more than $1500 a month themselves.

From delivery boys right on through the entire store organization to the manager, every employe has a chance to make money in addition to his regular salary by exerting extra effort. An employe may be ambitious, capitalize that ambition and still remain with the stores.

I exercise a great deal of care in the selection of new employes, because I do not want a man or a woman in any of the stores who does not have enough ambition to take advantage of the opportunities offered to make extra money; and I am as careful in the selection of delivery boys and soda dispensers as in hiring floor salesmen, because every employe, regardless of how low he begins, is a potential store manager. I do not wish to take the time to train even a delivery boy if he does not have the potential ability to advance.

Every store manager not only receives a percentage of the net profits his store makes, but he can, if he wishes, purchase stock in the entire chain. He can do this by having a small part of his salary deducted and applied to stock purchases each month. But whether or not a store manager buys company stock he is a partner in the store which he manages.

That enables him to exercise his ambitions to the full and receive compensation therefrom in direct proportion to his efforts.

And not only are the store managers allowed to purchase stock in the chain but so are the better clerks as well, after they have proved their ability. In the average unit of the chain at least one clerk shares with the store manager in the net profits of that store.

In addition, this class of clerk also has an opportunity, along with all other employes, to make extra money by making extra sales in addition to those that he would normally make. There is scarcely an employe in the entire organization who does not have at least something in addition to his regular salary to his credit at the end of the week.

Soda dispensers are given an opportunity to capitalize their ability at selling higher-priced, long-profit fountain items by being offered a specified bonus on each such drink sold; and, in addition, we display at least one sundry item on the soda-fountain counter and pay the dispensers a bonus on each of these items sold. Candy always sells well in this connection.

Fixing Their Own Salaries

The same sundry items also sell well at the cashier's counter, and the cashier receives a bonus for all she sells. Wherever the average employe turns, he sees an opportunity to make more money for himself and, incidentally, for the company.

Under this system I find that any ambitious person can realize his ambition and still remain with my firm. If he wishes to become a partner in the business the way is open for him; if he is content to be a good store manager, without purchasing stock, he may do so and earn in direct proportion to his efforts, and if he is satisfied to remain a clerk he may do so and increase his earnings without waiting for a salary raise.

Whenever I permit myself to think that I am paying my employes too much for their extra efforts I remember the potential $3,000,000 my old employer permitted to walk out the door for lack of appreciation of the ambitions of his assistants, and chuckle thankfully for my good fortune in having some sense of appreciation of those who have helped me to make my business what it is.

—As Told to Ruel McDaniel.

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Now, at this amazing price of only $40 this charming electric corner-clock can proudly greet your family in YOUR home on Christmas morning. Look for the Colonial Nameplate inside the case — trade-mark of the World's Largest Makers of Hall Clocks.

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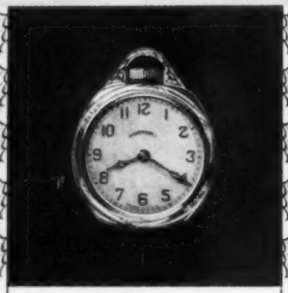
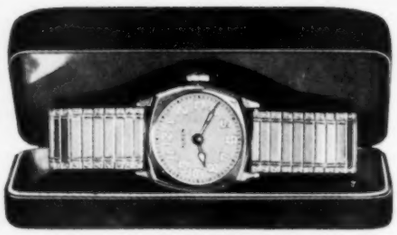
MITE DE LUXE, $6. The Mite in a specially designed, strikingly handsome case. Chromium-plated and with metal wrist band. Packed in a Texol and velvet gift box. *Radiolite, $6.50.*



POCKET MITE, $5. A very small watch—for men or women. Chromium-plated case. *Radiolite, $5.50.*



ALDEN SPECIAL, $13.50. A 7-jeweled wrist watch in a beautiful chromium-plated case and with non-tarnishable chromium-plated wrist band. Packed in a gift box of Texol and velvet.

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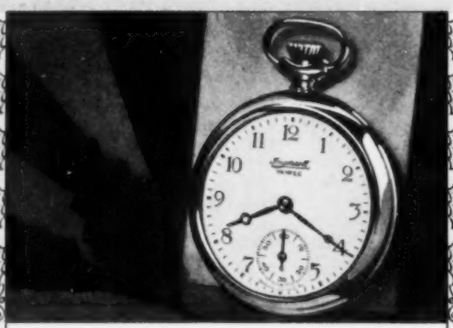
MITE, $5. Most popular wrist watch in America. Small, smart, sturdy. Chromium-plated case of engraved design. Chromium-plated wrist band. *Radiolite, $5.50.*



YANKEE, $1.50. For appearance, for reliability, for value, the outstanding watch of all time . . . now smartly slenderized. A splendid gift! *Radiolite, $2.25.*

NEW WRIST, $3.50. New improvements on an old favorite! New metal dial, new chromium-plated back, new metal band. Exceptional watch value. *Radiolite, $4.*

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TRUMP, $1. The new Ingersoll Dollar Watch—"the watch that made the dollar famous".

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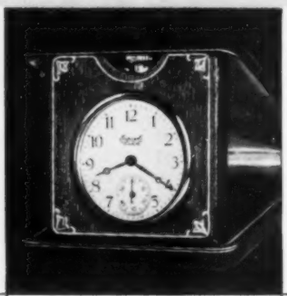

TRAVELER, $2.75. For desk or dressing table. Texol case in choice of 6 wanted colors. *Radiolite, $3.50.*

MIDGET, $3.25. Just the watch for a woman's handbag; also for girls and boys. *Radiolite, $3.75.*

All prices slightly higher in Canada

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INGERSOLL WATCHES AND CLOCKS — WATERBURY CLOCKS AND ELECTRIC CLOCKS

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

UNEMPLOYMENT AND THE INDUSTRIAL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 17)

time has come, it seems, when we must seriously consider things; when we must ask ourselves whether by attempting to regulate the course of economic progress we can do away with unemployment. We must consider the whole matter in a broader way—whether unemployment is a necessary concomitant of our system, the inescapable cost of going ahead the way we do, the unavoidable price of our kind of progress. We must, in fact, go back to a consideration of the cry that has been heard in the world ever since the beginning of the industrial revolution, when machines began seriously to release men from established industries, with nothing more before them than the possibility of being reabsorbed in new ones. Now we can better evaluate this old cry, for we have had a century and a half of industrialization.

As a matter of fact, available statistics are on the side of the industrial system. Perhaps contrary to belief, there are more people—in proportion to the total population—now employed in factories than at the beginning of the century. The number of people employed in manufacturing industries in America in 1899, increased by the 59 per cent rise in population, totals 7,493,293. But in 1927, there were 8,349,755 wage earners in our factories, or an increase of a little more than 11 per cent. In addition to wage earners in 1927, there were 1,433,670 proprietors, firm members, salaried officers and employes, for which there is no corresponding figure in 1899.

Victories of the New Order

But more humanly: The accumulation of scientific knowledge has brought us advances in the realm of sanitation and public health which we would not trade for anything. In the past fifty years—since Pasteur—medical science has made greater advances than in the entire history of the world. Infant mortality has been greatly decreased, and the chances of the individual for good health have been tremendously enhanced. Many diseases formerly thought incurable have been conquered, and many others, like typhoid fever, have been almost completely eradicated. The general level of public health has been raised. If the average individual of our system lives in fear of losing his job—a contention I gravely doubt—he is more free from fear of disease and famine, and less obsessed by superstitions and taboos; in fact, I believe more exuberant even in the physical realm than is the primitive person whom certain writers are now extolling as the happy man.

Further, the new order has found it possible to build and maintain cities without slums, and has almost abolished the old-fashioned poverty. It has made it possible for the man who didn't own a horse and buggy under the old system to own now at least one car, and perhaps two, a radio, a bathroom, a modern kitchen, and to send his children to college. It has popularized education, democratized industry, raised standards of living, increased depth of thought and feeling. It has worked out certain great social impulses on a sound plane. Man has progressed from the start he made, when he decided that he was the center of the universe and all other organisms were dumb animals. He is beginning to look toward the control of his destiny. Most important, the industrial revolution has produced such marvels of transportation and communication that the world is coming to be so closely organized that peace at last seems possible. These are the end products of the system. Mechanization appears undesirable only when we lose perspective.

And when we fail to think. People are saying that unemployment is inevitable because labor-saving devices are constantly releasing men to the ranks of the unemployed. But may I ask: Are our present numbers out of work because they have been released from established industries, or because they have not been absorbed by new industries?

The other day I sent a piece of steel to one of our shop foremen and told him to drill it. After several days he reported back that that piece of steel was too hard to be drilled. The trouble with him was that he was thinking of that problem in the usual way, whereas he should have been thinking of it the other way around. When I suggested to him that the real trouble was not that the piece of steel was too hard but that the drill points were too soft, he turned to a diamond-pointed drill as the natural and easy solution. So I think if we will look at unemployment as caused, not by the releasing of men from established industries but by the failure of new industries to absorb them, we will get further in our thinking.

Recently a newspaper editor spoke of the days before the World War as being "about a century ago, in terms of change." He was right. In those old days the average employer, working but a few men, looked out principally for himself, for "Number One." But in these days when firms employ 100,000 men or more, the fact imposes a certain social responsibility which they cannot escape. As a consequence, we find not only a general disposition to supply proper conditions—sunlit factories, first-aid equipment, sanitation, means for self-improvement, and so on—but also a sense of obligation to do the best thing for all concerned. American industry owes it to itself and to the nation and to the world to organize itself so that it can look toward the future. It must be constantly developing new industries to take up the slack of unemployment that its own constantly increasing efficiency causes. It must try to plan ahead, to figure out what people will need in five, ten, fifteen or twenty years, and to work toward getting the needed product into production.

The Rough Road of Research

It is difficult to comprehend the importance of research, because no research problem, at the time it is proposed, looks sensible. One of the greatest pieces of research ever performed in the world was done by Dr. Edward Carl Rosenow in developing the principle of the selectivity of bacteria in focal infections. Due to his efforts, we now know that if a person is afflicted by a certain form of neuritis or an abscess of the liver, let us say, and if the germ of either of these is injected into another person, he will have that same form of neuritis or a similar abscess of the liver, for these infections go to definite places. The doctor had the idea that this might be true and wanted to do research work upon the hypothesis. But as he couldn't convince people that his newfangled ideas amounted to anything, he couldn't secure adequate facilities for making experiments.

But there was a space in the basement of the medical college where he worked; there was a small window through which the light sometimes shone; and the doctor found some old apparatus which had been thrown away, out of which he pieced together sufficient equipment for his experiments. Under such conditions, he proved his thesis—one of the bright spots of all scientific history.

The trouble is not confined to medical or abstract science. In business also the newfangled idea stands a poor chance of being seriously considered. Whenever you try to develop something that nobody ever heard of, everybody not only thinks you're crazy, but knows it. Trying to convince them otherwise is a hard job because of their prejudices toward the old things and the old ways. Industrial research is really a matter of trying to force education to catch up with ignorance and business to catch up with knowledge, of trying to get people to think when they don't have to. But now we do have to. The business of properly organizing industrial research is—to my mind at least—the most necessary thing to which American industry can address itself. We have learned that advertising pays. Now let us put similar appropriations into industrial research.

Taking Static Out of Society

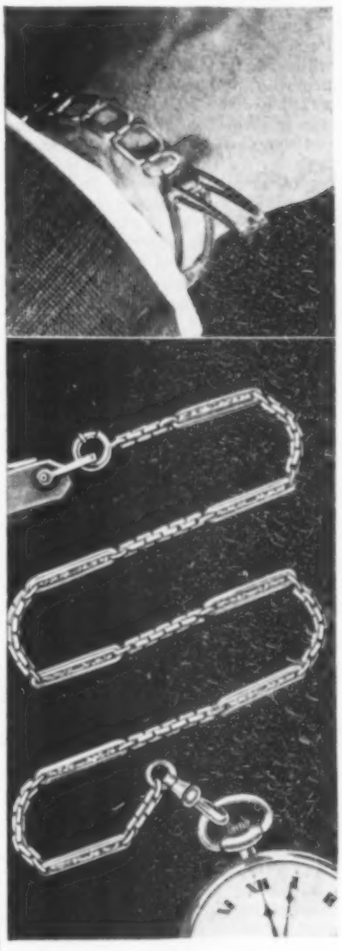
It is because we do not comprehend the true function of research that we are led sometimes to look upon the system known as the dole with complacency. Yet in all seriousness, the dole is the answer—or one answer—to unemployment, if we consider society as static. But society isn't static. It is dynamic; it is moving; it is developing. If it were not, I wouldn't have a job, for there would be no need for industrial research.

To illustrate further, let us say for example that we have an imaginary society in which 12,000,000 workers are all for the moment employed. Let us represent this 12,000,000 by a ruler twelve inches long. Now say that labor-saving devices release 750,000 of these men, represented by three-quarters of an inch on the ruler. Now, if you view society as a static thing, you will probably say that society must care for these released men by some such system as the dole. But if you view society as a dynamic thing, you will see another answer. I think it is safe to say that either we are going to have an advanced guard organized by business to reinstate these men at the top of the ruler in newly developed industries, or else we are going to have government organizations to handle them at the bottom of the ruler as unemployed, by the dole or similar means. And when you do this latter thing you will stop progress.

Admitting that we have made some progress, we are still in the dark ages in many respects, which is why many writers who are ordinarily sane are saying that the only other way to handle unemployment besides by the dole is for everybody to work only part of the time. The thought back of this suggestion is not that of creating more wealth by serving society more,

FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE
WEAR A SIMMONS CHAIN

IT is disconcerting, at Christmas-time, to realize that a man may wear only so much jewelry. Yet, if he owns a watch—and what man doesn't, these days?—a Simmons Chain is always in good taste. There are graceful chains to guard a wrist-watch—light, comfortable, durable, and modern in design. And there are familiar pocket watch-chains, too . . . Waldemars, Dickens and vest styles in a wide variety of charming shapes and forms, many made especially for well-known fine pocket watches. Even without a watch, a Simmons Chain still belongs across the vest, to take care of keys, emblems, knife and other accessories that a man can't do without. The Simmons wrist-watch Chain illustrated is 32189, white gold-filled, priced at $5.25; the Simmons Chain is Waldemar 32040, also in white gold, which costs $9. Good jewelers have them and other Simmons Chains in many popular designs. R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.



simmons chains

The swivel says it's a Simmons

but rather that of accepting the income of the present as all that is possible for us to have and simply spreading it out far enough to cover all the population.

Here, again, the trouble lies in the view of society and of the world. If the world is finished, then, of course, the only answer besides the dole is to parcel out the jobs. But the world is not finished, as anybody can see by walking down any street in New York City. People say half facetiously as they look up at a rising skyscraper: "It will be a great city when they get it finished." But they never will get it finished. At least, if they do, it will be time to move away.

People say, "Oh, America is such a difficult place. It is striving so hard to arrive. It is not like Europe." But America never will arrive. If it does, it will cease to be America.

It will begin to stagnate like a village down in the Canal Zone—one that was built and inhabited by the men who built the canal. Today it has fallen down, gone to rack and ruin, because after the canal was built the men weren't needed. If they had stayed, there would have been nothing to do but parcel out the jobs of operating the canal to the inhabitants of the Zone. But the fact that the village has died of unemployment does not argue that the jobs should have been parceled out, and it does not constitute any indictment whatsoever of the system of thought and belief that built the canal.

Knowledge built the Panama Canal—knowledge and thinking—knowledge, which we gained under the spur of necessity, and thinking, which we invoked to use that knowledge. In our war with Spain we were forced to find out something about yellow fever and malaria. We did it, thanks to the heroism of certain individuals. In building the canal, we possessed merely this knowledge in excess of what the French knew. Our engineers followed the French plans, almost in the very footsteps of the French engineers. Yet we knew that the female of the Stegomyia mosquito carries the germ of yellow fever and that the Anopheles carries malaria. That's all we knew that the French did not know, and yet we built the canal and they didn't.

The State of Intelligent Ignorance

Our present industrial and economic system was built by the same human qualities that built the Panama Canal. I happen to think that the ills of the system can be cured by the things which created it—namely, knowledge and thinking.

We must learn to think. We must learn to think in new ways, dynamic ways. If the world is moving, we need moving thought processes in dealing with it. We cannot afford to be bound by the old, set ways. If a technical problem cannot be solved by the classical methods of physics or chemistry, we must evolve new methods. If the existing state of science will not serve our purpose, we must improve the state of science. We must surprise ourselves, as well as other people. We must analyze problems, not according to their past history or in the conventional thought but for their own sake. We must refuse to believe that because a thing has always been so, it always will be so; we must reëxamine the old generalities and make progress toward the goal we visualize.

The best type of research men I know are those who personify what I call "intelligent ignorance." They are not bound by the old methods or the knowledge of the expert. For example, one time we wanted to do a certain thing. World scientists had written a good many volumes to prove that this thing couldn't be done. The young man we had associated with us on the job might have been called dumb, for he didn't even know that these volumes had been written. He went ahead and did the thing. When we explained our method, European scientists said, "Yes. But why did you do it that way? There are a dozen or two other ways that offer more promise." We said, "Maybe so, but this is the only way we could find to do it." A year or so later, they came back to us and said, "Well, we have changed our minds; we have decided that you found the only way to perform this process." We said, "No, you are all wrong again. We have found a dozen or so different ways to do it now." We kept on working.

The Meaning of Research

Thought moves, progresses. The trouble is that most of us don't think so. An individual solves a problem, achieves a triumph and then sits down to congratulate himself. But the world doesn't sit down. It moves. And by the time these persons have raised themselves from the comfortable chair of self-satisfaction they find themselves too far behind to see the dust of the leaders. The executive who has the proper interpretation of research is simply one who is willing to look ahead five, ten, twenty years and pace his operations with development work which will fit into his future routine when needed and which will tend to guarantee that his business will continue on a sound economic basis.

He needs more than a proper interpretation. He needs faith, hope and charity; needs to be gullible and fabulous, to believe fairy stories. Not long ago a man came into my office fairly storming because we did not have a certain product ready for production. He said we needed it right then. I agreed and said I was glad to hear him talk that way, and asked him if he could read. He said yes, but wanted to know what that had to do with it. In answer, I showed him a letter from the files—one that he himself had written to one of our executives not two years before, in which he had said: "It is quite foolish that we should spend money on a project of this kind."

We need to think ahead, because it is impossible to produce canned research when the need actually does arise. There are many articles in common use today which were voted down by manufacturers as unessential and impractical not more than two years before they came to be considered as sales essentials. And two years is a distressingly short time for the development of most new articles.

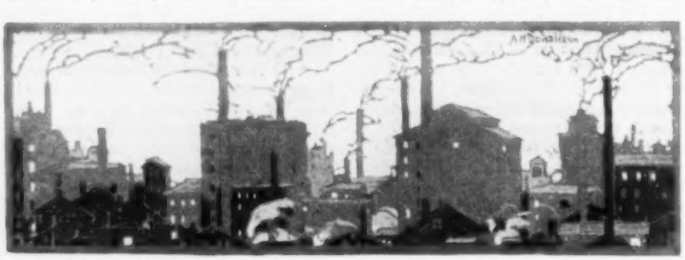
There are needs today that we seldom think about, because we are in the habit of thinking in our old, accustomed way. They thrust themselves upon us, and still we refuse to think about them. There are mosquitoes here as there were in the Canal Zone, but not being under necessity, we don't bother about them, except to scratch the bites. Why don't we do something about them and the chigger and the fly? Dairymen have been forced to fight the fly, and they are doing it by electrical exterminators. Dairymen have to ventilate their barns properly, or their cows will die. But do we ventilate our homes? We have never really given much thought to it. Here, in broiling weather, we sit at home in stifling rooms which could be cool, but we don't try to cool them. Recently we suffered from an unprecedented drought; and you can't tell me that human ingenuity couldn't find ways to avoid this if we really cared to. Furthermore, it may be that we shall have to learn to control the weather, or at least to make more accurate forecasts, if we are ever to make a thorough success of aviation. I don't know how we will control the weather, but before the invention of the X-ray, people would have said that controlling the weather wouldn't be any more difficult than looking through a piece of steel.

We really haven't done much more than begin to build a livable world. We have made some fairly good automobiles and built some good roads, but not enough. It will be admitted that we need express highways. The business of properly servicing our tourist traffic has hardly been touched, except in the supply of gasoline and hot dogs. We wipe the perspiration from our brow, inhale dust, slap at flies and mosquitoes, proclaim ourselves progressive and of the anointed, while our state of discomfort is really barbaric.

The Needs of the Spirit

There is another sphere outside of this mere physical realm. The old science of economics has been telling us all along that man's expenditures are limited to more or less definite amounts expendable for food, shelter and clothing. Suppose, however, that a man buys a monument for his mother's grave. He cannot eat that tombstone or wear it. But he gets value received just the same, because he has added to his emotional values. A millionaire spends $300,000 for a picture; a lady spends $10,000 for a ring; a chicken fancier spends $1000 for the privilege of owning a rooster; a perfumer sells a small bottle of perfume for $300; a horseman bids the limit on a champion gelding show horse. Is there any limit to expenditures that can be evoked to gratify the emotional side?

Such expenditures have their very real justification. For the end of life is certainly some sort of emotional completeness and harmony. We have been so busy bothering about food, clothing and shelter that we haven't learned to appreciate other things or to enjoy them. We have been so preoccupied with quantity production that we have failed to give consideration to things of quality. Perhaps that phase will have its part in rearing the new order. Signs are not wanting. Not many years ago a large city of our state did not have an art museum. Today some 50,000 people find enjoyment there every week. The so-called modern home has no studio room or workshop where the children and grown-ups can model and paint and design things. But every home should have such a room. Every person should have facilities at hand for doing what he wants to do, for working with his hands, for experimenting in the laboratory, for participating in sport, for enjoying social contact. The need of the American people for recreation and expression offers opportunity for the development of many industries.



The New Idea of Well-Being

And here is youth, thinking along lines entirely different from those your thoughts follow. Half of us are under twenty-six years of age, and yet we have not asked these young people what they want. We have hardly thought about trying to supply the market they offer. To the west and south lie great agricultural countries that are just beginning to get their growth industrially. The older industrial sections should think about what they need and attempt to supply their markets.

The agricultural South alone spends $2,000,000,000 every year in domestic markets. It could have $4,000,000,000 to spend if things were properly organized.

If we will wake up and think, we can go ahead. We are due for great advances in almost every realm. Almost every product of every kind is being improved and will be cheapened in price. The only things that are keeping us back are our own immobility of mind, the age-old characteristic of greed, fear and lack of confidence. Man can have everything he can make, and he can make everything he wants. The wants must be stimulated, for the world moves more by striving to satisfy its wants than by filling its actual needs. We need sound products, sound purchases, sound payments, sound profits, sound points of view. We need a new idea of what constitutes well-being.

For myself, I am glad that the life span has been lengthened. There are many things I want to do before I die, lots of places I want to visit, many experiments I wish to make, and many races, peoples and customs that I want to study. I want to study insects and animals and chlorophyll, and make experiments toward new sciences of chemistry and physics and physical chemistry. I want to try to find out how the cricket sings and how the moth calls its mate and how the shark knows of the presence of a piece of bloody meat almost as soon as it hits the water. But most of all, I want to see something of this new mental increment that is being generated this very instant among us here. I want to get more of a glimpse of what we are going to consider a state of well-being next year, and five and ten and twenty years from now. Believing in the philosophy that the true function of man is to make straight the way that Nature naturally makes jagged and uneven, I want to get more of an idea of the direction in which progress is tending. For there are certainly infinite possibilities before us in almost every realm, if we can develop the eye to see them and the capabilities to begin to realize them.

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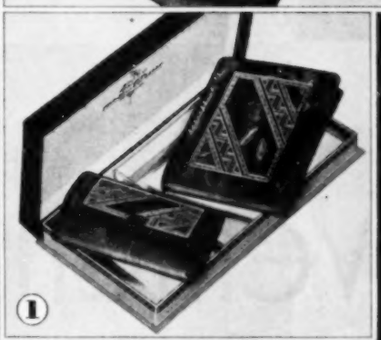
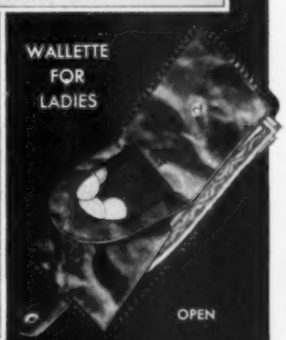


① 2-PIECE MATCHED SETS — (*FIND-EX and Key Kaddy*). Style No. 4025, illustrated, brown steerhide, new mottled coloring, tooled design, laced edges, leather lined. $7.00 . . . . in gift box.



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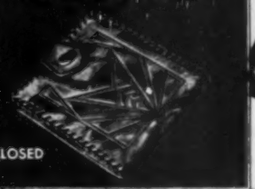

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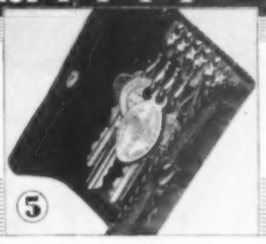

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(B) *Evening Bag*—A Talon-fastened evening bag of antique brocade. We agree with our stylist that here is a gift any woman will go into ecstasies over.

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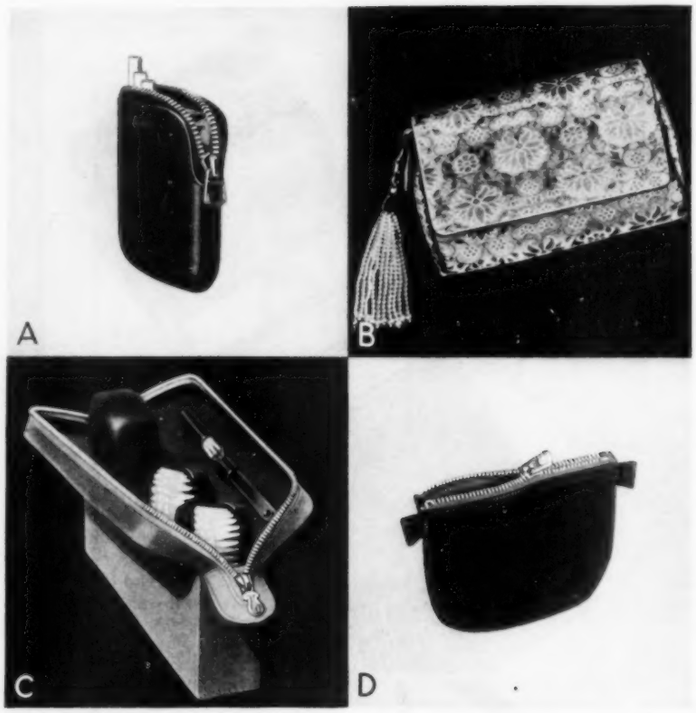
(D) *Tobacco Pouch*—If he smokes a pipe, this Talon-fastened pouch is the perfect gift. Made by Amity Leather Products Co., West Bend, Wis. *See preceding page.*



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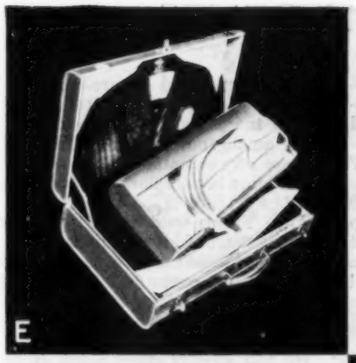
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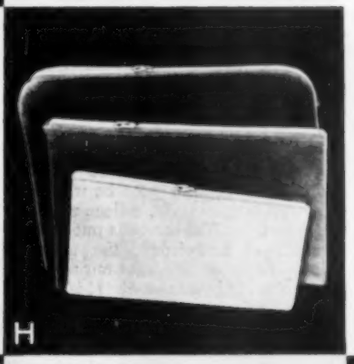
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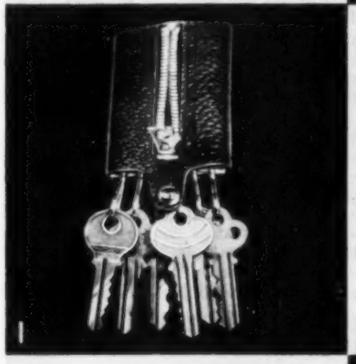
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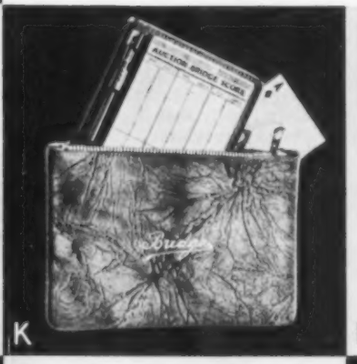
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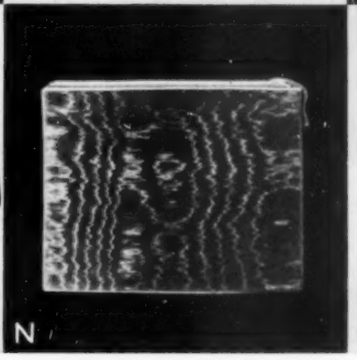
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(E) *Traveling Case*—A man's suit can travel in this case without a sign of wrinkling. Shoes can travel in the Talon-fastened inside pocket. Made in various leathers.

(F) *Pullman Slippers*—And note the case. It's Talon-fastened. Red, blue, black or brown kid. A gift that any traveling male will find useful as well as very ornamental.

(G) *Sewing Kit*—Any woman who is at all particular about her needles and thread will appreciate this Talon-fastened sewing kit. Various leathers in many colors.

(H) *Business Cases*—Made for men who haven't time to tinker with out-moded clasps and fasteners. Made of cowhide, seal or pigskin. Several different sizes.

(I) *Key Container*—If he has a talent for losing such losable things as keys, we suggest that you present him with this Talon-fastened key case. Various leathers.

(J) *Roll Bag*—A gift that any normal male will willingly cheer about is this handy (and smart!) Talon-fastened roll bag. Made in various leathers, black or brown.

(K) *Traveling Bridge Case*—Contains all the essential elements to make a bridge player's train or boat trip an outstanding event. Made in many different leathers.

(L) *Kit Bag*—A gift that will make any man's pulse take a joyous jump upward. Made of boarded cowhide for looks and wear. And Talon-fastened for convenience.

(M) *Handbag*—If you are seeking a gift that will win fervent feminine appreciation, then, by all means, give this Talon-fastened bag of black pin seal.

(N) *Shoe Bag*—Any woman who wears shoes and carries spares in her traveling case will adore this Talon-fastened shoe bag of rayon moire. Shades to match shoes.

(O) *Pipe and Tobacco Case*—For the smoker who likes to keep his pipe and tobacco under one roof we can't think of anything better than this Talon-fastened case.

(P) *Diary*—For any friend who is inclined to chronicle the events of his or her life, this Talon-fastened five-year perpetual diary is most certainly the gift supreme.

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City State

P12-13

WHY COLLEGES FAIL STUDENTS

(Continued from Page 25)

This is the situation which took place in thousands of American homes last year, and which will be repeated this year in as many more: The father of the family has just read a telegram in which Frank, the son, has asked to be met at the train.

"You weren't expecting him, were you, mother?"

"Not for four weeks."

"I'll drive down for him."

For hours a feeling of ominous expectancy exists. Then it is traintime. The son is met. He is constrained.

"Pleasant surprise, Frank."

"Not exactly pleasant, dad."

"What do you mean? In trouble?"

"No. Flunked out."

Then begin recriminations, the nature of which depends on the father. Sometimes it is not Frank who is blamed—once in a million times. For the rest, Frank is asked what he has been doing, why he didn't "remember his family and make a real, honest effort, instead of fiddling away his time," how soon he can go back, and so on. He is sent to another college. He is put to work—"good, hard work that will teach you the meaning of what you threw away." His father is afraid to face his friends. His mother weeps. His younger brother is embarrassed. His older brother—if he possesses a sheepskin—bawls him out unmercifully and perpetually. Frank has fallen upon evil days. He has failed in college. He is shown lucidly that it points toward failure all through life.

Frank is reminded that his marks in high school were good. He passed the college entrance examinations with laudable grades. He was rated by the scholastic aptitude and I. Q. tests as having an excellent, if not a brilliant, mind. Therefore, he has been lazy, too easily distracted, rebellious, stupid, defiant, unfilial, impertinent, unappreciative, and every other negative quantity and quality that description can summon.

Nobody thinks, and—most tragic of all—Frank himself does not realize, that he did not fail his college, but his college failed him.

The Boy Who Flunks Out

He is one of legion. That legion is so great that it has made a paradox. The Phi Beta Kappas are not invariably the men who succeed in postgraduate life. On the contrary, surveys are compiled which show that in many instances their success in living is far inferior to their success in getting high marks. On the other hand, the number of men who are famous or rich or honored, or all three, and who have attended college but never graduated, is also legion. Out of the two-thirds or three-quarters of the college population who fall by the roadside rise thousands who conquer without a degree and prevail without a sheepskin. That is a fact which nobody mentions to Frank. His own failure is impressed upon him.

It never occurs to them that Frank's university may have bored him, disappointed him, that it may have made itself a patent waste of time, which he realized vaguely, and that finally he ceased to care, antagonized professors and let dust accumulate on his books, whiling away his sentence at college until that day when he would be free. When that day came he would show the world. Until then, he tried to get by, cutting the margin as low as possible. Being optimistic, he underestimated that margin. And he flunked out. He failed.

But in just what way did he fail? Did his character dissolve? Did his mind prove inadequate for his lessons?

Those are questions that must grip innumerable parents with a poignant interest. Those are questions that are unanswered except by a professional "yes," and a grudging willingness on the part of some universities to add new courses to their curriculums.

The undergraduate does not know clearly what happened; and if he did know, his statement would be considered an alibi.

A Sheepskin Shield

It is assumed that every American boy and girl who is able to do so will go to college. If he is poor he will work his way through. The college man is a figure. Upon him has been put the last wreath of knowledge, the ultimate cloak of culture. We want our sons and daughters to be educated. It is part of the red-schoolhouse tradition—an extension of it. We assume that the sheepskin will be a sword and shield for his future estate. We know that he will attain distinction by winning a degree. We realize that our friends and our neighbors will respect us for sending him to college, and respect him for having attended.

But college is college. A degree is a degree. Parents who graduated from college have only vestiges of their education still remaining in their minds. But they want their children to do what they did. True, those parents cannot read Latin any longer. They cannot work calculus. They remember no historical dates. They would look blankly at you if you mentioned geosyncline, tropism or Richelieu. They admit gayly that they have forgotten everything they ever learned at college. Possibly they expect their sons and daughters to forget also. Nevertheless, college is important to them. They defend it feebly if they are pinned down: "Train the mind." "Discipline." "All my lifelong friendships were made at college." "Social necessity." Or: "You wouldn't want Frank to grow up an ignoramus, would you?"

Parents who have never been to college are at an even greater disadvantage. To them university education is the supreme and ideal background for the gentleman or lady, the successful person. It, *ipso facto*, starts their children out on a higher plane of life than their own.

It is generally assumed that the average college education imparts nothing of practical value to the student. The goal is cultural—and "cultural" means anything that you will have it mean, from an English accent to an appreciation of painting, from an ability to quote Latin to good table manners. Added to that are romance and friendship.

When he was in the first grade Frank was told that he would go to college. High school was a preparation for it. In high school he selected his subjects according to the demands made upon him by college entrance requirements.

Probably Frank dreamed about college a great deal then. A stately, shady place, full of youth and high spirits and noble aims. Kindly professors who would instruct and inspire. Friends. Halcyon evenings around firesides. A love of the college itself. Hard work, honor among one's fellows, the sweet sadness of graduation. Afterward, a better job, a better salary, a happier and more useful life.

Then Frank went to college. The subjects taught him were pretty much the same as those taught in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Monks and the Dark Ages—there was something of that about college. Latin. Mathematics. Contemporary languages.

He had already spent much of his time poring over Latin translations, mastering the grammar. He was to spend still more. The language had been dead for two thousand years. So had a hundred other languages—but he was studying Latin. He worked patiently. His Latin professor made a point of explaining the importance of Latin. It helped one learn English. English was founded on it. Frank realized one day that Latin might have increased his English vocabulary by ten words. As a rule, however, it was his knowledge of English which helped him to guess the meaning of Latin. The professor stressed the value of Latin in training the mind. In the next lecture course Frank was taught that the mind could not be trained but only made to work. Why not let the work be useful, then? That made him restive. He reflected about the alleged cultural value of Latin; yet none of his college-bred elders had ever used the language, or referred to it, or thought about it, for decades.

Frank wanted to go into advertising when he finished college. He had thought that a course in economics would be valuable. But he had not been allowed to take economics, because it would have unbalanced his schedule. Instead, he was instructed in conic sections. He toiled over them nightly, for a while. Then it occurred to him that never again after the last day in that course would he have cause to refer to, or diagram or measure or otherwise associate with a conic section. He would be compelled to disembarrass his mind of a year of work as quickly as he could. All that he would ever remember about conic sections he could have learned in an hour's calm reading.

Kindergarten to College

He did wish to learn French, however. He was allowed to study it. In a class with forty-three other young men, French literature was read. Three pages a day. He came to class prepared to translate. Row by row, the young men were called upon to stand and render five lines. At the end of each public effort the instructor marked a grade in a notebook. If a translator stumbled, hands were held up and a volunteer finished the work and received a good mark.

Frank had been initiated into that system in kindergarten. Here it was in college. At the end of the term an examination was given. There were passages to translate and there were facts remembered from the works read to be set down—in English. If your grade was above seventy on the entire travail you passed.

The professor had read the passages so often that they visibly racked his nerves on every repetition. No one was

(Continued on Page 132)

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So You Can't Go Wrong · No Matter To Whom You Give It

This Amazing New Waffle-Iron Makes Waffles AUTOMATICALLY

HERE'S something new, something smart, something marvelous—a Christmas gift that's never been given before! That you can't go wrong in giving—no matter to whom you give it.

An amazing new waffle-iron that makes waffles *automatically!* That banishes all the guesswork; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making!

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It is called the *Waffle-Master*, is completely automatic *and makes waffles entirely without the use of grease.*

All You Do Is Set A Lever

All you do is set a lever. When the iron is at just the right heat for the batter, a tiny red signal *tells you* that it is.

Then you pour in the batter, close the iron—*and forget about it!*

When the waffle is done—done to just the marvelously golden brown you want—the signal light changes again to *tell you* that it's done.

You don't open the iron, or even think about it, from the time you pour in the batter to the time you are signalled that the waffle is done.

1 *You simply set a lever—and the red signal light flashes "bright."*

2 *Then pour in the batter—and forget about it!*

3 *The signal light changes to "dim" to tell you the waffle is done.*

No watching. No burning. No sticking. No underdone waffles. The whole operation is automatic.

Won't Stick—Won't Burn

Another important point is that WAFFLES cooked in this device *will not* stick. Yet—you use no grease.

Another is, that waffles *will not* burn. For when one is done, the Waffle-Master turns the current down from "high" to "low" heat *automatically.*

You can take the waffle out, or leave it in to keep it hot, just as you like.

See The Waffle-Master

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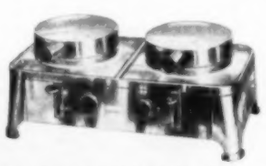

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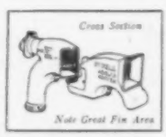

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SUNBEAM APPLIANCES MAKE HAPPY HOMES

(Continued from Page 130)

taught to speak French; quite apart being taught to like it.

Frank also studied chemistry. Chemistry interested him. He had read many things about it. In his classes, however, his attention was called to an array of equations and reactions which it was essential that he remember until examination time. None of the chemistry of the universe, none of the chemistry of industry, emerged from this cold, detailed, uninspired ingestion of data. The course was arranged so that thousands of men could learn from it the simple laboratory principles of inorganic chemistry—which was not to Frank's dislike—but it was also arranged so that chemistry was a subject, a class, a labor, and one that had no part in the macrocosm.

Frank studied English. It happened to be his favorite study, until he went to college. There he found out that if one could remember a mass of dates, if one could outline the careers of the major poets, if one could set down the correct authors in the correct categories, one could pass English. By that time he was fairly well discouraged. But he did not know it.

Undergraduate Criticism

He found that he disliked to go to class. He disliked his professors. He could scarcely bear to open a book. The meticulous insistence upon memorizing anything, everything, without offering either reason or criticism, strained his patience. He commenced to shirk. "Shrink" is a better word to express his attitude. His efforts became sporadic. A dead language, an utterly useless branch of mathematics, a modern language reduced to vocabulary and grammar, a science in a course constructed neither for the sake of the science nor the student, and his own language and literature reduced to as dull a business as memorizing the names in a telephone book.

The discontent was sometimes expressed in discussions with his classmates:

"You're evidently not supposed to think while you learn."

"And it doesn't matter what you learn, so long as you can remember it until exam day."

The curriculum was defended by its one prop: "What else can they do?"

And there were suggestions: "I know one thing. I'm going to study medicine. And they didn't need to make me take three years of Greek and four periods a week of celestial mechanics for that. I'll have plenty of learning to do, without extra punishment."

"You can't learn things, anyway. Perhaps you can learn one or two. But not all of them. Why can't they let you concentrate on what you know you want to learn, and have courses that cover the other subjects? I want to write. I'd be glad for a good course that gave a complete picture of the important things in science. But what good it will do me to spend afternoons piddling over Newton's laws, I don't know. College is supposed to broaden you. But they spend a year trying to teach me the mathematics of physics, and I never get a chance at learning anything about chem or biology or geology or evolution or any other science. And if I wanted to study science ——"

"You'd go to a technical school."

"Well, why can't I go to one for writing?"

"What if you were like me and hadn't any idea what you were going to do?"

"If I didn't know? Well, one thing is sure: I wouldn't spend four good, healthy years studying everything on earth I was positive I couldn't ever use."

So much for Frank. Not every youth who fails in college or is expelled from college or refuses to finish college is a Frank. But so many of them are like him that the number is ominous, suggestive, even prophetic.

He does not give a good autodiagnosis. There are others who do. For a year or two they attend college. And then they leave voluntarily. Other thousands know it is futile to remain for an education, but do so for reasons of society, sport, fidelity, loyalty and sentiment. The explanation of much unwilling continuance or disgusted abandon is patent: College teaches too much about a few things, infinitely too little about most things.

If a young man does graduate the world waits for him with malicious glee—a world which says, "He's been to college and he thinks he knows something, but wait until he has been here in the soap factory for a few weeks, and then see how wise he feels!"

Yet it is that very same world which by prejudice and inertia has prescribed the limits of the graduate's knowledge. And his humbleness is often pathetic.

He is going into a world which is operated on an unfamiliar system. For sixteen years he has lived by marks—marks, percentages, alphabet grades. In that world he had a monthly report card. He knew how he stood. He could ask any day and learn his precise position in the cosmos. By effort he could raise those marks and he could know that they had been raised. Now, abruptly, there will be no more marks. From day to day, week to week, year to year, he will not know how or where he stands. His promotion or failure will depend on a new set of categories. Independence, originality, imagination, responsibility, criticism and reason will be demanded. He will probably have had academic experience with none.

For sixteen years his thinking has depended on what his professors and teachers wanted him to think. Originality was impossible. Imagination was discouraged—there was no room for it in a system. His responsibility was only to assimilate. He could not criticize. His memory was cloyed, but his reason scarcely tempted.

Strays From the Fold

It is no wonder that classes shrink year by year. It is no wonder that much of the shrinkage is due to the departure of men who are not dull or ill or dissolute. Good men quit—thousands of them. College has failed them. In a year they are able to acquire all the background a college or a university can give—a knowledge of social manners, of how to dress and behave, of what classics are revered by custom, of college slang and clubs and fraternities and sports; an ability to say that they have attended such and such a university. In a year they had the jargon, the manner, the name—and the infinitely small difference made between freshmen and graduates by three years of lip service to the ordinary curriculum can be measured by no earthly criterion.

Why? Why does college give so little? Why is it that alumni admit they have forgotten everything they ever knew? Why do so many men and women leave because of unconscious enervation or a clear-sighted sense of futility?

There are numbers of pat answers. One is that this machine age makes no demand on the individual for any exhibition of culture, so that his beautiful academic harvest molders in dead storage. Another is that college professors are so poorly paid in their offices that little can be expected for the wage.

There is some truth in the latter. Pedagogical specialization is more conducive to introversion than any other profession or craft. Academic salaries do not permit of a generous expansion of personality and horizon; the teacher spends what small surplus he may have in the private pursuit of his own branch of his favorite subject. The world of his fact is the repetitive grind of the classroom; the world of his aspiration is a ruin in Central America or the curve of a star path. He has selected his profession because it furnishes a stipend which will enable him to carry on his personal work, or because his was not the venturesome personality demanded by the world outside the cloisters, or, rarely, because he likes to teach. In the first category are many great university names—men who resignedly earn their living by teaching and their fame by personal achievement. In the second are the absent-minded professor, the wispy man, the crank, the sophist, the pale graduate instructor, the timid Ph.D. In the third is the jewel without price. Out of one's thirty or fifty teachers, one usually recalls a single person or two who influenced one's life, who inspired one and cheered one on.

A Dead Language Unburied

The boy who goes to college and finds that some of his professors are less well informed than himself, are bored by teaching, are inferior as human beings, are tyrants and petty specialists—that boy will very presently resist instruction and resent dogma. But he suffers most from curriculum and method. One wonders at the scope and persistence of instruction in, let us say, Latin. Here is a thing that might well be relegated to linguists, philologists and specialists. But it has prevailed for centuries. Again, why?

In the Dark Ages, Latin was the language of science and history and literature. It was taught necessarily. Custom outlived use. It is pounded into the schoolboy. By the time he graduates from college he has no question of its virtue. After that he forgets it. But he is ready, eager to insist on its worth. He must. Would he, would any man or woman, be willing to admit that a percentage of six years of his or her life had been wasted? Such an admission is too dear. And every one of his Latin teachers daily expounded the value of the course. If a million people study Latin they will defend it because they have studied it. It is part of themselves. To berate it would be an admission of folly.

The circle widens. The college graduate scarcely knows why he has elected a single subject. But, once they are all put behind, he becomes a vehement advocate of a college course, of everything in a college course. He must. To condemn any part of it would be to condemn himself—a process almost impossible to human nature.

So our universities continue to produce graduates who for no demonstrable reason have crammed their heads with matter which they will speedily forget. They know something of Greek culture,

something of Roman culture, but their classrooms have had nothing to do with the daily papers.

Why don't they enjoy painting, ancient and modern? And music? And sculpture and etching and modern poetry? Why aren't they absorbed by the world's daily news? If modern writing is wretched—and most professors believe it is—then the professors might argue from the fact that the way they have taught English is ineffective and that they might well turn their attention to the possible improvement of the year 1930 instead of a melancholy retrospect of 1630. Why are the marks so infinitely more important than the attitudes?

Why isn't half of our instruction performed by that perfect teacher, the talking motion picture? Why cannot classes learn their chemistry from close-ups of blast furnaces and their physics from cinemas of the stars, of bridges, and of firing battleships? Their history from pictures accompanied by lectures? Their geology from movie field trips that will go into mines and on top of mountains and on the imagined surface of the moon, instead of one dull mile from the campus to an abandoned quarry?

Education is still preparing sixteenth-century monks and prerenaissance gentlewomen to go out into a world that few professors know anything about at all.

Old Studies in a New World

Once we believed that a repugnant taste was the measure of the efficacy of a medicine; the theory still holds for education. True learning is true pleasure, but many college courses are pure anathema. If there is no renaissance in education, then the number of men and women who do not finish their quadrennium will increase. The colleges are failing the students. We have a new world, with a hundred new sciences, a hundred new arts, and so passionately do our youths long to be in that world that the importance of passing a course in Terence or the necessity of a grade-earning rote on the subject of Restoration dramatists seems very small. There is nothing the matter with the character and the brains of young American men and women. On the contrary, they have sufficient intelligence to reject a mass of traditional pap.

I am sure that everyone who reads the foregoing opinions, which may be considered one-sided and exaggerated, will at least be given pause when he contemplates the young people in his own experience who did not finish college, who, nevertheless, were known to be intelligent, and whose lives after their failure were not relegated to the dust bin.

My own alma mater is Princeton. My profession is writing. Probably the two greatest contemporary persons who share that university and that vocation are Booth Tarkington and Eugene O'Neill. Neither one graduated. And I think it would be idle to maintain that they were too stupid to win for themselves an A. B. or a B. S.

Behold the Alumnus!

I offer no statistics, because opinions are personal and the same figures may be construed to perform antithetical functions. Existing investigations are throwing some light on the problem of child education. But investigations of colleges are mostly related to sports or to undergraduate morals. Athletics might be less absorbing and morals less queasy if the curriculum was useful or interesting to the student. The hundreds of thousands of young men and women who are now matriculated in our institutions of higher learning, whether their attitude is one of unquestioning acceptance of their courses, or of patient wonderment, or of poignant disappointment, find the epitome of their disillusion in the alumnus.

Behold the college graduate, with his diploma and his degree! It has taken four years of his virile life to acquire them. They have cost between four and ten thousand dollars. Time, money, life, labor. What is he and what has he?

He is probably a very bad philologist; for a few years he will be able to make awkward translations of Latin inscriptions on public buildings. He may never again look inside a Latin book. He is something of a mathematician. He probably cannot solve a problem correctly—if he is more than a year away from his most recent math course—but he can recite a few laws. He will never again touch a beaker or a retort, but he can, if pressed, refer to water as H_2O. To that extent he is a chemist. In later life he may even puzzle over the formulas on medicine bottles occasionally. He can name six Flemish painters. He recalls that he once knew how the Aryan race was divided. He remembers how cotton fibers looked under a microscope, and he also retains some muddled biological information about the action of gastric juices on food. He can talk about most of the classical English authors, but to do so obviously fatigues him. He may never read a French book, but he will try his accent at a café in Paris some day, and when met by the waiter's uncomprehending stare, will blushingly return to English.

Four years—four thousand dollars.

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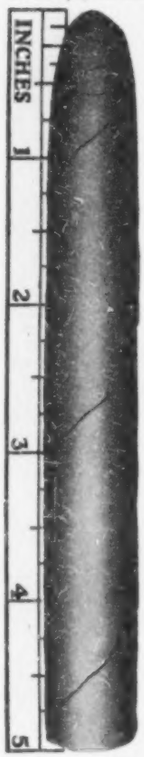
JUST think of it! *100 Imported, Long Filler, Handmade, 5-inch, Corona Size Cigars for only $1.95, plus postage.* It's less than jobbers have to pay for like size and quality.



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are made of tobaccos grown in the celebrated *Cagayan Valley.* They are made in the largest cigar-exporting center in the world.

There is *no import duty.* We import direct and receive every two weeks fresh stock—in air-tight boxes and cases—from one of the largest, up-to-date factories in the Philippines.

Not only do we buy "Pacificos" at about ½ the price we would have to pay elsewhere for like size and quality, but by selling by the 100, direct to you, we can afford to sell "Pacificos" at such an unheard of price.

$1.95 per 100 PLUS postage

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Pacificos

are released by the Philippine Government to retail at 5 cents straight. If made in America of like grade stock—10 to 15 cents would be the retail price.

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at our expense. If you are not delighted, return the others and we will cheerfully send back the $1.95 paid us.

Buy NOW

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Send me 100 Pacifico Cigars. I will pay Postman $1.95, plus postage. It is agreed that if the first 10 cigars are not satisfactory, I can return the others and get back my money.

NOTE: If you will send check or M. O. you will prevent delays and save 12 cents C. O. D. charges. If you are East of Pittsburgh remit $2.20 ($1.95 plus 25¢ postage). If West of Pittsburgh remit $2.35.

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Address .....

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The modern "Seven League Boots"—for running, jumping, hopping, or walking. So adaptable and so safe that even tiny tots soon become able to do all kinds of "stunts."

Can be used indoors or outside—just as a child likes to jump on a bed so he gets even more fun out of *Kangru-Springshus.* Doctors recommend them. Price $3 the pair; add 50c west of Rockies and Canada.

At your dealer or direct; if direct, give age and weight

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HELP WANTED—

For details write to Box 1624, % The Saturday Evening Post, 246 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

(Continued from Page 7)

"'Well,' he admitted, 'they hit me pretty hard, but I managed to keep about $600,000. I've been doing pretty well on the short side. I am more than $100,000 to the good at this moment.'

"'George,' I told him, 'I don't say that stocks won't go any lower, but I want to point out to you that no wealth has been destroyed. The factories may not be busy, but they are still standing. The mines haven't caved in and the workers haven't died. There may be reasons for regret, but not for despair. The big losses of the stock-market crash did not reduce the actual amount of money in the country. It merely shifted the ownership. You mustn't be too bearish too long ——'

"'Oh, hell!' said George. 'Within sixty days it's a cinch Europe will be in the throes of a war that is going to be a thousand times worse than the last one. Mussolini has it in for France. Any fool can see that Germany is not going to pay another cent for reparations, which means that the Allies won't pay us. And you haven't begun to hear half the facts about a lot of firms that were tided over last fall. They are ready to blow up and they won't get any help this time. The bankers have all they can do to look out for themselves.'

"That is a typical case of a typical bear. He won't make any money. One of the boys in our office told me a story about one of our customers. He has been through as many bull markets and bear markets as I have, but for all that, remains the typical customer. I don't think we utilize him as we should. He really ought to be our market litmus paper, he is so true to type. He is nearly seventy, nearsighted and hard of hearing. He went short some time ago. He has a profit of more than 25 points in Tropical Trading. About a week ago the annual report came out on the news ticker. It was very bad. The old man was one of a half-dozen customers who read the news. Two of the fellows were long of T. T. at higher prices. The report was so bad that the pair stopped looking at the figures and instead stared at each other horror-strickenly. Presently one of them gasped: 'Great Scott, Bill!' The old man didn't hear him; he was reading the figures, his face six inches from the ticker. He finished, straightened up and turned to Bill. He knew Bill was long of the stock."

After the Ball is Over

"'That report has been doctored!' snarled the old chap. The two longs stared at the short incredulously. Then hope sprang eternal, because when in doubt all bulls hope.

"'What makes you think so?' asked Bill eagerly.

"'It's as plain as the nose on your face,' the old fellow told him. 'If those crooks hadn't doctored it, it would have been ten times worse!'

"That represents the only kind of bears that I see around here, but of course I don't get around as much as I used to."

I called on another old friend. The customers' room was almost deserted. I could not help thinking of the crowds that, exactly one year before, made it so difficult to move about in that same room.

The angel of death had passed through and the room was so empty that it didn't even have ghosts. The new patent quotation board, electrically operated, helped to keep away the semblance of life in the shape of board boys. It was uncanny, the feeling that dehumanized office gave you.

I walked through quickly to the private office of the head of the firm. He paid me the compliment of asking me:

"Does this visit mean that the turn has come? I don't recall having seen you in Wall Street in the past twenty years without hearing you say: 'I told you so!' It is the most common form of senility. Will you please tell me if it is time to buy?"

"It is always time to buy—and to sell," I answered oracularly. "All you have to do is to exercise reasonable care in picking your winners. Buy them when they are selling for less than they are actually worth and invariably sell them when they are above ——"

He made a motion to throw a paper weight at me. No member of the New York Stock Exchange can endure having an outsider use the weapons their own customers' men habitually employ.

When a Bear Becomes a Goat

"I merely came down," I explained seriously, "to find out whether the wicked bears of today are doing anything that the wicked bears of yesterday did not do. I don't mean the kind that ought to be in jail but the more numerous variety that you chaps welcome as customers. I am informed that all Europe is on the verge of a worse war than the last; that Germany is prepared to scrap the Young Plan and stop paying reparations; that Mussolini is short of stocks and will rattle the saber loudly enough to bust the Paris Bourse; that all the automobile factories excepting one will close down next week, ostensibly to take inventories, but in reality in a futile effort to avert receivership; that commodities, low though they may seem to you, have not yet begun really to go down; that Blankenstein & Co. will shortly announce the dissolution of their famous investment trust which created so many *nouveaux pawres* last fall; that more than fifteen Stock Exchange houses that were helped last fall will shortly announce their definite suspension; that the largest banking house in the Street, by reason of the sensational break in certain stocks and bonds sponsored by them, have practically admitted that they are helpless to help. Of course, I expect to hear about real troubles presently, as, for example, that today's break is due to bear raids."

An office man whom everybody calls Pat, walked in.

"The talk on the floor is that Larry Livingston is selling stocks all around the room," announced Pat, with the air of a man who has completed a crossword puzzle in forty-eight seconds without the aid of a dictionary.

"Thank you," I said. "Nothing is lacking now. You have carried me back to 1921, to 1907, to 1896, to ——"

"It looks like his work," insisted Pat.

"Oh, I don't think he's doing anything in this market," put in his chief.

"A man who has to find explanations for stock moves to pass on to his customers," I said, "always finds it easier to believe that one master mind has placed 100 orders with 100 brokers, than to blame himself by admitting that the men he put into certain stocks are being shaken out by the inexorable logic of events.

"Livingston always saw red when anybody blamed the declines in the natural bear market to anybody's bear raids. I took the liberty to copy what he once told me."

I then read this to them from a clipping I always carry about during bear markets:

The reason for exaggerating the magnitude and the effect of my operations, I suppose, has been the need to satisfy the public's insatiable demand for reasons for each and every price movement.

As I have said a thousand times, no manipulation can put stocks down and keep them down: There is nothing mysterious about this. The reason is plain to everybody who will take the trouble to think about it half a minute. Suppose an operator raided a stock—that is, put the price down to a level below its real value—what would inevitably happen? Why, the raider would at once be up against the best kind of inside buying. The people who know what a stock is worth will always buy it when it is selling at bargain prices. If the insiders are not able to buy, it will be because general conditions are against their free command of their own resources, and such conditions are not bull conditions. When people speak about raids, the inference is that the raids are unjustified; almost criminal. But selling a stock down to a price much below what it is worth is mighty dangerous business. It is well to bear in mind that a raided stock that fails to rally is not getting much inside buying, and where there is a raid—that is, unjustified short selling—there is usually apt to be inside buying; and when there is that, the price does not stay down. I should say that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, so-called raids are really legitimate declines, accelerated at times, but not primarily caused by the operations of a professional trader, however big a line he may be able to swing.

The theory that most of the sudden declines or particular sharp breaks are the results of some plunger's operations probably was invented as an easy way of supplying reasons to those speculators who, being nothing but blind gamblers, will believe anything that is told them, rather than do a little thinking. The raid excuse for losses that unfortunate speculators so often receive from brokers and financial gossipers is really an inverted tip. The difference lies in this: A bear tip is distinct positive advice to sell short. But the inverted tip—that is, the explanation that does not explain—serves merely to keep you from wisely selling short. The natural tendency when a stock breaks badly is to sell it. There is a reason—an unknown reason but a good reason—therefore get out. But it is not wise to get out when the break is the result of a raid by an operator, because the moment he stops, the price must rebound. Inverted tips!

That was printed years ago in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and it is as true today as it was then.

Out for Bearskins

As usual, I found that the indignation against the bears ran strongest among the better class of speculators—men who had margined their accounts beyond the danger point. These involuntary investors seemed unable to forgive the dastards who were keeping their stocks from rising. Every bear market develops a crop of young bears who are thrilled when they discover that short selling may be highly profitable. At the Stock Exchange Luncheon Club the other day, one of the very oldest members—he is past eighty—stood by a ticker. Two very young members

(Continued on Page 137)

A group of Enduro objects as photographed by Margaret Bourke-White

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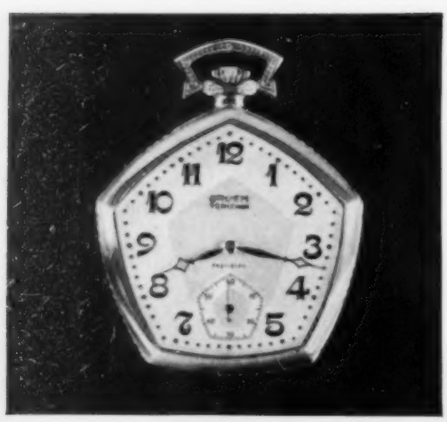

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN
PRECIOUS METALS

(Continued from Page 134)

approached. They looked at the tape and one said to the other: "This is the worst bear market I ever saw!" And the old member looked at him and asked with gravity: "And how many bear markets have you seen, sir?"

There is no problem connected with vicious short selling that has not existed for decades. The new tricks are old tricks dressed in this year's clothes. They should be stopped because they are bad, not because they are 1930 model.

I asked the old broker about the extent of the short interest in his office. He answered:

"We never encourage short selling, though, of course, we have our share. I do not remember ever having had an important bear account in all the years we have been in business. I have observed that the greatest enemy the constitutional bear has is one who always bores from within and never lets up, and that is—himself! The swelled head is what breaks every bear. I have known all the bears from Cammack to the present generation, and every single one of them was busted not once but time and again—downed by the same insidious foe against which humanity has found very few defensive weapons—the swelled head. I'll explain why that happens. You see, a bear is never right excepting when the majority is against him. That is the only time that he makes money. When everybody is buying and he sells and wins, he has proved to the satisfaction of the world in general, and particularly of himself, that he was right when everybody else was wrong. Don't you see? That means that he knows more than everybody else. The game gets them all. Just cast your eye over the obituaries of the great bear operators of the past half century. Megalomania—that's what finished them. Am I right?"

"You are," I said. It was true.

Early Chance Takers

If you go into the ethics or into the necessity of short sales, you will have to consider the question of whether speculation in stocks is necessary to the economic life of this country. Any office boy in Wall Street will glibly tell you that if the American people had not gambled in railroad stocks from the 30's to the 90's, there would have been no railroads. They were not built by investors but by speculators; by men who took a chance. The chap who bought General Motors twenty years ago was not a man of vision. He was a gambler who first shut his eyes and then let his wishes push him off the diving board. The telephone was only a hope when sedate Bostonians began to gamble in it—to their great profit. If speculation is helpful, you can't abolish short selling.

A broker with whom I discussed the matter, said:

"Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock has formulated an axiom of speculation based upon the experience of the Street—to wit, that when brokers are borrowing the most cash they are lending the fewest stocks. When prices are up, more people are carrying stocks on margin than when stocks are down and brokers' loans rise. But they don't lend stocks to speak of because the short interest is driven out time and again by the continued advance. In early October, 1929, for example, the short interest was negligible. There had been some 'feeling for the top' by those persistent traders who kept on hoping that some day the lion would eat the lion tamer, and they were determined to be Johnny-on-the-spot when it happened." But nearly all the big bear operators whose names are today associated with the so-called drives and winnings of millions had been badly trimmed with the possible exception of one man. I was told exactly how many millions two or three of them owed their brokers before the crash. When the opportunity finally came, they had to work on a much smaller scale than if they had not been previously cleaned out.

A Bear Who Bided His Time

"Of all the bears, the one who made the most money is a man whose name has never been mentioned in that connection," a member of the New York Stock Exchange told me. "He was too clever to let the glad news leak out. At no time did he buck the bull market hard enough to cripple himself. He knew what the stock-mad public might do—and it did it. So he bided his time, testing the market occasionally and getting ready for the plunge when plunging time came. When it did, he made more money than all the other bears put together.

"The argument about short selling being the safety valve, the cushion that softens the bumps in panics, is not so sound as you would think. In all my experience, I have never heard of a bull leader or a speculative banker or a superpromoter with enough gumption and foresight to encourage a short interest except to squeeze it. More than once covering by shorts has been responsible for the "new high records" which were so prominently played up by pool managers during the boom. It, therefore, can be stated as a fact that there almost never is a substantial short interest when that interest might conceivably serve as a brake to the toboggan. The floor traders are forever selling short but also they are forever covering. They run too quickly to furnish a real safety valve. Imagine if in October of 1929 there had existed a normal short interest running into the millions of shares. The bears would have begun to buy stocks on the second day of the break, instead of waiting until the casualties were appalling. The bull operators of the New Era saw to it that there should be no cushions handy.

"The short interest is always greatest at the bottom of the bear movement, just as the long account is biggest at the height of a bull market. The old-timers used to say that the easiest way to beat the market is to copper the customers. The Coolidge bull market fooled the bears because it surpassed in duration and magnitude all previous performances. Since everybody is bearish today, I take it that unless this turns out to be the worst bear market in history, the end should not be far off. If most of the experienced traders are still bearish, don't forget that all the suckers are looking for much lower prices.

"Much of the current agitation against bear raids was due to the financial reporters who, for some reason or other, either through ignorance, laziness or a mistaken desire to avoid pessimism at the moment, blamed the breaks on the bears instead of on liquidation. We are still getting the aftermath of the bull Waterloo of 1929. The effects of that speculative collapse, to say nothing of other conditions, here and the world over, cannot be overcome overnight. Neither the bear traders nor the short sellers have been chiefly responsible for the lower prices, and the constant harping on raids and short sales has kept the public from looking many unpleasant facts in the face. Of course there have been lies and false alarms and wicked manipulative devices, and certain houses may have had more liberal views as to how far a broker may go in helping customers who take the short side. There always has been dirty work by somebody or other, but I can't see that 1930 is worse than the raids of other men in other bear markets. The legitimate bears may be less numerous, but they have as good a right to exist speculatively as bulls who see only the bright side by the simple expedient of turning their backs to the dark." Wall Street speaking!

Short selling is essentially a speculative operation. Some kinds of short selling may be less refined than others, but all kinds come out of the same place. Of course, the real question is whether any gambling is ever legitimate.

The agitation against short selling is as old as bear markets. Time and again well-meaning people have inveighed against the practice. The president of the New York Stock Exchange not long ago declared that normal short selling is an essential part of a free market for securities and that to stop short selling might result in the destruction of the market. That, he thought, was too high a price to pay for the elimination of the few who abused this legitimate practice. That is why the Stock Exchange has decided to eliminate the few before the agitation grows in favor of eliminating all short sellers. As a matter of fact, speculation in stocks cannot be carried on successfully without short selling. You cannot buy stocks on margin and at the same time forbid the public to sell stocks short. One operation is as legitimate or as illegitimate as the other. What the brokerage houses contend is that it is well to stop certain unscrupulous methods on the bear side as they have sought to stop them on the bull side by forbidding the more flagrant forms of bull manipulation.

The Chief Source of Loss

Right after the 1907 panic, the public demand for the correction of speculative evils was of about the same character as we now hear. It led Governor Hughes to appoint a committee to investigate the speculative methods of that day. Before that committee made its report THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published some articles on certain legitimate and illegitimate practices then in vogue on the New York Stock Exchange. What would happen if short selling were banned was illustrated by the classic example of the widespread ruin that followed the utter collapse of the Mississippi Bubble, because short selling had not yet been invented. The White Committee agreed to all the contentions previously published in those articles, condemning wash sales and other bad practices, and found that the greatest evil then, as it is today, was overtrading. Pyramiding has always been and always will be the chief source of loss to the public.

When you use your paper profits as additional margin for additional purchases of the same stock, you are putting it out of your own power to protect yourself when you need protection—and how!

Governor Hughes' committee had this to say about short selling:

We have been strongly urged to advise the prohibition or limitation of short sales, not only on the theory that it is wrong to

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agree to sell what one does not possess, but that such sales reduce the market price of the securities involved. We do not think that it is wrong to agree to sell something that one does not now possess but expects to obtain later. Contracts and agreements to sell, and deliver in the future, property which one does not possess at the time of the contract are common in all kinds of business. The man who has sold short must some day buy in order to return the stock which he has borrowed to make the short sale. Short sellers endeavor to select times when prices seem high in order to sell and times when prices seem low in order to buy, their action in both cases serving to lessen advances and diminish declines of price.

There never has been much difference in the technic of bear speculators in a true bear market. It is not needed. The object of short selling is to buy back at lower prices, hence the need to help prices to go lower. A crook who is short 500 shares may resort to measures that a trader who is short 50,000 might not stoop to, but it is the big bear who is blamed. After a bad slump every man whose winnings were played up on the front page began to get letters threatening to take his life, to blow up his house, to kidnap his children or poison his wife. It is just as true today. That is the reason why none of the really important bear operators ever takes the trouble to contend in print that his operations are far more legitimate than the work of those promoters who unload stocks at inflated prices on the public. They neither defend nor explain their market position. They know they are not popular. I have seen letters received this year by well-known operators, and though the majority were obviously the work of cranks, no sane man could disregard them entirely. Whenever any newspaper repeats the gossip of the Street—that a certain plunger has made millions on a break—that man has to hire watchmen and special policemen to guard his home, and detectives accompany his children when they go to school. I know one very well. I used to think his obvious desire to duck, watching your motions, came from trying to escape tip seekers. But he confessed it was bombs he feared.

A Good Stock to Sell

He complained to me: "Some months ago I obtained the true figures of the actual condition of the finances of a certain company. Never mind how I got them! I learned that the company had been issuing annual reports for years that were untrue. The net earnings were less by several millions than the reports showed. During the boom, of course, that stock was boosted out of all reason. I checked up until I was absolutely certain of the correctness of my figures. We were in a bear market for which I was not responsible, but in which I thoroughly believed, and there before me was a stock which, even after a decline of 100 points or more, was clamoring to be sold. What was I to do? Well, I did just what anybody else would have done. I sold that stock.

"It is one of my misfortunes that the magnitude of my operations is always exaggerated by friends and enemies. Somebody hears that I am bearish on Steel. That bald fact is not picturesque enough, so the published version becomes: 'Bill is short 1,000,000 shares of Steel and swears it's going much lower.'

"Of course, the moment somebody heard I was short of that other stock I mentioned I began to receive visits from friends and also from not friends. I saw no reason my intimates should not know what I had done and why, so I told them what I had learned about the company's financial condition, that the officials had given out misleading figures, declared unearned dividends, and so on. Of course, it wasn't very long before it got around that I was short the entire capital stock. One day when it broke badly, the newspapers said that I was raiding the market. As a matter of fact, I was simply sitting tight. I had taken a position on the market weeks before. Everybody excepting myself was selling! I was the sole exception, but the papers said 'a prominent operator' was attacking the credit of a solvent concern—which is a crime—and defaming honorable officials—which is criminal libel. I don't know what else I was doing, but it was enough to send me to prison for life. One chap came running to tell me that the president of the Stock Exchange had telephoned to the district attorney."

A Prophet Without Honor

"A few days later I cleaned up what to me is a nifty little bit of change, but the language that some people used about me was shocking. Several weeks after I covered, the stockholders learned the truth—when it was too late. The excuse was that the appalling discrepancy between the actual and the published figures was due to an antiquated system of bookkeeping. That did not give back to the public that wanted to lynch me, the money that same public had been bunkoed out of during the bull market. When a fellow buys a gold brick in Wall Street, his impulse is always to heave it at the assayer who tells him it isn't really gold, instead of hurling it at the bird who sold it to him. I can't see anything wicked in my selling that stock short, do you? No, I am not going to let you use my name, or mention the stock, or give any details. I have to keep my telephone number out of the directory. Every time fresh liquidation makes the market go down, I have to sneak out of my back door to sidestep the dynamite. But you might mention that the Stock Exchange authorities did not pronounce me guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors and you also have my consent to publish the statement that I am not a bear. There are no bears in Wall Street. There are goats! I am one. This is official."

Old brokers agreed that few of the stories about the 1930 bear raids compared with what were common practices in the old days—and not so very far back, at that. Lone wolves were used by reputable or at least unconvicted operators without a qualm because nobody questioned the tools. The end justified the means when it meant commissions. But the business has grown too important and too reputable to be endangered by crooked practice, which is true enough. An incident was recalled to me by the sight of the senior partner of one of the most prominent of all the Stock Exchange houses, a man whose name is known to newspaper readers for other reasons than his business or his fortune, though he is extremely wealthy. I'll call him Morse. Some years ago he was in difficulties. He is a very able chap and in those days he had more business than he could take care of properly with his limited capital. The market had begun to decline and the banks had been marking down the loan value of stocks. United Manganese was selling at 120. The brokers had been borrowing eighty-five dollars a share on it, but overnight every bank in New York decided that seventy dollars was all they would loan on it. Other loan values were similarly revised downward. I remember asking one bank president why they had done such a thing at such a time, and he told me that it really was a wise and kindly thing to do, because they expected much bad news and it was better for the market to reach a safe level before the gloomy headlines precipitated a lot of public selling.

The moment Morse was notified by his bank, his chief problem automatically became how to carry his customers' stocks. There were some big blocks of Manganese in his office. In those days brokers couldn't ask for the big margins they now get. They had to supply much of the capital needed to carry stocks with the banks' help. Some of Morse's customers were already complaining that he asked for more margins than other houses did. He couldn't ask for more because if he did he would lose their trade. He did not have enough capital and the banks were asking him for more margin, so he did what no Stock Exchange house would do today. He called on one of the biggest operators in the Street, who was bearish on the market, and said: "I will carry you on a 5-point margin if you will give me your business on the short side, with this understanding: You will keep that 5-point margin right up to the scratch and you will sell short through our office only such stocks as I shall name." Morse then named the stocks that his customers were long of. That night he took the bear plunger to his office and showed him the firm's books. Obviously it would not take a great deal to shake Mr. Morse's customers loose.

That week the bear operator sold more than 200,000 shares short through Morse. And for a few weeks thereafter, using other houses, the plunger systematically smashed the price of every one of the stocks he had sold short in Morse's office. In the meantime, of course, Morse had paid off many of his loans with the money received from the short sale of the two hundred and odd thousand shares, got back his collateral—his customers' stocks—and used them to make delivery on the big bear's short sales. By the time the bear got through, several of Morse's customers were cleaned out.

Closed Season for Bears

The Exchange would not tolerate such a thing today, but one of the bear plungers told me, in October, 1930, that there were still ways of finding out facts that could be used by a trader. "You must remember," he said to me, "that the books of a house with plenty of branch offices all over the country are apt to show pretty much what other houses of the same character are doing. Their business is much the same and you get a pretty good idea of the public's position and strength, and my business is to know what I am doing."

It is not so long ago that another bear plunger admitted to me that bear manipulation had become much more difficult since the Exchange adopted rules against wash sales, matched orders and other fictitious transactions, to say nothing of the taxes and high commissions. The law today prevents manipulators from embarking on certain fishing expeditions. But when the trend of the market is logically downward—that is, when a true bear market

(Continued on Page 140)

Ken·Rad

Fine Radio Tubes

KEN·RAD

This Precious Ingredient

Costs a Hundred Times More

Few of you have ever heard it called by name. Fewer have ever seen it. It is *metallic barium*, a rare substance used in Ken-Rad Fine Radio Tubes to assure the complete and lasting vacuum that is *vital* in a tube of the finest quality.

Metallic barium costs a hundred times more than the element generally used in its place. But this precious ingredient contributes so materially to the life and vitality of a radio tube that Ken-Rad employs it as a matter of course.

Typical of Ken-Rad

This Ken-Rad quality policy is fully justified by the finer results that Ken-Rad Fine Radio Tubes give—and it is typical of the high standards that Ken-Rad maintains in every detail of manufacture. No wonder it is said that Ken-Rad Tubes are today the most powerful and finest-toned tubes that it is possible to produce.

The makers of these fine radio tubes have, for 30 years, been manufacturing high quality incandescent lamps

When you take out your old, weakened tubes and retube completely with Ken-Rads, you will have, in effect, a new radio. The difference in volume, vigor and tone will amaze you—as it has thousands and thousands of others. Ken-Rads are the fine tubes of radio, deservedly famous for supreme quality.

For Christmas

Put a complete set of Ken-Rads in your radio for Christmas—a gift for yourself and your home that will give enduring satisfaction and enjoyment. For really fine radio reception, you need the really fine radio tubes—Ken-Rads.

Your whole family will enjoy your radio more when it has Ken-Rad Tubes in every socket. Should it happen that you don't find Ken-Rads in a nearby radio store, it will be well worth your while to write us.

We want you to have Ken-Rads—because there is no substitute for Ken-Rad results.

THE KEN-RAD CORPORATION
INCORPORATED
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

There is no perfect substitute *for breast feeding*

How instinctively a hungry baby turns to its mother for proper nourishment. What freedom from nutritional disturbances it enjoys. How sturdily it grows. Breast milk satisfies every need of its body, for the milk of the baby's own mother is the food that Nature intended that the baby should have . . . and no artificial food has ever equalled it.

BETTER than any commercial product, breast feeding supplies the essentials of baby growth. Nine out of ten mothers can give their babies this start in life. They should look upon breast feeding, not as an inconvenience or duty, but as a glorious privilege and their babies' birthright.

Every nursing mother should counsel frequently with her physician. He alone should establish the hours of nursing, advise proper methods for stimulating and maintaining the milk flow, and make sure that the baby is neither under nor over fed.

If you are unable to supply sufficient breast milk for your baby, the one best food for complemental feedings is cow's milk, properly modified to the baby's individual needs. The decision to give complemental or artificial feedings is so important that *only your physician should make it.* He knows that there are no standard babies . . . that there can be no standard formulas for modifying cow's milk.

Unless utmost care is used, the result may be a whole train of nutritional disorders . . . such as poor teeth, deformed bones, and weakened resistance to infections. Frequently these results of malnutrition do not manifest themselves for months or even years—but they are none the less serious.

As you love your baby . . . as you want it to grow strong, as you want to keep yourself in the best condition possible, give it the benefit of breast-feeding until your physician tells you otherwise.

* * * *

This advertisement has been reviewed and accepted for publication by the American Medical Association and by eminent pediatricians.

It is the fourth advertisement of a series. Reprints of others upon request.

"THE NATION MARCHES FORWARD ON THE FEET OF LITTLE CHILDREN"

This space is devoted to the interest of better babies by MEAD JOHNSON & COMPANY, *Evansville, Ind.*

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(Continued from Page 138)

is under way—it is not so hard to make the market look more demoralized than it really is. All the short sales, of course, are never exclusively manipulative—that is, they do not come from one man working for a bad break. The floor element helps the decline without being instructed by the alleged master mind. Of course the outsider should always bear in mind that this does not refer to what the Exchange authorities call vicious short sellers—the unscrupulous or desperate gamblers who violate laws and rules to make money at an appalling cost to the public that takes flyers in Wall Street.

As this is written, the newspapers carry a dispatch from Massachusetts to the effect that the heirs of a man who started on a shoestring and made millions in the stock market, only to lose everything later, had filed suit for $2,500,000 against a member of the New York Stock Exchange. It was said that the deceased committed suicide in a branch office of the brokerage house.

When the inventory of his estate was filed, it was found that the man had nothing. The deceased had made money during the bull market, but turned too soon and sold stocks short time and again, only to take loss after loss until the millions he had made bulling stocks had gone where such millions always go.

Unfortunately for the brokers, there is a law in Massachusetts against gambling, and I am told the statute specifically declares that short selling is gambling—which, in truth, it is. So now the heirs contend that while it was perfectly legal for their father to have made money speculating on margin on the bull side, the moment he speculated on the bear side he was gambling. Wherefore the brokers must refund the losses that resulted from his short sales. More than one brokerage house told me that if their Boston customers wished to sell short they had to come to New York to do it. They will not take such orders in Massachusetts. Where short selling is against the law the business goes to the Exchange where such trading is lawful. There is no question about short selling being gambling, but then so is 90 per cent of the margin buying. And what can congressional committees do about it? Who is going to prove to the police that my margin buying is not investment buying on the installment plan, for instance?

Trying to Get Their Money Back

"What makes your customers sell stocks short?" I asked a commission broker who does a very large business—when there is any business to be done.

"Well, there are so many kinds of short sellers and so many varieties of short selling that you can't generalize. In our office, and for that matter in every active house, you have the common type of sucker trader. He bases his operations on all sorts of reasons, according as he is wise or not, cautious or reckless. He may regard stock speculation as a sort of lottery, and is moved by the hope that he may draw the winning number. Or he may have a notion that the stock market is a guessing game, and as stocks must move either up or down, he thinks his chances of guessing right are even. Or he may be so anxious to make money that he listens to greed and not to experience, or he may be affected by the atmosphere of the customers' room, or he is naturally credulous and takes tips.

"In brief, the public sells short for the same reasons that it buys stocks on margin, the same motives and impulses; though, of course, the average man buys more easily than he sells because all his life he has been buying something. It comes easier, more natural, to buy than to sell, and Americans are moreover natural optimists. But now and then you will find a few short sellers whose motives will strike you as utterly incredible. You can't imagine how many men are bearish because they lost so much money last fall on the bull side that they have become convinced that buying and holding stocks is the one unforgivable sucker play. The more successful the banking houses are, the clearer the proof that you are playing right into Wall Street's hands, because the wise insiders sell and the suckers buy. You hear that wherever you go—in a bear market, of course. I know dozens of men who were sure that they would get back on the bear side in 1930 what they lost on the bull side in 1929. We have several customers who are short at low prices of the same stock that they did not sell at a big profit at high prices. They hate that particular stock as venomously as though they were relatives and neighbors. They take pleasure in the thought that they will recoup their losses through the medium of the dastard that ruined their lives a few months ago.

"I mean that! Men, not women! Women are too eagy to spend money on pet aversions. They take it out in hot but inexpensive language; or in looks, at nothing per look."

Nursing an Old Grudge

"But the best story of vindictiveness was told to me by a high official of the United States Steel Corporation. He said they had a stockholder somewhere in Jersey. The transfer books showed that his was probably one of many cases where a man bought the stock speculatively, but became an investor when the price broke so that it hurt too much to take the loss. 'Well, we used to mail dividend checks to that chap, but he never cashed them,' the official told me. 'Year after year this went on. We knew he received them because the envelopes didn't come back as they would have done if the man had died or moved without leaving a forwarding address. Finally the treasurer of the corporation sent out a chap to find out the reason for the non-cashing of those checks and, if possible, induce the holder to send them to his bank for collection. The clerk came back and reported: "I found the man all right. I asked him if he had been getting the dividend checks. He looked at me as if he would like to cut my throat with a dull knife. Finally he said: 'I paid 118 for that stock. And I saw it go down sixty points. Yes, I get their checks, damn 'em!' 'And what do you do with them?' I asked him. 'What do I do with them? I tear every one of them up and throw them in the wastebasket. That's what I think of your bunch of crooks! Get out!'"'

"I know it is hard to believe, but it is a true story. You won't be able to write about all the kinds of short sellers, but you can tell about the various kinds of short selling—manipulative, speculative and what you might call the investment short selling. This last is the chief difference between the short selling of 1930 and the old kind. Make no mistake—some of these bear leaders begin where the old-timers left off!"

COMMERCE IN CONIFERS

(Continued from Page 37)

About the middle of the following December I selected from my Christmas-tree crop 1000 of such trees as were ready. The wholesaler gave me, for the lot, $400—an average of forty cents a tree. Not an enormous figure, but it padded the year's returns from ornamental plants in other departments of the nursery very nicely. The cost of raising them—transplanting, setting out, clearing weeds and sprouts for two years, cutting, sorting—had come to about $100 an acre, but that figure covered not only the 1000 harvested that year but work on all the trees standing in the acre. I decided to go on being Santa Claus.

While my own Christmas-tree department progressed, developments were taking place in the entire industry. Automobiles and good roads were encouraging pirating—plants being private, not public, property, they cannot be protected like game or fish—and one state after another was legislating in a double effort to decrease actual robbery of trees, and to discourage destructive habits of cutting.

Minnesota now requires every truckman hauling Christmas trees to carry a statement signed by the landowner showing where his trees were cut. Massachusetts has undertaken the European town-forest movement. Severe conservationists even proposed discontinuing the use of Christmas trees entirely, but several states have more wisely freed trees from taxes for a while and sold inexpensive seedlings to encourage the Christmas-tree plantations like mine that were springing up here and there.

Certified Christmas Trees

Local branches of government forestry service, meanwhile, were working hard to substitute a careful thinning-out method for the clear cutting that is even yet the more general practice. Denver, in fact, started a certified-tree movement in 1920; stands of young firs were to be thinned down to the desirable 700 to the acre. All trees cut from national forests in Colorado, Wyoming and South Dakota now bear a conspicuous tag: "This is a certified Christmas tree, cut for forest improvement." Privately owned trees can be similarly tagged by the service if they are properly selected and cut to standards—stumps a foot or less, trees left eight feet apart. Tree venders, moreover, are obliged to buy a fifty-dollar license, pirating is decreased, and the majority of Denver's annual 60,000 Christmas trees are proudly certified.

Still, pirating, to some extent, continues. A jobber in Washington who cut 600 firs from lands owned by a vigilant logging company, one year not long ago, paid a fine of $120 for doing so. In another Washington county, when a cutter of trees sold a lot of 800 to an unfortunate shipper and promptly vanished, it was discovered upon investigation that the trees had been cut without the indignant landowner's consent. It was the unhappy shipper, however, who paid the $400 fine imposed on stolen property.

Occasionally you hear of a successful little private Christmas-tree robbery that proves that supply and demand, in this business, depend largely on the conscientiousness of the consumer. A year or so ago, the fourteen-foot electrically lit Christmas tree set up in the stone front of a Philadelphia Lutheran church vanished when left alone a single hour. Five tastefully decorated trees were removed from front lawns in two New Jersey towns within two days. And last year the members of a Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, New York, lost faith in human nature when their twenty-five-foot Christmas tree, for whose decorations they had contributed forty dollars, mysteriously climbed a six-foot iron picket fence between midnight and sunrise on Christmas morning, and disappeared without a trace. Less successful than the gentlemen who took these trees was a thrifty New York State farmer who was fined twenty dollars for surreptitiously cutting down, one moonlight night just before Christmas, the outraged Scotch pine that for sixteen years had been contentedly guarding a cemetery grave.

When Cities Celebrate

One of the big problems in the disposal of Christmas trees has always been the more-than-seven-foot trees. When they sell they bring fine prices—but they seldom sell. Almost the only market is the now firmly established community-Christmas-tree practice.

Probably the first community tree ever to be set up was the Tree of Light that gleamed in Madison Square Garden back in 1912. By 1914, 300 cities had community trees. One of the loveliest and most interesting ever erected was the sixty-five-foot Norway spruce cut from a historic old estate in New Jersey and set up, with 4000 electric lights, in Independence Square, in Philadelphia. That spruce had been planted, a seedling, just before the Civil War, to celebrate the coming marriage of a soldier son, but the boy was killed at Fredericksburg, in 1862.

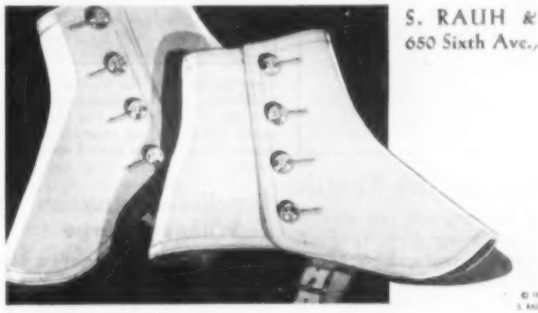
Community trees are donated now by civic clubs, park departments, newspapers, enterprising electric-power companies, chambers of commerce, public-spirited business men, women's clubs, lodges and churches. In Denver the civic center is decorated each year with 2000 government-tagged trees. In Milwaukee the citizens set up a seventy-five-foot, one-thousand-dollar telephone pole with sockets into which 400 ordinary Christmas trees are fitted and decorated. Altadena, near Pasadena, California, has an avenue lined with deodars that sprang from seeds gathered on a trip to the Himalaya Mountains made by a pioneer of Pasadena forty years ago; a few years back a Pasadena merchant started the practice of lighting the whole stately, mile-long Street of the Christmas Trees, and the pleasant custom has since been taken over by the city itself. A National Tree has been given to the United States by the American Tree Association—a thirty-five-foot Norway spruce grown on a well-known New York State nursery and transplanted to Sherman Square, Washington, where it flashes into light every Christmas afternoon at five or six, with 500 electric bulbs and 2000 reflecting jewels, when a President presses the proper button.

The supplanting of candles by electric bulbs and the increase in price of trees have joined to popularize, in suburban and rural private gardens, the permanent, living, front-yard Christmas tree. The second year after I planted my spruce seedlings I was able to sell nearly 100 of them, with

FOR THE MEN ON YOUR "GIFT" LIST

-SPATS

Whether or not they now wear Spats, your gift of "Standard" Spats will be most welcome. Spats are a necessity today—they are both comfortable and smart. When purchasing, be sure to look for the name "Standard" (on the leather label inside the Spat). Behind that name is the world's largest manufacturer of fine Spats. Made in a wide range of colors and prices. At the better shoe stores and haberdashers.



S. RAUH & COMPANY
650 Sixth Ave., New York City

"Standard"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
S P A T S

SPOR-TEE
BRINGS COMPETITIVE GOLF INTO THE HOME

SPOR-TEE is not a toy—It is a distinctly different, scientifically designed, fascinating 31 par putting game that develops real putting skill and furnishes a world of fun for everyone. It can be played in any sized room and consists of nine 7" x 27" holes that are made of heavy pressed steel handsomely finished in green enamel, are readily assembled or dismounted and are shipped in a 28" x 24" x 11½" carton in which the set may be stored when not in use. With SPOR-TEE there are no small parts to be strewn about the room and every hole provides an entirely different shot that is sporty enough to make the best of golfers fight for par. SPOR-TEE is an ideal Christmas gift—$15.00 at dealers or by mail.

PATS. PEND.

DETROIT METAL SPECIALTY CORP. - DETROIT

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Mail this handy coupon *today* for full details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
251 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Please send me your cash offer.

Name .....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street .....

Town .....

State ..... Age .....

Ever since Roy E. Warren, of California, sent us a coupon like the one at the left, he has made extra money. Just recently he earned $4.00 in less than 5 spare hours.

$100 Extra in One Month

Many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

Supplies—Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it, and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

balls of burlap-covered earth around the roots, at seventy-five cents each; and in many cases the same people have bought one each year from me for several years. So long as the little evergreens are not banked too solidly and gloomily around the house, the effect is very attractive. I even joined in the next Christmas-tree development that grew out of the small-apartment trend in crowded cities—tiny, potted table trees—usually formal little Colorado blue spruces—set in neat, inexpensive tubs.

Each year, of course, I planted more Christmas-tree seedlings and thinned out my original stands. I added to my markets four wholesale dealers who approved of the well-shaped trees I was able to produce by the evenly spaced planting.

Then I began to build up retail trade by advertising, and soon people were driving out to my place in automobiles, four or five days before Christmas, to pick out their own trees. I think they were glad to have the fresh, fragrant trees, instead of having to select from stock that had been bruised and broken from lying for two months on some roadside.

Others besides myself got the Christmas-tree-plantation idea about the time I did. A German forester who bought 1500 acres of abandoned woods near Reading, Pennsylvania, has turned a good share of it into a thriving forest of Christmas trees of all kinds. Another, a Virginia farmer, specializes in Norway spruce. There are others in New York and Michigan and Indiana. Ohio landowners have planted 1,000,000 Christmas-tree spruces on plantations in the past couple of years. So, at the moment, the youthful Christmas-tree-plantation enterprise in the East is increasing slowly, against the competition of still uncut forests in the North. There is not room for many such plantations; trees are still too cheaply available.

Christmas Trees, Wild and Domestic

In the extreme Northwest many more trees than in the East are still cut wild—the free-Christmas-tree tradition, especially in Washington, dies slowly—but by this time even Washington belongs to her property owners. The authorized, standardized, commercially cut Christmas tree is gaining ground over those still borne home in the back of the family car after an excursion to the woods. In 1921 the Christmas-tree-cutting industry gave 1000 Washington people employment; more than eighty jobbers took out licenses to ship trees. One Puget Sound shipper has leased a large logged-off area of land on which to keep Christmas trees in continuous production; he even plans to experiment by pruning them. Washington State now sends out 1,500,000 trees a year by rail, water, truck and parcel post—just as many, in fact, as does Maine—and sets her Douglas firs beside New England's fragrant balsams in markets from California to the extreme southeastern tip of Florida.

The flickering Christmas-tree candle has almost entirely disappeared; last year approximately 90,000,000 safe little electric-light bulbs gleamed on balsam boughs the country over—until, in this home or that, papa blew out the fuse that connected them up. Another recent turn is toward artificial decorations. Foliage—preserved by bleaching all the green out of leaves with a 50 per cent Javelle-water solution, then dyeing them with cotton-goods dyes and soaking them pliable in weak glycerin—makes acceptable wreaths. Fat little red fiber wreaths, too, from Germany and Japan fit snugly into the rear windows of sedans and coupés. And last year a manufacturer of Christmas trees who was transporting his product from state to state was flattered at being stopped by officials who wished to make sure his little stick-wire-brown-paper-and-goose-feather trees were artificial.

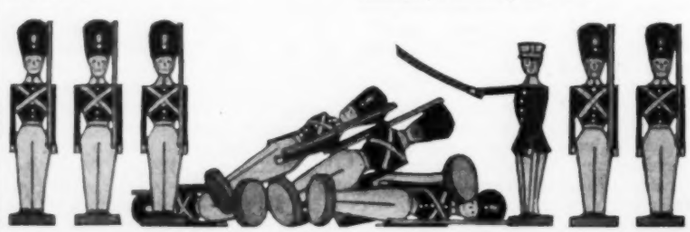
Aides to Santa Claus

A new competitor in the Christmas-tree industry is Canada. The finest wild balsams come from the Laurentian Mountains and Nova Scotia. Farmers and their sons all over the Dominion and woodsmen who have not yet entered the big woods for winter pulp-log lumbering have four or five weeks of profitable cutting. In 1925, Quebec farmers got $100,000 for cutting weed trees—balsams and cedars—from their waste lands. In 1927, Canada shipped in all more than 2,000,000 trees; in 1928, 3,000,000.

In Germany the forest service operates under such well-organized direction that the country has never feared destruction of her crop; the forester simply indicates to the dealer the stands to be thinned and supervises the work. Scarcely a hut in Germany is without its Christmas tree. French families for years have used the little evergreens in their own gardens, carrying them into the house, roots and all, to decorate for Christmas, and replanting them, lovingly and thriftily, when Christmas is gone.

At present—being Santa Claus having proved pretty profitable—I have, in all, six acres planted to Christmas trees—more than 28,000 conifers of all kinds. It takes an acre of seedlings five or six years to mature to Christmas-tree size, and even then I cut only about half as Christmas trees, reserving the rest for lumbering. A tree four to seven feet high brings me from forty to ninety cents wholesale, and seventy-five cents to a dollar, sometimes a dollar and a quarter, retail. The average is about seventy cents. The total Christmas-tree crop from an acre of balsams or spruces is often another 2000 trees, which, at about seventy cents apiece, bring in about $1400. Nearly $300 an acre a year.

And it is to me the pleasantest job in the world. When I think of old Saint Nicholas sitting up there in the far North, toiling over toys in a crowded shop, and then having to haul them thousands and thousands of miles by reindeer, I'm sorry for him.



Just what he has been looking for

YOU need look no further! If you purchase a Rolls Razor for every man on your Christmas list you will be assured of their grateful appreciation every day for many years to come.

They will appreciate the exceptionally smooth, non-irritating shaves that a Rolls Razor will give them and the ease with which a perfect shaving edge is maintained at all times.

They will appreciate its exceptional simplicity and the careful precision and compactness with which it is built, and—

Last, but not least, they will thoroughly appreciate not having to continuously purchase packages of blades.

The One Blade of a Rolls Razor is hollow ground from the finest Sheffield steel, just like the finest barber's razor.

Stropped in its case before using, honed in its case when necessary, this finely tempered blade, kept ever keen, shaves flat to the face, not at right angles. It cuts the hairs, does not hoe them out. Properly handled, it will give a lifetime of perfect shaves.

Compact in its beautiful metal-plated case, this famous English importation is a gift that every man will take pride in possessing.

Ask to see the different styles —there is a model for every pocketbook.

ROLLS RAZOR
The ONE BLADE Safety

For sale at the better shops throughout the world. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name with check or money-order and we will fill your order, postpaid, promptly.

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Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

Imperial Rolls Razor De Luxe, Gold Plated, packed in beautiful English pigskin case, with two extra blades . . $30.00

Imperial No. 1 Rolls Razor, Silver Plated, in smooth, cowhide travelling kit, containing mirror and two extra blades. $30.00

Imperial No. 1 Rolls Razor, Silver Plated, in handsome blue leathered case . $15.00

Imperial No. 2 Rolls Razor, Nickel Plated, packed in cardboard container . . $10.00

Imperial Rolls Shaving Soap in hygienic indestructible bowl $1.50; Imperial Rolls Shaving Cream in tubes . 75c

We suggest an Imperial Rolls Shaving Brush with the finest badger bristles. Priced at $10.00, $12.50, and $15.00

Everybody's Playing PEE WEE GOLF

Everywhere — in private homes, clubs, public places — people are playing Pee Wee Golf. It is a game of skill and accuracy. Pee Wee Golf is real golf brought inside. Professionals endorse Pee Wee Golf because it improves the outdoor game. Regular indoor practice on the Pee Wee Course will cut from five to ten strokes off the average golfer's score and forever banish gallery-shyness. There are always plenty of spectators around Pee Wee Courses. The playing surface is of heavy green felt designed to give the same resistance, with the incline, that one experiences on full-fledged country club greens. The cup diameter, putter and balls are U. S. G. A. standard.

Look for Pee Wee Courses IN CLUBS, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, R. R. STATIONS OFFICE BUILDINGS RECREATION CENTERS, DEPARTMENT STORES, MINIATURE GOLF COURSES, PROGRESSIVE HOMES

Pee Wee Golf Courses are completely player-operated, with automatic coin vender or without vender for home use.

The catching, gripping fascination of Pee Wee Golf spreads from players to spectators and so on to millions. Pee Wee is an established success — as a game, and as a business. Commercial operators and home users alike are enthusiastic in its praise. Write for literature.

$150 to $300 a Month INCOME PER COURSE

DISTRIBUTORS
This is the initial Pee Wee Golf Advertisement to America's millions of golf enthusiasts. Pee Wee Golf is increasing in popularity every day — fast becoming the Nation's favorite sport.
Within thirty days our distributor organization will be completed with seasoned and successful sales executives who have financial backing, the fortitude and driving power for commanding sizeable territories.
PLAY PEE-WEE GOLF 9 HOLES 10¢

Patents Pending

$300.00 with Coin Vender for Commercial Use

$275.00 without Vender for Home Use

Prices F. O. B. Muskegon

PEE WEE
· · GOLF COURSES · ·

Manufactured by

INDUSTRIAL PATTERN and ENGINEERING CO., MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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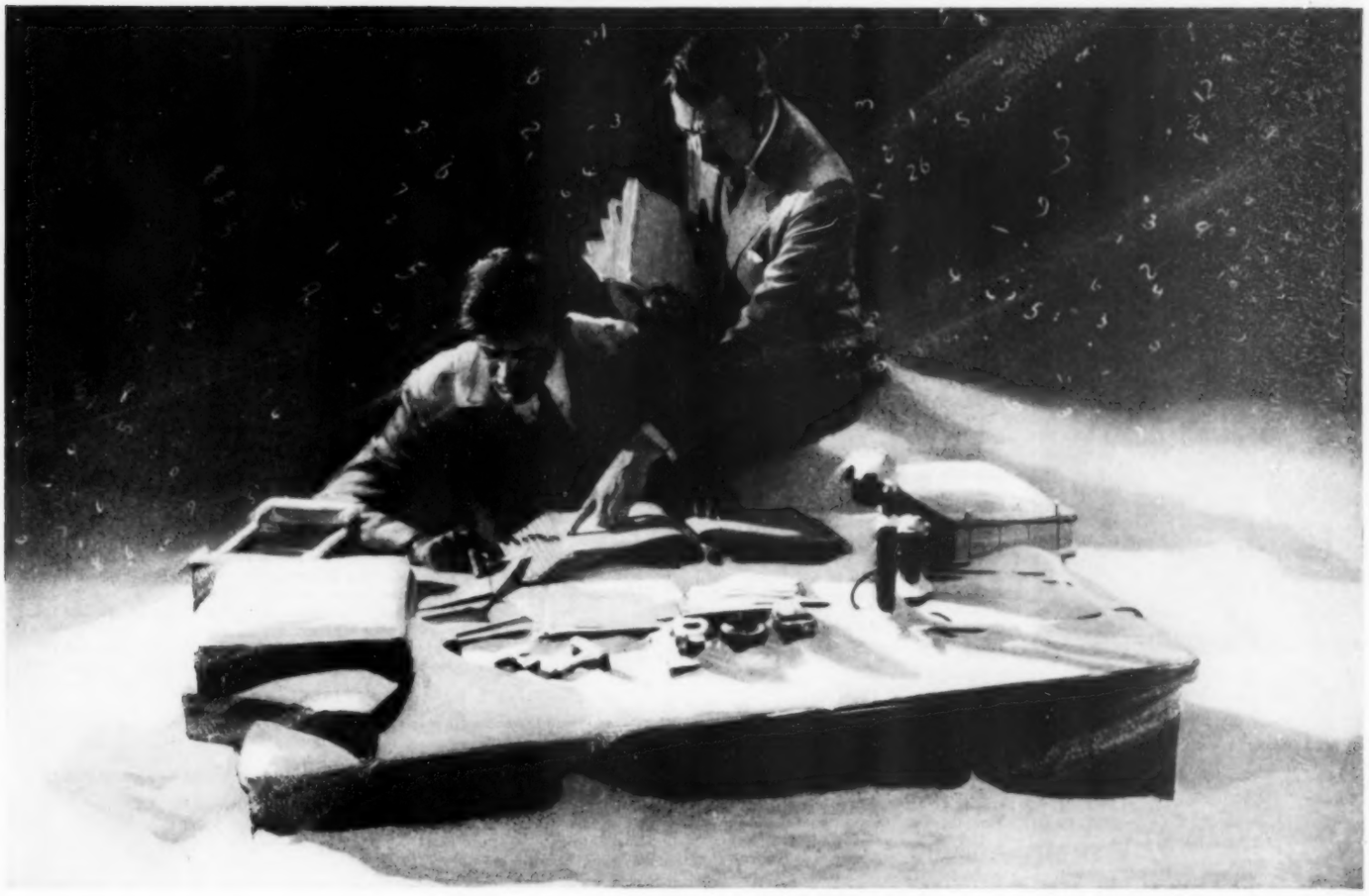

Snowed under by end-of-the-year-figuring?

Is it inventory that causes that last minute rush of extra work and overtime? Perhaps it's statements, data for sales quotas, or analysis of accounts —for annual audit or income tax purposes—that snows you under at the end of the year.

Whatever the reason, it will pay you to investigate Monroe methods and machines; to find out how their applications to your own work will speed production of figures by short-cuts and by eliminating the necessity for rechecking. Monroe applications have proved in many a business, large and small, that the quickest way to get results in figure work is also the least expensive in time, money and nervous energy.

Let us show you—in your own office—without obligation how Monroe methods and machines short-cut figure work, cut out unnecessary mental and physical labor, and reach the answer in the shortest time.

Telephone your local Monroe representative —through him the business figure knowledge and experience of the entire Monroe organization is at your disposal. Or write Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.
Orange, New Jersey
We would like further information about the Monroe Adding-Calculator.

Name_____
Firm_____
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HERE'S A FORECAST OF PROGRESS

STORMY weather forces a ship's captain to navigate from the past record of his course . . . In like manner the captain of industry in times of business uncertainty turns to recorded facts for his estimate of the future . . .

Read the record of the Carolinas for the past thirty years and you can easily forecast the progress of the next ten:

In 1900	In 1930
There were 118,705 industrial wage earners in the Carolinas.	At present there are nearly three times as many—over 350,000.
Wages then paid annually were $23,324,330.	Today's annual payroll is in excess of $232,872,300.
There were 257 cotton mills, 69 furniture factories, 30 knit goods manufactories.	Now there are 695 cotton mills, 146 makers of furniture, 139 knit goods plants.
The six leading industries in 1900 produced the following: Manufactured foods, $1,954,303. Furniture, $1,617,263. Other wood products, $160,368. Textiles, $60,392,748. Textile finishing, $175,750. Tobacco, $13,882,210.	The six leading industries today exceed the following: Manufactured foods, $44,000,000. Furniture, $57,000,000. Other wood products, $90,000,000. Textiles, $624,000,000. Textile finishing, $26,000,000. Tobacco, $392,050,130.
Value of all manufactured goods amounted to $153,668,394.	Now total value of manufactured goods is over $1,512,980,000.
Bank clearances were considerably under $100,000,000.	Last year bank clearances totalled $1,553,628,000.
There were 27,609 telephones, 16,178 automobiles and less than 3,000 miles of surfaced road. Miles of paved road in 1900—none.	This year there are 238,900 telephones, 739,827 automobiles and 44,993 miles of surfaced road. Paved road, Jan. 1, 1930—6,489 miles.
Expended for public school education, $1,844,000.	Public school budget for 1930 exceeds $54,725,000.
Population, 3,234,126.	Population, 4,902,854.

Why this development since 1900? What of the next ten years . . . the next twenty? You will find a clue to the answers in the book, PIEDMONT CAROLINAS, WHERE WEALTH AWAITS YOU. It shows the permanent, underlying advantages that have made this a great manufacturing section . . . advantages that are destined to make it even greater.

Sent, on request, to business executives. Address, please (on business letterhead) Industrial Department, Room 509, Power Building, Charlotte, N. C. Your inquiry will receive a prompt, courteous response.

DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PIEDMONT INDUSTRY CAROLINAS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than 2,850,000 Net Paid Circulation Weekly)

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

NEXT WEEK

POINT ARGENT

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Jonson Baley had left behind him in the trenches in France some of his health and most of his illusions, and ambition no longer troubled him. He accepted at the Point Argent Hotel the position of house detective because he was told it was a peaceful business in which nothing ever happened. Then Acacia Savile and Sims Lewes, the fourteen-year-old heir to fifty millions, became guests of the hotel, and many disturbing things started happening at once.

GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE

By Isaac F. Marcosson

In this article, which throws a new light on the old problem of war debts and reviews some of the results of governmental meddling with economic laws, Mr. Marcosson shows that what a distracted world needs is a moratorium on nationalistic interference.

THE LONG RIFLE

By Stewart Edward White

The second story in Mr. White's series about rifles and men tells of a little old lady who understood both and had the courage to handle them.

THE HERALDRY OF THE RANGE

By J. Frank Dobie

With the average cowman of the old West, choosing a brand was a more serious matter than naming a baby. Mr. Dobie gives the reasons for this and tells the origin of many of the famous cattle brands.

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES by Thomas McMorrow, Everett Sanders, Clarence Budington Kelland, C. E. Scoggins, J. P. Marquand and J. P. McEvoy.

Be It Resolved...

Whereas this year of 1930 has been one wherein each dollar of income has represented a full dollar's worth of effort and, in turn, has been required to produce the utmost in value ✠ And, whereas we now come to a Christmas season during which we shall invest some of this income in gifts for those we love ✠ Let us recognize more than ever before that the finest expression of the Christmas sentiment is a gift of life-time helpfulness — one that will serve and save— one that will protect health and bring happiness, not for one day only, but every day for years innumerable. ✠

The Home Makers of America

NEW Kelvinator models—finest products of the longest experience in all electric refrigeration—are now being shown by Kelvinator dealers everywhere. They offer new features and refinements in addition to world record freezing speed and the many other advantages of Kelvinator's fully automatic Four-Way Cold. In addition, there is the new Yukon Model at $159.50 (f. o. b. Factory)—by far the lowest price ever set on Kelvinator quality. All may be purchased on convenient terms through the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION
14250 Plymouth Road - Detroit, Michigan
Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
Kelvinator Limited, London, England

KELVINATOR

ANNOUNCING THE MARMON SIXTEEN

It fits into no present classification of automobiles. It looks like no other car. Its performance transcends all performance that has gone before : : : In it engineer and artist speak with equal authority, untrammelled by previous conventions and taboos. It is a new automotive spirit—at once an innovation and a precedent : : : Engineered by Howard C. Marmon : : : Designed by Walter Dorwin Teague : : : The Marmon Sixteen will be on view at the principal January Automobile Shows : : : Advance information will be furnished upon application : : : Marmon Motor Car Company : Indianapolis, Indiana.

Twelve Christmas Suggestions

. . . and every one good

THERE are twelve smart, distinctive Johnston assortments . . . so varied in price, in packing, in candies, that you can check off your entire Christmas list with Johnston's. Prices range from two dollars to seventy cents the pound . . . Sizes range from five pounds to the entrancing little, gold-knobbed Chocolate Bazarette. But every package . . . whatever the size and price . . . contains rich, mellow, fragrant Johnston's . . . and no lesser candy should bear your Christmas card. There are Johnston agencies in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

From one year's end to the other,
Old Dutch does the cleaning in millions of homes.

CLEANS QUICKER

Another year . . . and a renewal of resolve to do things better. Fulfill your good resolution . . . and when it comes to household cleaning, call in Old Dutch as your ally. It cleans better; and it *cleans quicker*— that means more spare time for you.

Old Dutch, the perfect cleanser, gets its thorough, quick-cleaning ways from its tiny, flat-shaped particles. They are natural cleansers; fast workers. They chase dirt as nothing else can. No uncleanliness escapes Old Dutch, not even the lurking impurities the eye cannot see. The result: a better cleaned home; a home of Healthful Cleanliness.

Old Dutch has modernized cleaning completely. Use it throughout the house; keep a can in the bathroom, kitchen and laundry. Old Dutch is the one and only thing to use for bathrooms, floors, walls, woodwork, kitchen utensils, refrigerators, metal work, in fact on any surface on which water may be used for cleaning. And it's economical because a little goes a long way. There's nothing else like Old Dutch.

Start this New Year with Old Dutch. You will proclaim it your best little household helper.

"I bring Healthful Cleanliness to make good cheer, and happy homes, throughout the year...
BEST WISHES."

Old Dutch

Listen to the Old Dutch Girl **Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning over the Columbia Broadcasting System at 8:45 A.M. Eastern Time, 7:45 A.M. Central Time and 6:45 A.M. Mountain Time.**

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